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September 3, 1977 18p

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SUDDENLY everything's collectable. Records obviously — limited editions, 12-inchers, official bootlegs, promo singles, green, pink, white, purple vinyl — but scores of other things too. Beatles', Stones' books, posters, tickets, tee shirts — even copies of the Radio Times. Yes, and even NME . 1976 copies can fetch 20p; some from the '60s sell for £2. Can you afford to throw *anything* away? The record as artefact has become the standard ploy of the record business in 1977. NME investigates the collecting phenomenon. Pages 23 to 26 in this issue.

INCLUDES FULL DETAILS OF STIFF ELVIS COSTELLO, NICK LOWE TOUR

ERRATUM/APOLOGY

Due to a deliberate inadvertent error in the editorial department, an apology notice appears on this page. We apologise for this apology and regret any enhancement of the collectability of this week's issue caused by this notice.

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending August 29, 1972

Last	This Week		
3	1	YOU WEAR IT WELL	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
1	2	SCHOOL'S OUT	Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
7	3	ALL THE YOUNG DUDES	Mott The Hoople (CBS)
5	4	POPCORN	Hot Butter (Pye)
8	5	LAYLA	Derek & The Dominoes (Polydor)
4	6	SILVER MACHINE	Hawkwind (United Artists)
2	7	SEASIDE SHUFFLE	Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK)
—	8	MAMA WE'RE ALL CRAZEE NOW	Slade (Polydor)
14	9	IT'S FOUR IN THE MORNING	Faron Young (Mercury)
22	10	STANDING IN THE ROAD	Blackfoot Sue (Jam)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 2, 1967

Last	This Week		
1	1	SAN FRANCISCO	Scott McKenzie (CBS)
2	2	I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN	Tom Jones (Decca)
14	3	THE LAST WALTZ	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
4	4	THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT	Alan Price Set (Decca)
5	5	EVEN THE BAD TIMES ARE GOOD	Tremeloes (CBS)
3	6	I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
13	7	WE LOVE YOU	Rolling Stones (Decca)
8	8	JUST LOVING YOU	Anita Harris (CBS)
6	9	ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE	Beatles (Parlophone)
11	10	PLEASANT VALLEY SUNDAY	Monkees (RCA)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 31st, 1962

Last	This Week		
1	1	I REMEMBER YOU	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
4	2	ROSES ARE RED	Ronnie Carroll (Philips)
2	3	SPEEDY GONZALES	Pat Boone (London)
3	4	THINGS	Bobby Darin (London)
4	5	GUITAR TANGO	Shadows (Columbia)
8	6	SEALED WITH A KISS	Bryan Hyland (HMV)
9	7	BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
7	8	ONCE UPON A DREAM	Billy Fury (Decca)
6	9	I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU	Ray Charles (HMV)
19	10	BALLAD OF PALADIN	Duane Eddy (RCA)

NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending September 3rd, 1977

This	Last Week				
1	(11)	WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	1
2	(2)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters (ABC)	6	2
3	(6)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon (Elektra)	4	3
4	(1)	ANGELO	Brotherhood of Man (Pye)	8	1
5	(17)	MAGIC FLY	Space (Pye)	3	5
6	(—)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	1	6
7	(9)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams (CBS)	5	7
8	(13)	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton (Warner Bros)	5	8
9	(4)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band (Good Earth)	8	4
9	(25)	DEEP DOWN INSIDE	Donna Summer (GTO)	2	9
11	(7)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge (A&M)	10	6
12	(20)	TULANE	Steve Gibbons Band (Polydor)	3	12
13	(3)	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	6	3
14	(—)	SILVER LADY	David Soul (Private Stock)	1	14
15	(5)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (GTO)	8	1
16	(23)	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO	Rods (Island)	3	16
17	(—)	TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson (Pye)	1	17
18	(—)	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Anchor)	1	18
19	(18)	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	3	16
20	(8)	SOMETHING BETTER CHANGE	The Stranglers (United Artists)	5	5
21	(10)	MA BAKER	Boney M (Atlantic)	10	1
22	(19)	SPANISH STROLL	Mink De Ville (Capitol)	4	19
23	(—)	SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN	Elkie Brooks (Island)	1	23
24	(12)	ROADRUNNER	Jonathan Richman (Beserkley)	8	9
25	(—)	LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	25
26	(14)	ALL AROUND THE WORLD	Jam (Polydor)	6	14
27	(27)	I CAN'T GET YOU OUTTA MY MIND	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	2	27
28	(—)	JAILHOUSE ROCK	Elvis Presley (RCA)	1	28
29	(26)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)	9	5
30	(28)	DREAMS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	5	15

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
HIS LATEST FLAME — Elvis Presley (RCA); SHE'S NOT YOU — Elvis Presley (RCA); I THINK I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU — Dooleys (GTO); GIMME DAT BANANA — Black Gorilla (Response).

ALBUMS

Week ending September 3, 1977

This	Last Week				
1	(11)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	1
2	(2)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack (CBS)	21	1
3	(7)	OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	3	3
4	(2)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis (Polydor)	8	2
5	(4)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (GTO)	10	2
6	(1)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (Atlantic)	7	1
7	(5)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	28	5
8	(6)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	11	1
9	(10)	IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS	The Stranglers (United Artists)	18	4
10	(9)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	41	1
11	(8)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	36	1
12	(12)	LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M (Atlantic)	5	11
13	(23)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	12	[illegible]
14	(16)	ELVIS 40 GREATEST HITS	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	[illegible]
15	(18)	NEW WAVE	Various Artists (Philips)	3	15
16	(21)	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Elvis Presley (RCA)	2	16
17	(17)	THE MUPPET SHOW	(Pye)	14	1
18	(22)	FLOATERS	(ABC)	3	18
19	(28)	MY AIM IS TRUE	Elvis Costello (Stiff)	3	19
20	(14)	BEST OF ROD STEWART	Rod Stewart (Mercury)	7	14
21	(13)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond (CBS)	10	4
21	(24)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10 c.c. (Philips)	18	2
23	(27)	GREATEST HITS	Smokie (Rak)	16	6
24	(—)	I, ROBOT	Alan Parsons Project (Arista)	1	24
25	(—)	STEVE WINWOOD	(Island)	7	12
26	(15)	WORKS VOLUME 1	Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)	19	7
27	(20)	LIVE! IN THE AIR AGE	Be Bop Deluxe (Harvest)	6	17
28	(—)	THIS IS NIECY	Deniece Williams (CBS)	2	28
29	(26)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	39	5
30	(19)	ON STAGE	Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (Oyster)	6	13

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
G.I. BLUES — Elvis Presley (RCA); ELVIS IN DEMAND — Elvis Presley (RCA); THAT'S THE WAY IT IS — Elvis Presley (RCA); ANYTIME, ANYWHERE — Rita Coolidge (A&M).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 3, 1977

This	Last Week		
1	(1)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
2	(3)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
3	(5)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
4	(4)	EASY	Commodores
5	(6)	FLOAT ON	The Floaters
6	(2)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
7	(9)	DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
8	(8)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby Still & Nash
9	(11)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
10	(12)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer
11	(7)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
12	(13)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
13	(15)	ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop
14	(16)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	The Sanford-Townsend Band
15	(17)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson
16	(14)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
17	(19)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
18	(22)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner
19	(25)	KEEP IT COMING LOVE	K. C. & The Sunshine Band
20	(27)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco
21	(24)	STAR WARS	London Symphony Orchestra
22	(10)	BARRACUDA	Heart
23	(26)	DON'T WORRY BABY	B. J. Thomas
24	(20)	CHRISTINE SIXTEEN	Kiss
25	(—)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
26	(—)	JUNGLE LOVE	Steve Miller Band
27	(29)	EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE	Bee Gees
28	(18)	YOU AND ME	Alice Cooper
29	(—)	THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy
30	(—)	HARD ROCK CAFE	Carole King

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 3, 1977

This	Last Week		
1	(1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2	(2)	CSN	Crosby, Stills & Nash
3	(3)	JT	James Taylor
4	(5)	STAR WARS	Original Soundtrack
5	(4)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
6	(7)	REJOICE	Emotions
7	(9)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
8	(6)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
9	(8)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
10	(—)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
11	(13)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
12	(12)	EXODUS	Bob Marley & The Wailers
13	(15)	FOREIGNER	Foreigner
14	(18)	FLOATERS	Floaters
15	(16)	RIGHT ON TIME	The Brothers Johnson
16	(17)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
17	(19)	STEVE WINWOOD	Steve Winwood
18	(11)	COMMODORES	Commodores
19	(23)	I, ROBOT	The Alan Parsons Project
20	(21)	A PLACE IN THE SUN	Pablo Cruise
21	(22)	HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE	
22	(10)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
23	(14)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
24	(25)	SHAUN CASSIDY	
25	(20)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
26	(26)	SIMPLE THINGS	Carole King
27	(27)	NETHER LANDS	Dan Fogelberg
28	(29)	PLATINUM JAZZ	War
29	(24)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band
30	(-)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

COSTELLO, LOWE, DURY, WALLIS, WRECKLESS ERIC IN PACKAGE

A bunch of Stiffs—live!

Left to right: NICK LOWE, ELVIS COSTELLO, WRECKLESS ERIC, LARRY WALLIS and IAN DURY

ELVIS COSTELLO is one of five name attractions taking part in a Stiff Records package tour, which plays two dozen major dates around the country starting early next month. It's going out under the banner of "Stiffs Greatest Stiffs Live Tour", and the full line-up at all gigs is:

- **ELVIS COSTELLO, who will be appearing with the Attractions.**
- **IAN DURY, on stage for the first time since leaving the Kilburns and performing with his new band which comprises Davey Payne (sax), Norman Watt-Roy (bass), Charley Charles (drums) and Chaz Jankel (guitar).**
- **NICK LOWE, on the road for the first time as a soloist after finishing work as producer of the Feelgoods' new album "Be Seeing You". He expects to be using a seven-piece backing band, including two drummers.**
- **WRECKLESS ERIC, who will be supported by Denise Roudette (bass), Ian Dury (drums) and Davey Payne (sax).**
- **LARRY WALLIS, ex-Pink Fairies and Motorhead, who is currently working on a solo album with the Hot Rods' rhythm section — though they won't be accompanying him on the tour.**

Dates are High Wycombe Town Hall (October 3), Bristol Exhibition Centre (6), Bath University (7), Loughborough University (8), Middlesbrough Town Hall (9), Liverpool Empire (11), Glasgow Apollo (13), Sheffield Polytechnic (14), Leeds University (15), Croydon Fairfield Hall (16), Norwich East Anglia University (18), Brighton Top Rank (19), Salford University (21), Leicester University (22), Rochdale Champness Hall (24), Birmingham Town Hall (25), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (27), London Strand Lyceum (28), Guildford Civic Hall (31), Aylesbury Friars (November 2), Colchester Essex University (3), Newcastle Polytechnic (4) and Lancaster University (5).

Tickets are on sale now at most venues, including London Lyceum where admission is £2.50. Elsewhere prices range from £1.25 to £2.25. The Birmingham box-office opens on Saturday week (10) and at Croydon on September 15. The Glasgow gig is subject to a licence being granted (see separate story), as is the Cardiff date.

The five acts will each play a 20-minute set in rotating order. The opening night at High Wycombe is being recorded and, thanks to a rush operation, the resulting live album will be available at all gigs from Bath onwards (October 7), priced £1.99.

Jam: club dates

THE JAM make two special London Club appearances this month, and both gigs will be recorded with a view to using some tracks for the band's second Polydor album, due in November. They play Kensington Nashville on Saturday, September 10, and the next day they are at Oxford Street 100 Club. Support acts are The Jolt (10) and New Hearts (11). Tickets go on sale at the Nashville at noon this Saturday, and the 100 Club at 2pm on Sunday.

RAINBOW ON TOUR

15 gigs from late October

THE POSTPONED European and British tour by Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow has now been rescheduled. It takes in a massive 42 dates — 27 on the Continent and 15 in this country — opening later this month and running until late November. And there's a good chance that still more U.K. gigs will be added.

Confirmed British dates are Newcastle City Hall (October 31 and November 1), Preston Guildhall (3), Liverpool Empire (4 and 5), Aberdeen Capitol (7), Glasgow Apollo (9), London Rainbow (11, 12 and 13), Oxford New Theatre (16), Leicester Granby Halls (17), Stafford Bingley Hall (18), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (20) and Cardiff Capitol (22).

Tickets are priced £3.25, £2.50 and £1.75 — except at Oxford (£3.25, £2.50 and £2), Stafford (all at £3) and the Rainbow (£3.50, £2.75 and £2). Mail order bookings will be accepted by all box-offices, and cheques and POs should be made payable to the respective venues.

The British leg is preceded by concerts in Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Germany and France, opening in Helsinki on September 23.

RITCHIE BLACKMORE

It was originally intended to start the tour a month earlier, but it was delayed due to a personnel upheaval within the band. They have now acquired two new members in bassist Bob Daisley (ex-Chicken Shack and Widowmaker) and Canadian David Stone on keyboards and synthesiser. They join the nucleus of Blackmore, Ronnie James Dio and Cozy Powell.

A three-track Rainbow maxi-single titled "Kill The King" is issued by Polydor this weekend, featuring the band's old line-up. The re-shaped band hope to complete work on a new album before the tour begins.

HEARTBREAKERS AROUND BRITAIN

ANOTHER 15 DATES have been confirmed for the nationwide October tour by Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers, following their return to Britain now that they have been granted Home Office permission to work here. Their first five gigs were reported last week, and latest additions are Hull Tiffany's (October 3), Cardiff Top Rank (4), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (6), Brighton Top Rank (7), Colchester Essex University (8), Bournemouth The Village (9), Middlesbrough Town Hall (13), Stafford Top Of The World (17), Leeds Polytechnic (21), Swindon Oasis (22), Shrewsbury Tiffany's (23), Birmingham Barbarella's (25), Coventry Locarno (27), Newcastle University (28) and Manchester Belle Vue Danceland (29). More are being set.

SEGER CONCERTS

LONG-AWAITED British tour plans for Detroit rocker Bob Seger have at last been confirmed. Together with his Silver Bullet Band, he headlines seven major concerts here in mid-October. Seger was originally due to tour here in the early spring, but his visit was postponed after dates had been announced. But now his tour is definitely on, and he plays:

Sheffield City Hall (October 13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Manchester Palace (15), Newcastle City Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (18) and London Hammersmith Odeon (21 and 22).

Tickets are on sale now priced £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75 (Sheffield, Manchester and Newcastle); £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Glasgow); £2.80, £2.40 and £1.75 (Birmingham); and £3, £2.50 and £2 (Hammersmith).

Seger has just completed a new album, which will be issued to coincide with his visit. Meanwhile, Capitol release his single "Rock'n'Roll Never Forgets" this weekend. And two of his earlier albums — "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man" and "Mongrel" — are to be reissued later in the year on the mid-price Caps label, retailing at £2.50 each.

Weather Report covering Britain

WEATHER REPORT, one of America's foremost jazz-rock fusion bands, play a string of eight major British concerts next month. They visit Bristol Colston Hall (October 7), Oxford Polytechnic (8), London Rainbow (9 and 10), Birmingham Hippodrome (13), Manchester Palace (14), Newcastle City Hall (15) and Edinburgh Usher Hall (16).

Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) and the promoters are Alec Leslie Entertainments. There is no support act, as Weather Report are playing the entire show themselves.

ESSEX OPEN-AIR GIG GOES AHEAD

THE OPEN-AIR concert planned for Chelmsford Football Ground on Saturday, September 17— plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME last week — is definitely ON. The local council have given permission for the event to go ahead, partly because the punk content has now been somewhat watered down — and because the local soccer club desperately needs to raise funds to ensure it's survival.

There have been some changes in the provisional bill announced last week — The Jam and Generation X are out, but the Doctors of Madness, The Boys, Aswad and Fruit Eating Bears are confirmed. At press time, the promoters were still negotiating for a headline act.

The event lasts all day with doors opening at 10am. Advance tickets are available from Harlequin Records shops at £3, and on the day the admission price will go up to £3.50.

JOE ELY

"This is a rarity: a country album without a duff cut: an impressive achievement for a debut. I think we'll be hearing a lot more of Joe Ely in the future."
MELODY MAKER

"JOE ELY" OUT NOW ON
MCA RECORDS

MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W.1.

New venue for London

THE ROXY THEATRE in Harlesden, North-West London, opens officially this weekend — nine months later than originally planned. And its first venture is to present a string of Saturday morning concerts showcasing new and largely-unknown rock and punk bands. The first show is this Saturday (3), featuring two upcoming punk outfits, The Plague and Vermin.

The Saturday morning gigs, unique in Britain, will operate as a club with a £1 annual membership subscription. Said Roxy chief Terry Collins: "Rising bands can experience what it's like to play to big audiences, using a full-scale concert stage complete with PA and lighting systems. It'll also give them the opportunity to be seen by the Press and record companies." Collins is auditioning bands at the rate of 30 per week, and any groups wishing to be considered for the series should phone him at 01-965 9846.

A Wednesday Club is also being launched at the Roxy (yearly membership £5) to present established bands and once-monthly name attractions. And besides the two club series, Collins will be staging orthodox concerts at the venue. He has already set two nostalgia evenings — a Platters show later this month, and the first London date for many years by Freddie and the Dreamers on November 19 — and several top bands are planning to include the Roxy in their nationwide tour schedules.

The theatre was originally due to open last Christmas with two Sex Pistols concerts, but — like most of the gigs in their ill-fated tour — they were cancelled. A revised opening date was delayed by structural alterations to meet GLC requirements, but a licence has now been granted for the 1,600-seater venue to open.

Stranglers earn Glasgow reprieve

GLASGOW City councillors have had second thoughts about banning all new-wave bands from venues under their control. They were on the point of implementing the ban, following the near-riot last June when the Stranglers appeared at the corporation-owned City Hall. But now they have decided to give punk rock another chance — and the first to benefit from their enlightened outlook are the Stranglers!

The band wanted to play Glasgow Apollo on October 16 as part of their nationwide tour, but the court had withheld the venue's licence for the gig. Now the licence has been granted — partly because the Apollo is better equipped to handle rock concerts than the City Hall, and partly to enable councillors to attend the show as observers. If it goes smoothly, it will open the door to punk in Glasgow.

The rest of the Stranglers' tour dates are expected to be announced next week. Their new album "No More Heroes" is released by United Artists on September 16 — it's the follow-up to their "Rattus Norvegicus" hit, which has now sold almost 200,000 copies in this country.

B.B. GIGS NOW SET

B.B. KING, whose autumn British visit was exclusively revealed by NME last week, is now confirmed for two nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday and Sunday, October 8 and 9.

Also on the bill is another blues legend Bobby Bland, whose has worked with King on many previous occasions — and their joint album "Live Together For The First Time" was issued by Anchor nearly three years ago. Completing the package is upcoming blues outfit, the Son Seals Band.

King is bringing his full eight-piece U.S. band, which will also back Bland. They will each perform separate sets, before teaming up for the finale. It is three years since King last performed here, while Bland has never before visited this country.

Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2, and the promoters are Straight Music. Because of their extensive European commitments, it now seems unlikely that the package will play any provincial dates, although there is a possibility of gigs in Manchester and Birmingham being added.

— and Carole Bayer Sager

CAROLE BAYER SAGER makes her British debut by way of a one-off concert at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal on Sunday, October 2. It's the first of a new series of Sunday shows at the venue presented by John Martin in association with London's Capital Radio. The station will broadcast the concert during the last week of October. Carole, whose new single "Don't Wish Too Hard" is issued by Asylum this week, will be backed by her own band. Tickets go on sale today (Thursday) priced £2.75, £2.50, £2.25 and £1.75.

LONDON

4 TRACK SPECIAL FOR ONLY 80p (LIMITED EDITION 12")

Mr. Georges, Coventry SEPT. 1
Porterhouse, Retford, Notts. SEPT. 2
Maxims, Barrow-In-Furness SEPT. 4
Rafters, Manchester SEPT. 8
Harveys, Ross-On-Wye SEPT. 9
Traceys, Redditch SEPT. 10
The Greyhound, Croydon SEPT. 11
Circles Club, Swansea SEPT. 15

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12-MCA319

RECORD NEWS

Elvis Sun oldies

- Charly Records are to release, as soon as possible, an album titled **"Elvis Presley** — The Sun Years". It features tracks from his early years before he signed with RCA, as well as a collection of interviews, including a studio conversation with near-legendary Sam Phillips.

- Atlantic issue a 12-inch **Yes** single on September 9, comprising two tracks from their No. 1 album "Going For The One" — they are "Wonder Stories" and "Parallels". The record is pressed in blue vinyl and appears in a coloured sleeve.
- Swan Song have signed **Metropolis,** the band featuring four members of the Pretty Things. They are currently planning their debut album for the label.
- Island Records have parted company with **Rough Diamond,** the band whose line-up includes ex-Uriah Heep singer David Byron and ex-Wings drummer Geoff Britton. It's understood that the outfit are planning to base themselves permanently in America.
- **Julie Covington** has signed a worldwide recording deal with Virgin, for whom she records a solo album in the autumn, probably under the supervision of John Simon — who has produced The Band, Cass Elliott and John Hartford.
- **Meal Ticket's** new single, released this weekend by EMI, is one of their most popular stage numbers "Yesterday's Music". Coupling is "Code Of The Road" from their album "The Man From Mexico", running nearly seven minutes.
- **David Essex** has produced, arranged and written his next CBS album "Gold & Ivory", due out in a week's time. It features his regular five-piece backing band, and Essex is including most of the tracks in his BBC-1 series, starting next Tuesday (6).
- Nine-piece doo-wop band **The Darts** have signed a five-year worldwide deal with Magnet Records. They have already started work on their debut album, and a single is scheduled for later this month to tie in with a nationwide tour.
- For the British market only, **Dorothy Moore** has signed a long-term deal with CBS, who release her single "I Believe You" this weekend through their Epic label. An album follows in the autumn.
- Other singles out tomorrow (Friday) include "I Could Fall" by **Barbara Dickson** (RSO), the Bill Nelson composition "Japan" by **Be-Bop Deluxe** (Harvest), "Give Me England!" by the **Wurzels** (EMI) and the Alessi number "Sad Songs" by **Olivia Newton-John** (EMI).
- To avoid confusion with another album of the same name, the title of **Gary Glitter's** new LP — for October release by Arista — has been changed from "Back To Front" to "Silverstar".
- New-wave band **999** have issued their debut single, "Quite Disappointing" coupled with "No Pity", on their own La Britain label. Whatever the demand, they will only be able to sell 12,000 copies, because that's all they can afford to press.
- The Rockburgh label releases the album "Woods Band" on October 7. It was recorded by **Gay & Terry Woods** when they left Steeleye Span.

- **Randy Newman's** new album "Little Criminals" — his first for almost three years — is issued by Warners on September 9, and there are plans for him to visit Britain towards the end of the year. And **Linda Ronstadt's** latest elpee "Simple Dreams" comes out this weekend on the Asylum label.
- New-wave outfit **London** have a four-track 12-inch maxi-single issued by MCA tomorrow (Friday). It's in a picture sleeve, and titles are "Summer Of Love", "No Time", "Siouxsie Sue" and "Friday On My Mind".
- **Tyla Gang** have been signed to a long-term contract by the Beserkley label. Their single "Dust On The Needle" comes out on September 19, followed by an album in early October. An extensive autumn tour is being lined up.
- **The 'O' Band** have recorded the Spirit song "Look To The East, Look To The West" for September 9 release by United Artists.
- **Daryl Hall and John Oates'** new album "Beauty On A Back Street" is being rushed out as soon as possible this month by RCA.
- **Ringo Starr's** new single is Joe Simon's "Drowning In The Sea Of Love", taken from his upcoming album "Fourth", and it is issued by Polydor on September 16.
- Step Forward Records have signed two new bands. Four-piece Surrey outfit **Sham 69** have a maxi-single out on September 9 comprising "I Don't Wanna", "Ulster" and "Red London". Same day marks the release of the double A-side single "Insane Society"/"Screwed Up" by **Menace.**
- **The Drones** have been signed by Manchester-based label Valer Records, and have already started work on their debut single for release in early October.
- A special **Wayne Kramer** single, recorded shortly before the former MC5 guitarist began his four-year prison sentence, is being released by Stiffwick in conjunction with Chisiff. Titles are "Rambling Rose" and "Get Some", and it's a limited edition of 10,000. Cost is £1, and all proceeds are being sent directly to Kramer's account in Detroit. Mail orders should be sent to Stiff, 32 Alexander Street, London W.2.

Apple Pie stay home

SAM APPLE PIE have dropped plans to live in America, and instead have now resumed touring in Britain. Original members Sam Sampson and Snake Johnson have recruited newcomers Martin Bell (drums) and Mark de Majo (bass) to complete their re-shaped line-up, and they are now being handled by the Bron Agency. Upcoming gigs include Bristol Chutes (tonight, Thursday), Bridgwater Manor Hotel (Friday), London Plumstead Green Man (September 8), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (16), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (17), Brighton Polytechnic (October 8) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (13). They have month-long London residencies at Islington Hope & Anchor (Friday nights starting October 14) and Kensington Nashville (Mondays from October 17), and they will be touring Britain extensively throughout November.

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DR. HOOK: NINE GIGS

FULL DATES and venues for the October British tour by Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show have now been confirmed. Besides their two nights at London Rainbow (14 and 15) exclusively revealed by NME last week, the band play Manchester Belle Vue King's Hall (October 6), Liverpool Empire (8), Glasgow Apollo (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Stafford Bingley Hall (11), Cardiff Sophia Gardens Pavilion (12) and Brighton New Conference Centre (19).

Tickets go on sale today (Thursday) at all venues — at the Rainbow they are £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50; at both Stafford and Cardiff there is just the one price of £3.50; and at all other venues admission is £4, £3.25 and £2.50. Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises, who have still to name the support act. The British concerts follow a European tour by Dr. Hook, starting in mid-September and taking in Scandinavia, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Holland. As already reported, their new album "Makin' Love And Music" is released by Capitol later this month.

Quo tour

25 AUTUMN GIGS

STATUS QUO headline a major British concert tour in late autumn, starting in mid-November and running until just before Christmas. It comprises 25 dates at 11 different venues, and is the first leg of a comprehensive world tour in the New Year taking in visits to Europe, Australia, New Zealand, Japan and America.

British dates are Stoke Trentham Gardens (Novemger 13 and 14), Southampton Gaumont (15 and 16), Cardiff Capitol (19 and 20), Birmingham Odeon (22 and 23), Blackpool Opera House (24 and 25), Glasgow Apollo (27, 28 and 29), Bridlington Spa Hall (December 1 and 2), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (4, 5 and 6), Leicester Granby Halls (8 and 9), London Hammersmith Odeon (13, 14 and 15) and London Lewisham Odeon (19 and 20).

Tickets go on sale this Saturday, September 3, at all venues — except Cardiff (September 10) and Birmingham (postal applications only). Prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 at Southampton, Cardiff and Blackpool; £3.50 only at Stoke, Bridlington and Leicester; £4, £3.50 and £3 at Glasgow and Hammersmith; £4 and £3.50 at Birmingham and Lewisham; and £4 only at Manchester.

The tour marks a turning point in the band's stage presentation. They regard their recent hit album "Status Quo Live" as the end of one phase of their career, and they now have a completely new stage act, as well as a new set and lighting technique. A new Quo album, currently being recorded in Sweden, will be issued in mid-October as a prelude to the tour.

RONNIE SPECTOR, BRAND X: PALACE

BRAND X and Crawler are the latest additions to the tenth Crystal Palace Garden Party in South London on Saturday, September 10 (noon-8 pm). Santana top the bill, which also features Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes and Elvis Costello and the Attractions. The sixth and final act, a special "surprise guest", will be announced next week. Advance tickets for the event are on sale at £4.80 each; on the day they will cost £5.30.

It is understood that Ronnie Spector is to accompany the Asbury Jukes on their brief British visit, and will be performing with them at the Palace.

Immediately following their afternoon appearance at the Palace, Brand X dash to nearby Biggin Hill airfield to catch a chartered jet to Paris, where they play in the evening at the 100,000-capacity Fete de l'Humanite. It's believed to be the first time a band has played two open-air shows in different countries on the same day. Phil Collins re-joins Brand X for both these concerts, during the absence on holiday of the band's current drummer Kenwood Dennard.

IN BRIEF

FAIRPORT CONVENTION are to write and perform all the music for a new British film called "In One End And Out The Other", which goes into production later this month. It takes a tongue-in-cheek look at the traditional British way of life, with action centred around a brewery, and it's probable that the band will also appear in the picture.

DUNCAN MacKAY is to continue his partnership with Steve Harley, despite the disbandment of Cockney Rebel. They have agreed to work together indefinitely, both on stage and in the studios. This means basically that MacKay will support any live Harley shows with his own group, and he will be the keyboards player with any band backing Harley.

MICHAEL SCHULTZ has been signed by producer Robert Stigwood to direct the film musical "Sergeant Pepper And The Lonely Hearts Club Band", starring Peter Frampton, the Bee Gees and what's described as "the largest collection of top musical names ever to appear in a motion picture". Filming begins in Hollywood this autumn.

MICK RONSON will not now be playing in Peter Gabriel's backing band, for his British tour opening in Newcastle on September 13. A spokesman said this is due to other commitments, which have unexpectedly cropped up for Ronson in the States. He is not being replaced in the line-up.

GEORGE HATCHER BAND now have a complete new rhythm section in Colin Burgess (drums), his brother Denny (bass) and Phil Stag (keyboards). Their predecessors walked out a fortnight ago, three days before the band's London gigs with Ted Nugent. They join existing members Hatcher, John Thomas and Phil Swann. The outfit are being lined up for a British tour in October.

Drifters due soon

THE DRIFTERS return for yet another tour, starting early next month. Confirmed dates are:

Wolverhampton Civic Hall (October 1), **Chester** Deeside Leisure Centre (2), **Manchester** Golden Garter (3-8), **Wakefield** Theatre Club (9-15), **Birmingham** Night Out (17-22), **Dublin** Fiesta (24-29), **Stockton** Fiesta (31), **Nottingham** Commodore Suite (November 2), **Eastbourne** Kings Country Club (5), **Stoke** Jollees (7-8), **Weston-super-Mare** Webbington Country Club (10), **Liverpool** Empire (11), **Blackburn** Cavendish (12) and **Caerphilly** Double Diamond (13-19).

HERB REED and the Platters return for a short tour, opening next weekend. With more dates still being booked, those set are:

Camberley Lakeside Country Club (September 10), **Margate** Winter Gardens (11 and 18), **Ilford** Kings Club (14), **Heathrow** Airport Hotel (16 and 17), **Usk** International Club (22-24), **Stoke** Jollees (26) and **Purfleet** Circus Tavern (October 2).

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MOTORS REV UP FOR U.K. CIRCUIT

THE MOTORS begin an extensive 22-date tour later this month and, to coincide with their gigs, their album "The Motors I" — their first for the Virgin label — is released on September 9. It's preceded this weekend by their single "Dancing The Night Away", available in both seven-inch (three minutes) and 12-inch (five minutes) form. The full 6½-minute version of the song is included on the LP. Tour dates are:

Manchester Electric Circus (September 18), **London** Marquee (21), **Swansea** Circles (22), **Llandindrod Wells** Grand Pavilion (23), **Liverpool** Eric's (24), **Newbridge** Pavilion (25), **Plymouth** Castaways (26), **Cardiff** Top Rank (27), **London** Marquee (28), **Blackburn** Lodestar (29), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (30), **Norwich** East Anglia University (October 1), **Chelmsford** City Tavern (2), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (3), **London** Marquee (5 and 12), **Birkenhead** Mr Digby's (6), **Stafford** North Staffs Polytechnic (7), **Sunderland** Polytechnic (8), **Doncaster** Outlook (10), **Birmingham** Rebecca's (13) and **Portsmouth** Polytechnic (15).

The band are then lined up as guest artists on a major British concert tour, from October 16 to 30, although details of the featured act are not yet available.

Roussos tour

IN ADDITION to his five-day season at the London Palladium (November 8 to 12), Demis Roussos is playing 14 provincial concert dates. They are at Manchester Belle Vue (October 31), Bridlington Spa Hall (November 1), Edinburgh Usher Hall (3), Glasgow Kelvin Hall (4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Birmingham Odeon (13 and 14), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), Portsmouth Guildhall (16), Brighton Conference Centre (17), Gloucester Leisure Centre (18), Blackpool Opera House (20), Sheffield City Hall (21) and Liverpool Empire (22).

ON THE ROAD

DOCTORS OF MADNESS play a string of **London** dates during the first half of this month. Confirmed gigs are Camden Music Machine (tonight, Thursday), Kensington Nashville (September 5 and 6), West Hampstead Southside Club (12) and Wardour Street Vortex (13).

RY COODER has added another date to his autumn tour at **Glasgow** Apollo on November 16, which now becomes the opening concert in his itinerary. Tickets are currently on sale at £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

COUNT BISHOPS next week begin an eight-week tour of Britain and Ireland. Most gigs are still being finalised, but those confirmed are **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (September 6), **Birkenhead** Mr. Digby's (8), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (11), **Edinburgh** Tiffany's (12), **Glasgow** Disco Harry (14), **Falkirk** Maniqui (15), **London Kensington** Nashville (18), **London Camden** Music Machine (21), **Bedford** Nite Spot (22), **Rotherham** Windmill (29) and **Burton** 76 Club (30).

BLUE have been signed as support act for two major upcoming tours — by the Small Faces (September 13-24) and Leo Sayer (September 29-October 25). Dates were listed by NME two weeks ago.

GENERATION X have a month-long residency at **London** Marquee on Tuesdays throughout September, when their support acts will be The Jolt (6), Steel Pulse (13), Johnny Curious and the Strangers (20) and Black Slate (27). The band are also gigging this month at **Stafford** Top Of The World (5), **Rotherham** Windmill (8), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (9 and 10) and **Barrow** Maxim's (11).

FABULOUS POODLES play **London Covent Garden** Festival (this Sunday), **London** Marquee (September 16), **Chelmsford** City Tavern (18), **High Wycombe** Nags Head (22), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (23 and 24), **London Kensington** Nashville (26), **London Camden** Dingwalls (28), **Coventry** Mr. George's (29) and **Exeter** University (30).

BERT JANSCH guests in a special Concert for Chile, to mark four years of military dictatorship in that country, at **London Drury Lane** Theatre Royal on Sunday, September 25 (tickets from £1.50 to £5). The show is headlined by leading Chilean folk group Quilapayun.

THE 'O' BAND play **Newcastle** Mayfair (this Friday), **Manchester** Belle Vue (Saturday), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (Sunday), **Blackpool** Jenkinson's (September 5), **Middlesbrough** Kirklevington Country Club (9), **Merthyr Tydfil** Tiffany's (13), **London Kensington** Nashville (17), **Nottingham** Boat Club (24) and **Weymouth** Pavilion (27).

TRAPEZE have added still more dates to their current one-nighter tour — at **Porthcawl** Stoneleigh Club (September 6), **Merthyr Tydfil** Tiffany's (19), **Hucknall** Miners Welfare (22), **Northampton** College (27) and **London Camden** Music Machine (29). But their previously-announced date at **London Kensington** Nashville on September 10 has been postponed.

STRANGER, a totally unknown band who have never appeared in public and have no record contract, have booked **London's** giant Hammersmith Odeon for their debut performance tomorrow (Friday). The five-piece outfit hail from Sussex, and are investing all their capital in this project, in the hope that it will bring them recognition. The support act is Tim Rose.

Ian Gillan for British dates

IAN GILLIAN BAND headline five British concerts next month — at Portsmouth Guildhall (October 4), Glasgow Apollo (6), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (7), Birmingham Odeon (9) and London Rainbow Theatre (13).

Tickets are on sale now — priced £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at the four provincial venues and £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75 in London.

The band have just completed work on their second Island album, for release later this month. In mid-September they leave for a string of dates in Japan, returning home just two days before their first British concert date.

Boomtown Rats and London on the road

BOOMTOWN RATS are on tour to promote their newly-released single "Looking After Number One" and their upcoming album. They play Birmingham Barbarella's (this Friday and Saturday), Croydon Greyhound (Sunday), Edinburgh Tiffany's (7), Falkirk Maniqui (8), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (9), London Marquee Club (14 and 26), Swindon Brunel Rooms (16), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (17), Doncaster Outlook (19), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (20), Penzance The Garden (22), Plymouth Woods Centre (23), Axminster Guildhall (24) and Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (25). Support act at the three Scottish venues is The Exile.

LONDON have a full gig schedule this month with confirmed dates at Coventry. Mr George's (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday), Barrow Maxim's (Sunday), Manchester Rafters (September 8), Ross-on-Wye Harvey's (9), Redditch Tracey's (10), Croydon Greyhound (11), Swansea Circles (15), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (16), Jacksdale Grey Topper (18), Brighton Buccaneer (19), Plymouth Woods Centre (20), Blackburn Lodestar (22), Stafford Top Of The World (26), Cardiff Casino (28), Birkenhead Mr Digby's (29) and Ipswich The Manor (30). They are supported on some of the dates by The Victims, and more venues are being finalised.

Parker hitch

GRAHAM PARKER and the Rumour have run into trouble with their new album "Stick To Me", due out on September 30. They discovered a major flaw in the technical quality while the LP was being mixed and, as a result, have had to scrap the entire album. They go into the studios this weekend start to re-recording it. Release date is unaffected, but their Euro-tour has been called off.

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Steve Marriott Kenney Jones
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GOD, WHAT A BUMMER! STUCK HERE WITH JOE STRUMMER!

THE CLASH AT BELSEN . . . 'ALL JOURNALISTS ARE SWINE'

BY CHRIS SALEWICZ, WHO DUCKS AND RUNS . . .

"YOU CAN'T have those *barricades."* Mick Jones almost cries, his facial muscles visibly tightening with emotion as he reflects on the gig from which The Clash have just returned to their hotel.

"You've gotta have *all* those barricades down. Then you'll find you just don't need them at all.

"But I did my Keith-at-Altamont bit, didn't I?" he laughs ruefully. "You've gotta show 'em you're *not* scared. That's where Jagger went wrong.

"It's like a street fight: once you show 'em fear you've 'ad it."

"It didn't seem like a *gig.* It was more like a *war,"* says Paul Simonon, stretching the neck of his conceptually frayed sweater to show where a half brick had landed on his left shoulder and broken the skin.

"One thing that pisses me off is that if someone wants to 'it me they can come and 'it me and I'll 'it 'em back. But it's easy to throw a brick at a stage.

"But anyway I can throw bricks better than them. I showed that at the Notting Hill carnival," he laughs.

"Ah, so all that last night was part of you and Joe's karma," Nicky "Topper" Headon considers drolely.

THE OPENING "punk" night of the 14th Bilzen festival, near Lieges, begins relatively inauspiciously. After a seemingly endless series of Belgian jazz bands, first Elvis Costello and then The Damned do their respective "things".

It is noted, however, that Elvis is intimidated by the large press and ligger area at the front of the stage. It is also noted that this area is "protected" from The People by a thoroughly distasteful concrete and wire ten foot high fence.

One begins to sense that perhaps all those apparently fatuous Bilzen/Belsen puns were, in fact, ominously accurate, and this fact is pointed out to the audience by Dave Vanian as The Damned are about to dive through "Problem Child", their fifth number.

By this time it has already been necessary for Rat Scabies to prowl to the front of the stage from behind his drum-kit to inqure somewhat forcibly: " 'Oo wants their arses kicked?"

At least Elvis Costello was largely spared the salvo of beer cans that have punctuated The Damned's first four numbers.

Perhaps the 5,000 or so North European hippies — with a reasonable safety pin contingent — stuck in this field believe this implies a cordial welcome to a punk band. Perhaps they are pissed off by (a) The Fence or by (b) those standing, and thereby restricting their view, by The Fence.

PAUSING ONLY for Paul Simonon to liberate the goat whose charred and burnt flesh the promoters are intending to proffer backstage at the end of the festival, The Clash are onstage minutes after The Damned end their set. No evidence of any delaying tactics to tease the audience's anticipation buds.

"London's Burning", "Capital Radio", "Bored With The USA" . . .

The Clash power rush slams against you, holding you rigid until the warmth that's always present in its slipstream wafts about you. The gnawing tensions of the instrumental and vocal dynamics hold you open-mouthed, near-dumbstruck by the dark, raging intensity that emerges mostly from Joe Strummer's throat.

Also, even though their tower-block backdrop couldn't be put up tonight, the band — especially the three front-liners — are visually stunning.

Stage right, Mick Jones, in ice blue jacket, white pants and t-shirt, prances like a mountain goat on acid. Stage left, Paul Simonon, in white with strategic tears and paint splodges, sways like a rasta who's smoked too much grass. In the centre, drawing together all the disparate forces the deliberate, almost Chaplin-esque, Joe Strummer, in scarlet shirt and black pants.

"Topper" Headon . . . Well, you can hardly see him. Just a flash of hair and features from behind the kit were he lays it all down, Ringo to the very obviously Lennon side in Strummer.

. . . . The First New Number: "The Prisoner". Close up to the (very excellent from further out in the audience) sound system it's difficult to make the words — something about "German soldiers". It's very stacatto, Jones' more trebly, more melodic vocals seeming more in evidence than Strummer's . . . .

. . . . But it's impossible to take in both that and what is now going down with The Fence: the kids at the front have been taking turns to try shifting those kiss-of-death concrete posts and finally they seem to be getting somewhere . . .

. . . "WHY IS THIS SPACE HERE???" Joe spews rage into the mike. "VENEZ ICI! VENEZ ICI!!!" — flashes of Lennon addressing the Paris audience at those gigs the moptops played before they left for the States for the first time — "ET MAINTENANT . . . . 'LES FLICS ET LES VOLEURS'."

Now it's Strummer side-by-side with Dany Cohn-Bendit on the May '68 Paris barricades with empty beer cans landing all around like CS Gas canisters . . . .

All along the line the concrete posts are moving backwards and forwards. If a couple of the kids would just jump on them with all their weight and push them down into THIS SPACE they could all be through — though then it'd be face to face with a psychotic-looking bunch of Belgian security heavies.

JOE STRUMMER Pic: STEVENSON

Up at the front, directly in front of Simonon, there's a girl pinned almost under the wire and getting stomped on by some dark figure and stomped and stomped and stomped again. The heavies aren't doing a thing to save her. Just shifting about behind their wire riot shields as the salvoes of missiles thud around the stage area.

Joe's mikestand slips into the pit. Joe's in the pit himself, racing for the post that's nearest to coming down, grabbing it, shifting it backwards and forwards, wrestling with it with all that taut-shouldered aggression you pick off him when he's onstage.

For maybe 30 seconds none of the heavies move. The barrage of street-fighting weaponry doubles as the kids at the back express discontent at their Non-Visual Situation.

Joe's down on the ground. No-one quite sees what happens. ("One of 'em took a swing at me"). Dragged back behind the main wire shield. On his feet surrounded, like some very aggro gallant young squire in a mediaeval battle scene.

"STOP. LEAVE HIM ALONE-LONE-LONE-LONE-LONE-LONE!!!!" screams Mick Jones into his mike, as sound engineer and album producer Mickey Foote bungs dub phasing on his vocals.

Strummer's now clawing at the edge of the stage. ("They definitely wanted to have a go at me.") Pulled up. Pushed up . . . .

"DON'T THROW CANS-CANS-CANS-CANS-CANS!!!!

"COS THEY'RE GOING TO THROW THEM BACK-BACK-BACK-BACK-BACK!!!!

"IF ANYONE NEXT TO YOU THROWS A CAN-CAN-CAN-CAN-CAN-CAN MAKE 'EM STOP-STOP-STOP-STOP-STOP-STOP" . . . .

With a cartoon-like BOYN-N-N-N-G a can bounces off the head of the guy standing next to me. He retires, injured . . . . .

Great show, huh?

This one'll run and run.

"WE'RE GONNA PLAY "SHE LOVES YOU", sneers Strummer, just letting out the merest hint of breathless confusion. Then: "LISTEN YOU ... WE'RE GONNA HAVE *'COMPLETE CONTROL'."*

The emotions of the situation are running too strongly to make out much of the number. Then there's *"Remote* Control", and "Hate And War" and "Career Opportunities" and "Clash City Rockers" and maybe "White Man In Hammersmith Palais" and "Janie Jones".

The numbers just pour out, with the Situation Situation having shifted the internal balance of this little display of living art to a near-sexual peak. Your whole body's engulfed by the (still positive) emotions the band's chemistry osmoses until you feel The Clash might spontaneously combust onstage.

No encore. What? You're kidding.

Manager Bernie Rhodes, a man of many parts that include having worked in the Sex shop, run a Renault repair service and put The Damned together, goes backstage where Mick Jones is puking up.

"The cymbals were too loud at the back," is his only comment.

This was not the first time Joe Strummer has fazed the security supplied at a gig.

When The Clash played St Albans on their spring British tour Joe, who had become increasingly brought down by the number of security guards on previous night, insisted that no front-stage security be supplied whatsoever.

In mid-set he performed a kamikaze headfirst dive into the audience.

"He proved his point, though," points out Mick Jones. "They caught him. They didn't trample on him . . . . Of course, if they hadn't he could have broken his neck. Joe has a very forceful way of proving a point."

"ALL JOURNALISTS are swine." Ah, he's controversial, is Joseph. It's probably all that book-reading that does it. Everyone knows it's not natural reading too many books. You never see horses doing it.

Better to ignore him. Even if he is sending a *frisson* of discomfort through me. Besides, we're both drunk and it's 4.00 a.m. and we're back at the Ramada Inn in Lieges after the gig.

"All journalists are *COMPLETE SWINE,"* he repeats.

Oh God, no. Not when I'm in this state.

Paul and Mick come to my aid by uttering disturbed noises. Mick says the press have helped The Clash a lot in the past. Joe tells Mick he's too gullible — *he* would never tell them the things *Mick* does. Mick says that's because Joe's conscious of the need to maintain his mystique.

Joe Strummer, it seems, feels he has been used by all the journalists with whom he has made friends.

An oblique remark Joe once made to me about Goebbels suddenly attains clarity. Goebbels, of course, was in charge of propaganda for the Hitler label. Even if one does follow the point that he was apparently making then one still feels that equating members of the music press with the Third Reich propaganda machine is taking things a little too far.

But apparently not . . . .

"They're *all* swine. Journalists are people who should be kept at arms' length at all times. This is nothing personal against you, Sandwich," Joe

■ *Continues over page*

The Clash

■ From previous page

snarls sibilantly through the gaps at either side of this upper front teeth. "The nature of what you do means you must be kept at bay."

It is pointed out to Joe that if you make arbitrary decisions about Set X of people then you must begin to start condemning whole other groups also. It is hoped that he may have some recollection of what he said about Goebbels. And, if he does, that he can see the paradox in what he is saying.

Also that he can see the paradox in placing barricades around himself while haveing physically tried to tear down the barricade at the festival.

Also that he can see the paradox in what he's saying being set against the musical background of the raw, rootsy reggae that is pumping out of the cassette machine — a music that is, above all, about freedom and personal liberation, and which Joe dearly loves.

In fact, like punk rock itself which contains such sociological dilemmas as appreciative spit, Joe is something of a paradox himself. No, that's too simplistic: like the band he plays in, Joe is pretty multi-dimensional.

OFFSTAGE Joe Strummer frequently smiles in a relaxed, amiable manner. He can be a very warm, likeable person. In fact, he seemed so happy and full of the joys of life when I first spotted him bouncing cheerfully along at Heathrow Airport prior to the flight to Belgium that he reminded me of a battered Charles Boyer playing one of the Seven Dwarves.

Loosening up completely, though, doesn't enter Joe's everyday scheme of things. He'll almost open up . . . then hold back. Indeed, the staccato, telegrammatic, proselytizing — and frequently very witty — nature of the band's songs seems to be very much a reflection of Strummer's personality.

The cosmic chemistry must have been operating without the least dilution of forces when Jones and Simonon, out looking for a singer, spotted him with the 101'ers and realized that some things just have to be.

He binds the band together, giving a fixed direction to the anarchically liberating force the other three provide.

Maybe, you find yourself thinking, if he *did* loosen up completely the music might lose its edge. Though more likely it could become too powerful, too liberated for us to take.

Though it's doubtful there was ever any conscious scheme behind it, there are a set of multi-conceptual bases to The Clash that run even deeper than those of the Pistols.

Although none of them completed their courses, all The Clash except for "Topper" are the product of the art school system.

For the record, Strummer went to the Central for almost a year ("I thought that it was great that I'd got a place — until I'd been there about a week.").

Jones studied at Hammersmith College ("I was down to like just showing up on grant day. But I hung on till my final year . . . . I only went to art school to join a group anyway. I thought 'Pete Townshend, Ray Davies, Keith Richard — they all went to art school so if I can go to art school I will . . . and meet hundreds of musicians'.")

Simonon won a scholarship to the exclusive fee-paying Byam Shaw up the road in Holland Park: "It's great because everybody there is rich. You can walk around the college, nick their paints, nick their canvases and they don't really miss it because then they can buy more . . . . You don't get many working class kids like me and Mick going to art school. Better than going in the factory.

"I used to draw blocks of flats and car dumps," he tells me in the back seat of the Transit on the way to Brussels airport. "I used to really hate Leonardo Da Vinci at first. I didn't understand him. Then I realized he'd do just a thumb and line and it'd be the whole hand.

"That's what I tried to do."

That's what he tries with his bass playing, in fact — just laying down those simple, yet highly emotive, patterns about which your though processes are fused.

"You know," he recalls, "you'd do a painting and people'd love you for a week. But you're just in a room on your own playing with your own ego. You're not really communicating. That's why I started playing music.

"I wanna play a lot, you know," he says, answering my query about The Clash's not having done much live work since the end of their British tour, "because you must communicate that good feeling you can get from playing.

"Sometimes it can make you feel like a Superman. That's why Joe leapt into the audience. He thought he could just pull it down."

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ALTHOUGH IT'S generally accepted that The Clash hold down the political end of the punk movement they are *not* a political band.

Dogmatic maybe but certainly not doctrinal. The "political" views of The Clash are merely reflections of their everyday moral stance — which, embracing a distaste/disgust at the hopelessness of the Establishment British condition, should surely be the view of reasonable human beings everywhere.

Mick Jones is equally appalled by the mindless bigotry of the Nation Front *and* the International Socialists: "The International Socialists are always like sending us telegrams of congratulation. But we're nothing to do with either of them. We don't consider any of it a political statement. We just consider it statements of . . . . life through our eyes.

"I'm very interested in changing the individual who's open to change. We're still innocent enough to want to keep on trying. They won't stop us trying, though we don't want to end up as some sort of political martyrs."

Paul Simonon's head is even further out than the guitarist's in those acoustic space/lateral thinking areas that an arts background can help foster.

"I don't understand what people are talking about when they say Clash is a political band. I didn't know 'oo the Prime Minister was until a couple of weeks ago!"

"I didn't have any *need* to be interested in it. I was more concerned with wondering where my next meal was coming from . . . Well, that doesn't apply so much now, I suppose."

Hey Joe! What do you think to the Clash-as-political-band schtick?

"It's a load of bullshit. We're just a group."

"The National Front are against us, though," muses Joe. "*They* know about us. *And* the police."

"There were times," adds Paul, "when me and 'Im would be walking down the street when the jubilee thing was at its peak. and we'd see these 'ouses with like five union jacks on them and we'd feel really threatened."

IT IS, then, naive to see Clash as mere musical politicians; crass indeed to interpret it as The Right To Work. The Clash are closer to being a quite conscious/totally unconscious multi-media explosion.

Where they're coming from is close to Rauschenberg's "gap between life and art".

It is impossible to separate The Clash from their cultural groundings. Whether their conceptual approach is purely subliminal or part of a grand design is, by its very nature, totally irrelevant. It just *is*. Like Joe says about leaping off the stage to attack the barricade: "I don't think about things I do too much. I just do 'em."

To regard The Clash as a consciously political outfit is to misunderstand them in the same manner in which the Dadaists were viewed as a political movement and not, as in reality, anti-political and anarchic and attempting to destroy by ridicule the pseudo-culture rampant in post-World War One Europe.

Get the picture? Spot the barricades?

LOOKING GOOD on or off stage isn't *just* down to wanting to play the rock star role. Is it, Paul?

"Even before the band I was always very into clothes."

At this very moment Paul sports his scarlet "frayed look" (sic) baggy mohair sweater, black multi-zippered pants, and black lace-up boots. The spiky hair is currently blond. One observes the twin scars, like an Indian buck's colours, on each high cheek bone. He looks very good. In the past he's also been a skinhead and, during his Elvis period, dressed in full Ted gear.

"I used to walk about in cowboy boots. People used to say I looked great. I could have said, 'All right, I'll just keep wearing these same clothes'. But you've got to keep changing. Change is vital.

"Also, if a group goes onstage just wearing jeans you really don't get anywhere near the same rush as if they go on looking really great."

How does he feel, though, about all the 30-year-old musicians in various bands whow've suddenly "gone punk"? Don't such calculated actions really grate?

He shakes his head: "It doesn't matter if someone cuts his hair and decides overnight to become a punk. He's changed. You've just gotta keep doing that."

Actually, Paul's life has changed considerably over the last 12 months. He looks quite blissful about the current position. "I think it's *amazing*. A year ago I couldn't even play a musical instrument. 'E taught me." he adds, pointing to "Poodle" Mick Jones slumped in his best outlaw chic pose on his guitar case in the middle of the flood at Brussels Airport.

Manager Bernie Rhodes is equally knocked out. None of them, he tells me, expected the album to go in the charts. All they wanted to do was make the record.

Bernie feels sorry for the new punk bands. The Clash and the Pistols, he points out, had time to try out their act and material in public and reject the dross. "Now, with every new band it's 'Is this the one?'

"I get really annoyed," he free-associates, "When people say things like, 'Their songs aren't going to take me to the barricades'. That's not it at all. They're not meant to. They're just meant to keep the spirit bubbling, to keep fostering that emotion. England is a very creative place. Very accessible to new ideas.

"But the most important thing is the fun. We may take the piss out of The Damned but," he reflects on the previous evening when the punk laiden hotel bar had suddenly become afflicted with The Plague in the form of a certain Heavy Band. "We're all against Uriah Heep.

"There's the *professional* hate . . . . But there is the *emotional* bond."

Mick Jones is even more forthrightly understanding about the way the Pistols have bitched about The Clash: "It's understandable. The Pistols were shat on again and again. And then we went off on that tour, and all over the country they went bonkers. And the Pistols couldn't even play. And we're supposed to be more their mates than The Damned.

"So they'd got to say something about it: it's the release, you know. I should imagine they must have felt terrible. That's what it was all down to.

"I mean, *we* don't bicker. If people ask me about The Sex Pistols I say 'Oh, they're my *favourite* band'."

FOLLOWING the constant hassles they experienced on their tour ("We were met by police and escorted everywhere." — Jones) the Clash's paranoic level was kept on the boil by the Birmingham festival fiasco that turned into a classic case of Establishment harrassment, a harrassment that was made to appear even more insidious by the large number of police the Clash observed observing them as they journeyed up the motorway to perform a gig that had been banned by the City Fathers.

This unseemly edge to their existence was possibly tempered by their visit to the CBS Convention. Rather than take a hardline stance and refuse to indulge in such nonsense they went (a) because they were interested in seeing what it was all about, and (b) to wallow in the inevitable absurdity.

The band's relationship with CBS follows an uneasy path — for both sides. CBS, points out Bernie, can appear to change by signing up punk bands. Their heads, however, remain in the same place — tucked down by the profit forecast sheets.

For the meantime the band is broke — the first fifty grand instalment of their £100,000-for-two-years deal has already been spent, with reputed losses of £15,000 pounds on the British tour having eaten up much of it. Currently, then, CBS have the upper hand — hence the release of "Remote Control" as a single.

"We told them it was gonna be a turkey, that it was gonna flop," says Jones. "We didn't think it was a good idea having something off the album. But if we'd chosen 'Janie Jones'. And the B side — the live 'London's Burning' — is abominable. We mixed it and they went and re-mixed it."

He's not concerned about The Clash's having failed to join the other New Wave bands in the singles charts — "It'll come."

The band are currently in the studio cutting a series of tracks from which two will be selected for a single due out by the middle of next month. By the time the next album is out — "It'll be at Christmas. We're gonna call it 'Clash's Christmas Turkey' and it'll feature 'Run, Rudolph, Run In Lewisham High Street'," Mick Jones tells me — at least one more single will probably have been released.

Jones says that every attempt will be made to ensure that neither is on the album.

One may well expect the singles and the album to be of a very fine standard indeed.

After all, at this point in time The Clash are probably the most vital rock'n'roll band in the world.

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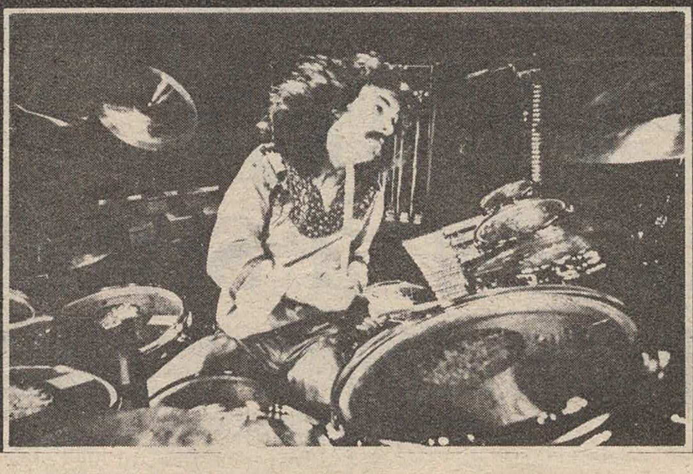

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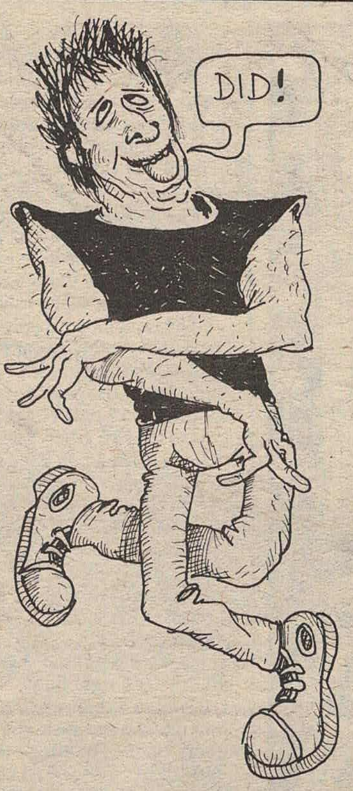

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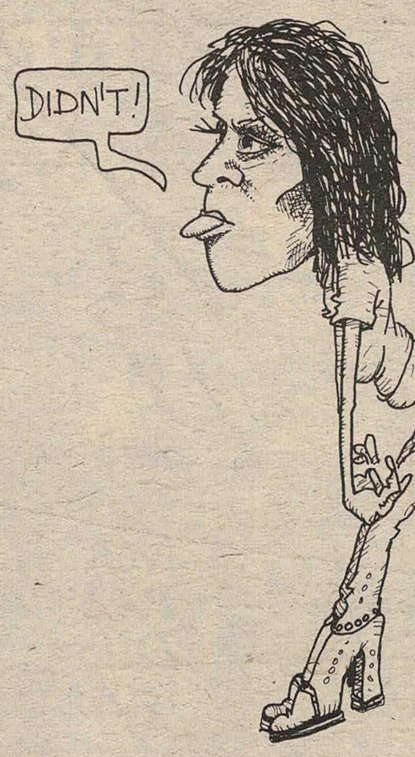

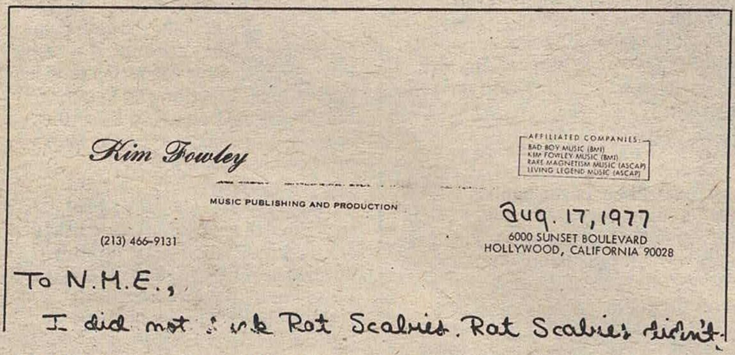

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To N.M.E.,

I did not [illegible] Rat Scabies. Rat Scabies didn't.

SUBTLE SHE IS NOT. Joan Jett, teenaged lead guitarist with the fabulous Runaways, made this instantly clear in a graphically detailed missive to the *NME* last week.

We reeled before her purple prose. We gasped at the explicit details revealed. And we wondered . . .

Did Rat Scabies and Joan Jett do it? How *far* did they go? Did they go All The Way?

As we closed for press, this is the question on the lips of the world entertainment business.

The sophisticated Damned drummer, who has been known to slink up to enthusiastic young lady fans and ask "Can I touch you on your buttons?" claimed in conversation with our very own T. Parsons (see *NME August 13)* that he and the Runaways guitarist had Done Rude Things together the last time Ratty was in Hollywood.

"I was well pleased when I got pulled by a Runaway," he reminisced. "But she was a very lousy lay."

Rightly angered at having encountered a boy (who's sometimes a bit smelly anyway) who could give her A Bad Reputation down Orange County way, Joan took out her Osmiroid and Quink (with Solv-Ex) and set about putting the record straight — in no uncertain terms!

Not only did *she* not Do It with Rat, but, claims Joan, Rat didn't Do It with "even *one* guy, girl, or dog over here".

It does transpire, though, that the romantic Rat did suggest a little tete-a-tete to Joan. "I turned the pathetic asshole down when he popped the question . . . No thanks, Rat."

And far from being asked to leave because "she smashed everything up," Joan claims "he ordered me out the dressing room cause I saw through his little toughie act".

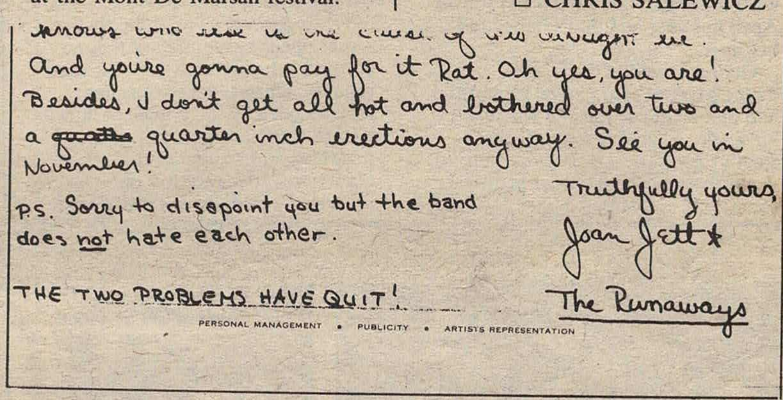
Sadly, perhaps, Joan appears unwilling to forgive Rat this serious transgression of strict Hollywood sexual ethics. "When we see that wimp again," she declares, "he's gonna wish he got tossed off stage instead of Mr Sensible." This is believed to be a reference to the Good Captain's hurting his rude bits at the Mont De Marsan festival.

She does, however, demonstrate a Freud-influenced understanding of Rat's problem:

"His being rejected by me and God knows who else is the cause of this outright lie . . ."

There is no doubt that here we are dealing with forthrightness. Joan even signs her letter, "Truthfully yours".

☐ CHRIS SALEWICZ



[illegible]
And you're gonna pay for it Rat. Oh yes, you are! Besides, I don't get all hot and bothered over two and a ~~[illegible]~~ quarter inch erections anyway. See you in November!

Truthfully yours,
Joan Jett★
The Runaways

P.S. Sorry to disepoint you but the band does not hate each other.

THE TWO PROBLEMS HAVE QUIT!

PERSONAL MANAGEMENT • PUBLICITY • ARTISTS REPRESENTATION

JAM "NOT PUNKS" SHOCK RESULT AT CHELMSFORD F.C.

A CONSERVATIVE local authority in the Home Counties commuter belt is the last stronghold you'd expect to welcome a one-day festival featuring those dreaded punks.

But after a public health committee hearing that lasted just five and a half hours, a district council at Chelmsford in Essex, 30 miles from London, have done just that.

As a result, the event on September 17 at Chelmsford City Football Club, in the town centre, seems to be the only one of its kind to have eluded the censors this festival season.

The irony is that two of the headlining acts — The Jam and Generation X — have since pulled out, dropping the punk quotient but not diminishing what must go down as a notable victory.

Much of the credit must go to the football club's solicitor, Roger Wicks, whose grey eminence betrayed no sympathy for the music he was endorsing.

Wicks' strategy was to bludgeon the committee members into submission by sheer weight of complex evidence. He called every last one of the six organisers to give long-winded accounts of their proposals.

A pin-striped guy, in charge of Traffic and Pedestrian Control, profferred a set of plans so big, they had to be spread out over the floors of the committee room.

Even the head bouncer gave value for money. Would this muscular fellow and his "hand-picked team of a hundred experienced men" confiscate drink smuggled into the stadium?

"Well," said this worthy, after some thought, "we'd certainly take it off 'em."

Needless to say, the outcome of the hearing hinged on what the local promoter, Bob Mardon, had to say about the type of music that could be expected.

Mardon, who already runs twice-weekly rock concerts at the City Tavern social club at the football ground, described the prospective line-up with care.

In addition to The Jam, he had The Boys, Generation X, Fruit Eating Bears, Aswad, Otway and Barrett, Sonic Waste, and a local group that play (of all things) traditional jazz.

In Mr Mardon's view, only two of these acts were punks: The Boys and Generation X.

Weren't The Jam a punk rock group, too?

No, said Mr Mardon, they were not.

Well, what were they, then?

"A group that plays fast rock and roll."

So, it would be wrong to describe this as a punk festival, would it not?

It would, said Mr Mardon. Most people would be coming to see The Jam, and as he'd explained, they were not punks.

This line of reasoning nearly landed him in trouble. Called upon to explain away a minor skirmish at one of the club gigs, Mr Mardon said it was due to "high spirits" brought about by "fast rock and roll."

Hadn't he just said that was the kind of music played by The Jam? He was obliged to admit that he had and it was. Ooops.

Predictably, there were protests from local residents. But like all people who choose to live near football grounds, they proved inadequate at resisting the disruptive commerce next door.

One man was worried about cars being parked outside his house. When told the police would ban all parking in that street, the man changed his tack, and demanded the right to park *his* car outside his own house.

Officials said they'd see what they could do for him.

Another man was worried about the football club's fence at the bottom of his garden. Would it keep the alien hordes at bay?

His response to being told that a big, new fence would be built just for that day was further anger. It would block his light, he said.

No doubt the councillors on the public health committee were sympathetic to such rate-payers and voters as these. But the issue of the festival managed to get confused with the ailing finances of the football club (which is in the Southern League), and the punks were said to be the only things standing between it and ruin.

Not that the organisers have got off lightly. They've got to comply with a 65-point list of conditions which the council officials took three weeks to compile.

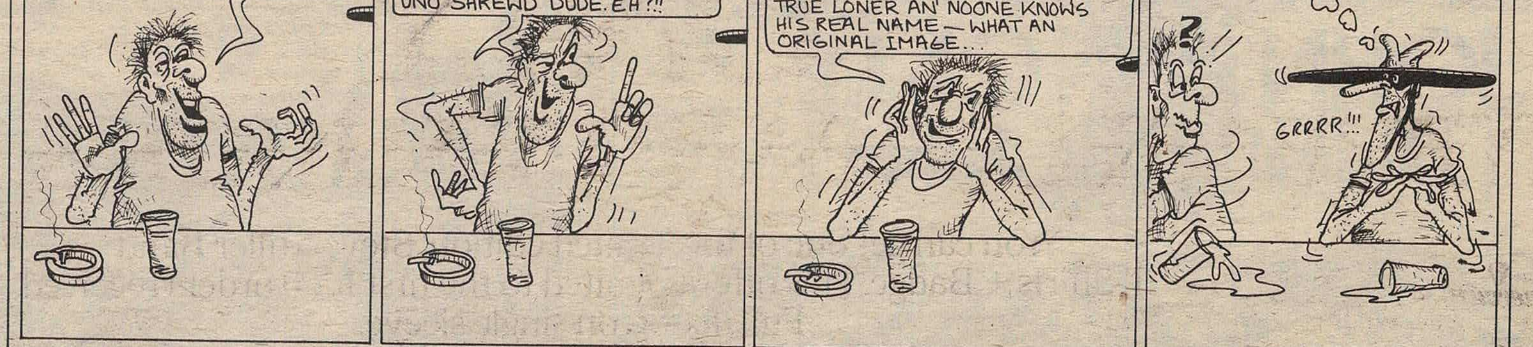
These include the stipulation that the music starts at noon and ends on the dot at nine o'clock at night. In addition, an elaborate programme of works has to be carried out in the few weeks remaining.

Whether this alliance between middle-aged Conservatives and pogo-ing punks will survive for longer than that is another matter.

For the latest state of the festival bill, see news pages.

☐ BOB EDMANDS

BENYON — LONE GROOVER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WHAT A BLEEDIN' RIP OFF!
?
GRRRR!!!

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LITTLE FEAT?

***LOWELL GEORGE** is NOT HAPPY. **BILL PAYNE** is BEING DIPLOMATIC. **THRILLS** is ALL EARS.*

FOR THE first time it seems that that presumptuous and amusing band Little Feat have not travelled well. Bill Payne and Paul Barrere, who comprise the diplomacy corps on the current tour, would have you believe otherwise, but things are not as they were.

The trouble is that the Little Feat inner sanctum presents some kind of a united front. There is a scenario for inside dirt-digging but no plot. Payne dismisses reports that Lowell George will leave soon with some inescapable facts. "Lowell's an unpredictable cat but he's out there playing. He hasn't gone anywhere yet."

It's only when the drinks are loaded in the after-hours murk of a bad night that some of the truth emerges. Lowell, reputedly, hates drummer Ritchie Hayward's guts. They have a backstage barney after a poor live show.

Two nights later Paul Barrere doesn't make the encores and, at a party for the band held at London's Hard Rock, George sulks outside. Someone asks Lowell if he's having a good time. He says he isn't.

The facts are that Lowell George has been in bad shape. Hepatitis from too much Remy Martin, and other problems that musicians are heir to. Illness and physical weakness meant that he contributed next to nothing to "Time Loves A Hero" . . . or was he just holding back for his solo album?

Payne says Lowell doesn't even have a lot of original material on that record: "There's Allen Toussaint's 'What Do You Want The Girl To Do' and maybe 'Fancy' plus some Fred Tackett and Jackson Browne stuff. The truth is that Lowell hit a dry period and the rumours escalated because we kept low for so long. We were off in the studio from last July to April this year and that's happened before."

George is said to dislike Bill Payne's recent commercial aspirations and indeed Payne talks of wanting a hit single, a "progression of records", steady "product" and heavier touring — "Otherwise we'll always be in the same dead-end street."

Now your own interpretation of all this depends on whether the new Feat direction pleases or appalls. I've listened to countless people assure me that "Time Loves A Hero" lacks humanity, warmth and cohesion. That the material is weak/pretentious, that Little Feat are going through the motions and giving off a bad vibe (man).

But Lowell George has been touted as the martyr in this particular cause and too many critics have over-reacted to the new style.

While Lowell is undoubtedly the most appealing member of the entourage he certainly isn't the most reliable. Unfortunately, the live reviews back up the critical back lash. Except that the nights I saw the band (Tuesday and Thursday at Hammersmith), they not only produced a brilliant display of Little Feat at their playing best but turned in the best two concerts I've seen all year. Easy.

Even so on the last night one couldn't help but wonder exactly what Lowell said to Payne during the latter's piano solo on "Dixie Chicken". It looked suspiciously like "play some rock'n'roll for Chrissakes", or words to that effect.

Certainly Payne was mightily displeased by the harangue and left the stage for three minutes.

This is pure supposition but then all the adverse reports have been reading between the lines to some extent.

For some reason George would not give any interviews, although when I'd met him earlier he took me aside and with a deep brown-eyed smile suggested that "If you get me jacked up properly I start telling the truth."

LOWELL GEORGE: Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

On stage George seems uninterested in 40 per cent of the show and fools around to the point of distraction. While in the past this would be taken in good spirit now it looks like calculated insurrection. The mock fight between him and Barrere on Tuesday was high jinx with serious undertones.

THIS WAS the background atmosphere in which I interviewed Bill Payne. None of the band is hanging round together much. Lowell sleeps in and socialises apart. Payne is helpful if slightly unhappy, but he is most definitely recalcitrant apropos the recent direction:

"If the reviewers don't like it that's tough shit. The worse reviews we get the more records we sell and the happier I am. We've been a little loose some nights because the whole band has to play well for it to work. Most of the critics are Lowell George fans. He deserves that following but there would be no group if the individuals weren't able to make their own mistakes and achievements. They'll get Lowell George as a solo artist soon enough."

Payne admits that George dislikes the style on "A Day At The Dog Races" and the album in general. He doesn't play on that number live and has taken to missing rehearsals.

The next move is a live album recorded on the recent British tour and at Washington DC. I'd mentioned the proliferation of live bootlegs to Lowell a few days earlier. "Sure they're good, I helped produce them." This could have been solemn leg pulling; anyway Payne denies any knowledge of the fact and expresses annoyance at the bootlegs:

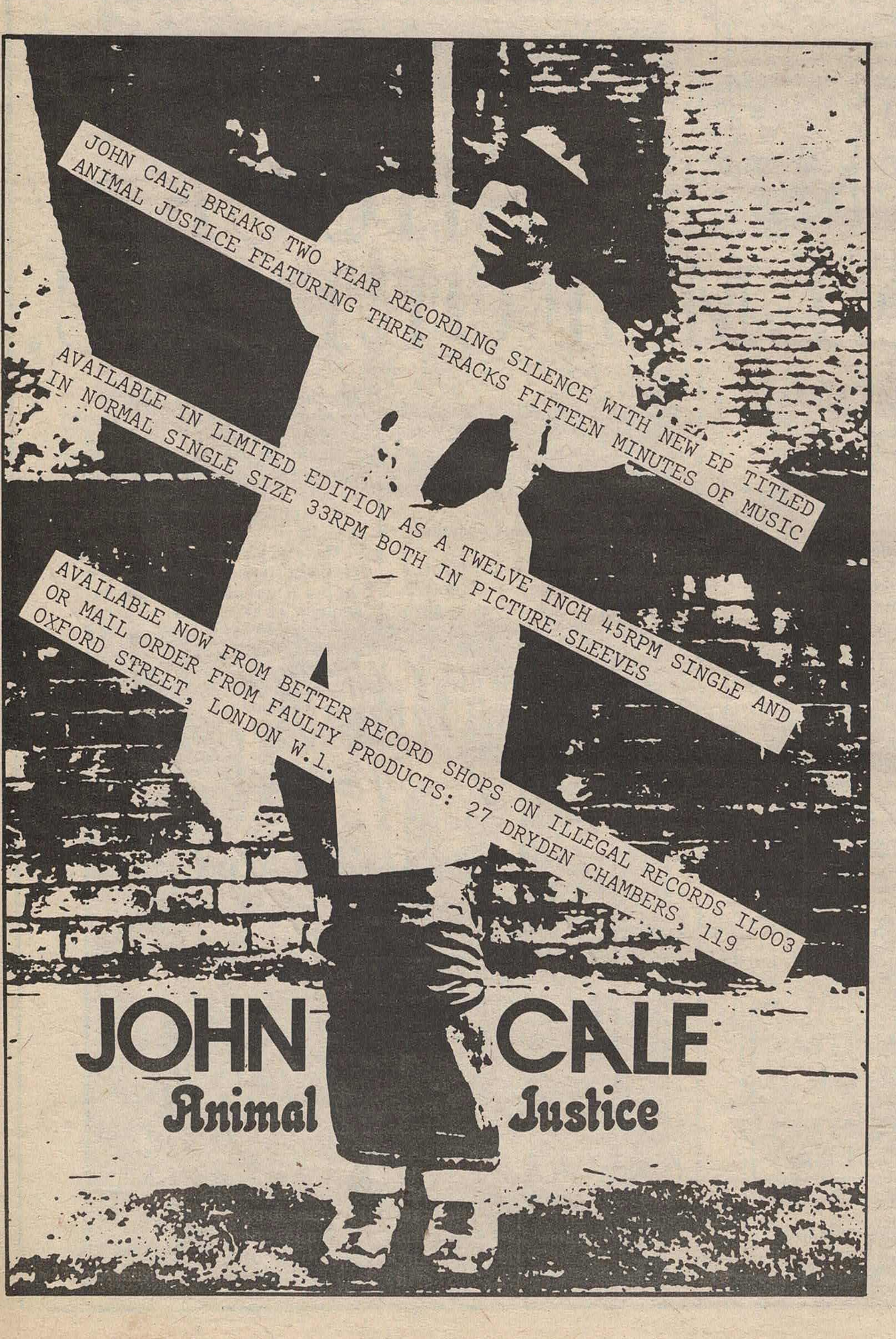
"I sure hope he didn't produce them! The fans will buy anything I guess so this should cut down on those records. We've let Lowell produce the live record."

Payne agrees that there is a schism in the band right now:

"I have to believe that there aren't too many tensions in the band, no more than all bands go through. Lowell has more of an image than we do — image is something we lack — but we can't abide by outside rules. We make more decisions now. Our lack of American success never hampered our music but I want the band to reach a larger audience. Lowell was so bombarded with problems that he didn't always come up with the right decisions. If we have different visions of the group then he respects my direction and I respect his. With Paul being into R&B the combination makes us better than predictable bands."

THE 1977 version of Little Feat is straighter than before. Payne asked artist Neon Park to come up with a cover that reflected this: "We take ourselves a little more seriously. Ritchie Hayward wanted some birdshit on the statue. That might have been cool." He isn't too sure.

And the future holds no sustenance for George fanatics, no compromise from Payne on the jazzier elements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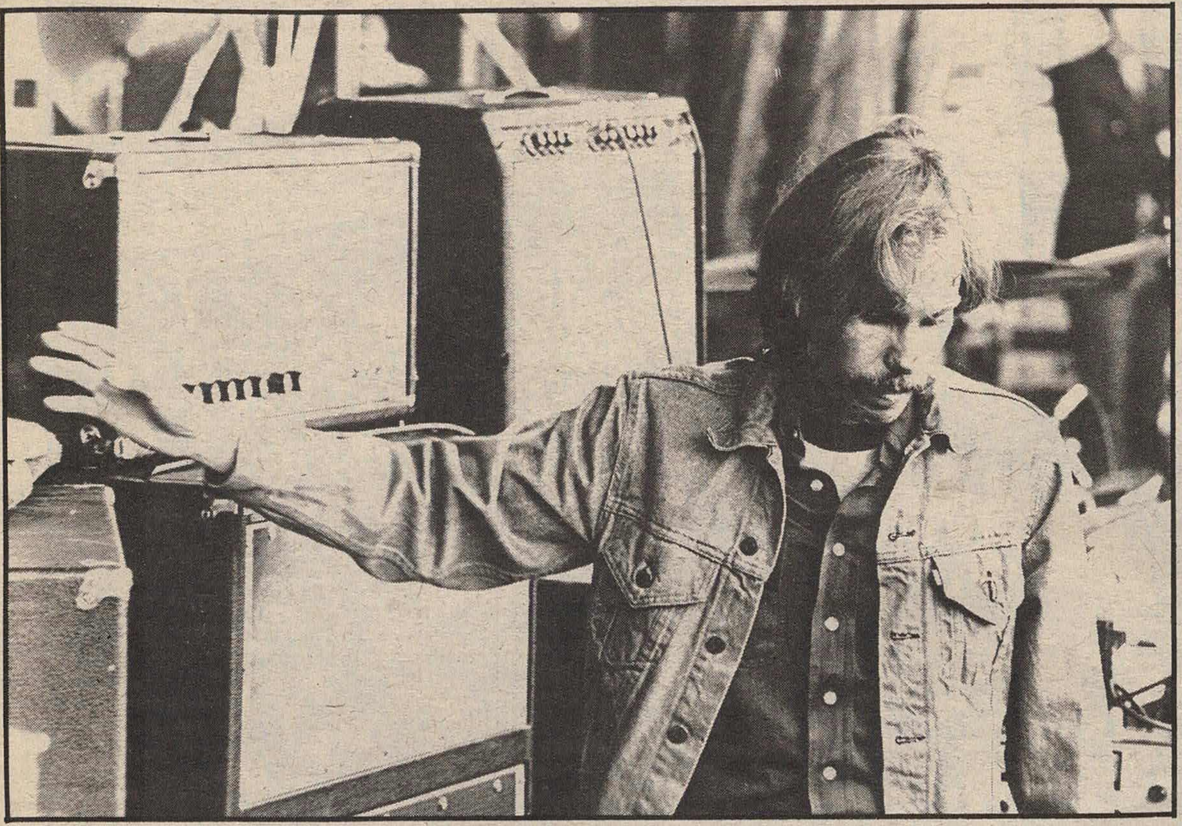

BILL PAYNE: left stage for three minutes. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

that stamp his hand on the last record.

"I've got some solos which make 'A Day At The Dog Races' look like the piece of cake it basically is. The 'Oh Atlanta' 's and 'Rock And Roll Doctors' are infrequent — I'm into something else as well and so is Ted Templeman. You'll see that the next Doobie Brothers album is amazing. Their recording sense is better than ours. We push each other too because the bottom line is that we're musicians. We're not up there in make-up, we've got to get ourselves off or there's no sense in going on. I'll leave when we start to bland-out."

Payne is well aware of the cocaine path to eternal nausea. Fear and loathing in Los Angeles with a ten dollar bill up the brain. "I play on a lot of those tedious records but sessions are an easy way to make a living."

We end on a happier note: the true tale of the lost tapes. Seems that Lowell had taken a brilliant version of "Rock And Roll Doctor" to New Orleans where Allen Toussaint would dub on the horns. The day dragged on and Toussaint wasn't hurrying. In the long run the brass took it once and did it perfectly. George had five minutes to catch a plane though the band *did* hear the finished version. Two weeks later Lowell lost the tapes on a train but they were located.

"That isn't the first time he's done that — but he's so strange that I expect it. The first time he played 'Rock And Roll Doctor' I flipped. It sounds straight but Lowell's stuff is always bizarre. It took me ages to teach the band how to play it."

Maybe it is true that Little Feat have reached an impasse although my ears tell me otherwise. No-one could argue that they have failed to take their potential the whole way. Ironically, the message on "Time Loves A Hero" sums up the position of the band perfectly. It's either the great healer or the seal on frustration. Only time will tell.

☐ MAX BELL

PUNKOPHOBIC BRICK-BANDIT TERRORISES MIDLANDS

EVIDENTLY NOT all England's psychos are fully occupied with National Front parades nowadays. According to *NME*-ite Nick Williams of glorious Stoke-On-Trent, Newcastle-under-Lyme's cretin quotient have lately been busying themselves with pulling the wings off flies, threatening record stores and the like.

The *Staffordshire Evening Sentinel* recently chronicled the latest example of anti-punk fanaticism in telling of local police hunts for a man who has vowed to bomb a Newcastle punk-vinyl peddlar.

His threat came via telephone to Mike Lloyd Music Ltd, while earlier this week protest came in true democratic, patriotic style when our mystery "man" hurled a slab of concrete through the shop's display window, narrowly not destroying a passer-by.

Our hero hit the hotline to tell staff, "Don't sell punk rock records or there will be a bomb in your letter box," prior to making with the bricks — this time smashing a nearby music store for good measure.

Managing director Mike Lloyd said: "We have also had a phone call at a Hanley shop in which a man threatened to kill one of my managers.

"It seems like the work of a crank who has a grudge against punk rock music — but we are taking it very seriously.

"We are not going to bow down to cranks like this."

A £300 plate glass window fronting The Music Shop, Ironmarket, came in for the same treatment, along with the warning to quit peddling punk or "there will be a bomb through your letter box."

In a call to the *Sentinel*, the moron muttered: "It's not vandals. The reason they are going through and getting phone calls is because they are advertising Sex Pistols, punk rock, God Save The Queen. Thanks very much."

It is not known whether sales of punk records have yet bombed.

☐ JULIE BURCHILL

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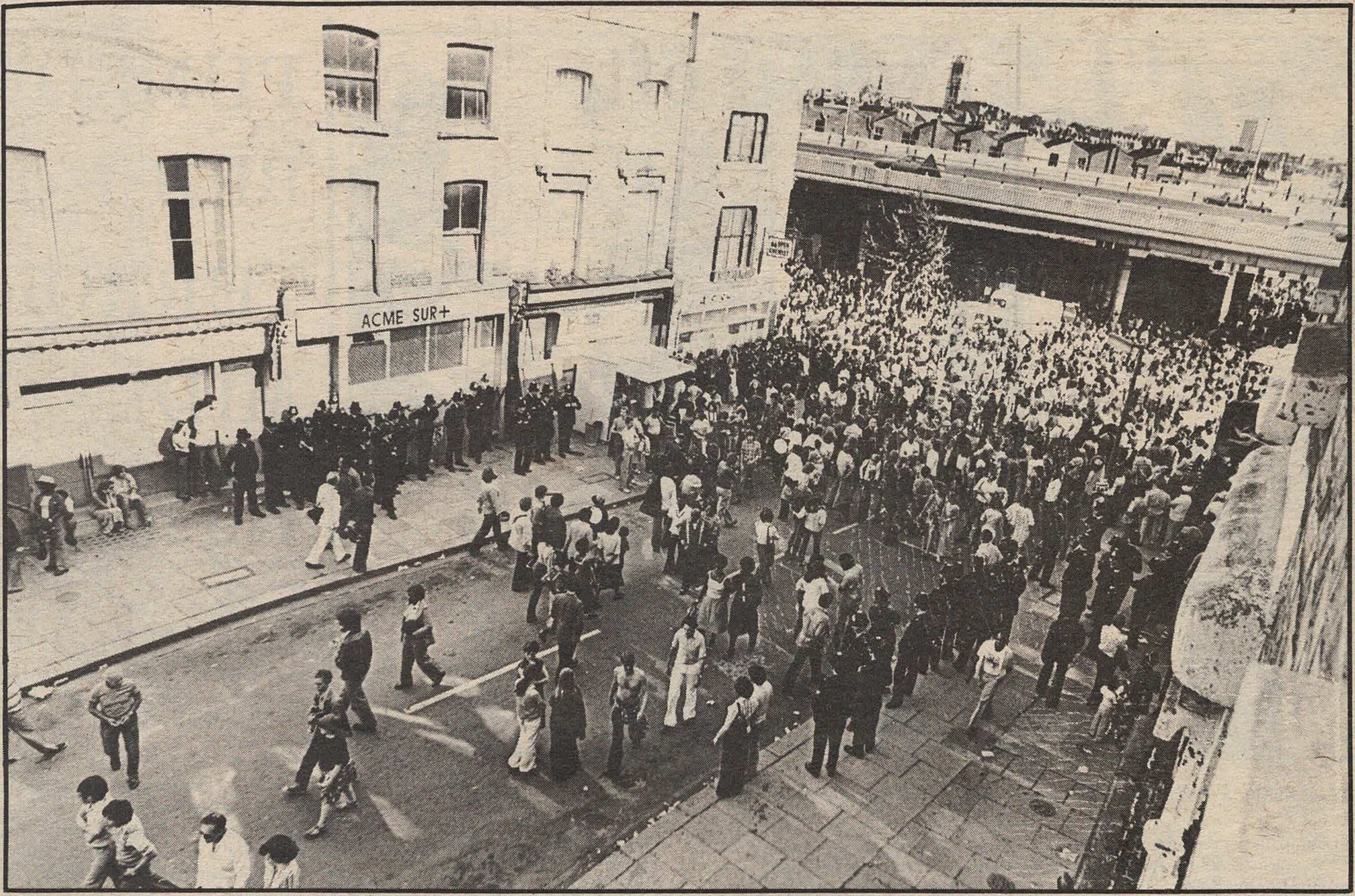


Madness 'Neath The Westway

ONE THING was for sure. Everybody was wondering what was going to happen. After last year's Notting Hill Carnival had turned itself inside out and wound up as a pitched battle between saturation squads of police and mobs of young blacks, the atmosphere of Ladbroke Grove was, to say the very least, anxious.

There was a definite feeling that the neighbourhood was getting ready for a battle, not a 'colourful celebration'. Even those with no real axe to grind felt as if they were sitting on a powder keg and that far too many people had matches to play with.

In the weeks preceding the Bank Holiday, rumours and news circulated as they always do when the emotional climate is tense. Very little of it did anything to reassure. Lines were being drawn, and on both sides, nobody was looking as though they were going to back down.

On the one hand there was the police. Most local opinion stood by the idea that their seemingly arrogant show of strength at last year's Carnival had, at least blown the trouble up to riot proportions, if it hadn't actually been the sole, root cause of the disaster.

During the heat of that riot police commissioner Sir Robert Mark had told TV reporters that there would be no 'no go' areas on his manor. Ignoring the pleas of community relations workers that he should pull back his men before there was real bloodshed, he flatly replied there could be no ignoring crime under any circumstances.

The police aren't great ones for telegraphing opinion up front. What stories there were in circulation were hardly promising. Would the cops' new toy, the Plexiglass riot shield, make its Carnival debut? On the Saturday, while shop keepers on Portobello Road were starting to board up their windows, a coachload of police made a tour of the area. Was this a on-the-ground briefing?

On the opposite side of the line there were the young blacks. Certainly nothing had happened to change their attitude. Too many of them were coming out of school jobless. The Lewisham mugging trial was talked about as another railroad. Babylon was as much, if not more, Babylon as it had been a year ago. Around the local Metro youth club there was a fear that the Rude boys would come from Brixton seeking aggro.

Like the police, though they weren't putting out any official bulletins.

Caught between the two were the Carnival organisers. Just to make matters more complicated, they had split into two rival factions. It would take the best part of a whole issue to describe the convoluted internal politics of Ladbroke Grove. Suffice to say that the main area of agreement was that the Carnival belonged on the street. It shouldn't be shut away in a tidy, closed area like the White City stadium but, at the same time it shouldn't become an arena for vengeance.

With the echoes of Birmingham and Lewisham still sounding in the media, another fear had come into the picture. Would the National Front or any other crew of rightist thugs show up to provoke another bloody waltz?

On Saturday night the Grove was quiet and waiting. The shops were boarded, builders' skips and piles of bricks had been removed from the area and the rain was coming down.

One hope was that the English weather might prove to be the most effective peace keeper.

Sunday dawned and the sky was a pure, unblemished blue. Some white fluffy cumulus started to drift across the sky round about noon but, by then, it was clear that it was going to be a beautiful day weatherwise.

Out on the street everything was mellow. The tradition has always been that the first day of Carnival is the day for families and kids, and all through the warm afternoon tradition was solidly observed. Sex Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook hung out on a corner in Powis Square. Pakistanis sold booze out of a discreet shop front on Portobello Road. The steel bands and the dancers perambulated round the entire extremes of the neighbourhood; it appeared to be totally at random but according to rumour it was the fixed route, agreed with the police.

The police were maintaining the low profile they had promised. For most of the afternoon you were lucky to see any cop below the rank of sergeant. A large gang of high ranking police officers positioned themselves on the corner of strategic intersections, talking into radios and giving out the supposedly solid vibe that they had the situation entirely under control.

Everyone I talked to gave out the same message: it's quiet, it's mellow, everything's cool. But the tension didn't exactly melt away. There was still the question, what's going to happen tomorrow?

In the meantime, everyone watched what was going on. The Carnival costumes were none too impressive. The mobile reggae sound systems vied with the steel bands, underlining one of the basic conflicts between the two opposing groups of Carnival organisers; electric music against organic music.

Beyond that, everyone wandered, wondered and looked for the action. By default, an elderly lady with a sign that read "BEWARE THE WRATH OF GOD", a phantom graffiti nut who had scrawled "All whores will burn" on the freshly boarded shop fronts, a muscular black mammy who looked for all the world like Idi Amin in drag, and a late model, acid damage, Suzy Creamcheese who seemed to be doing her damnedest to set herself up for multiple rape, were instant celebrities.

Then the sun went down, the air cooled, and things became a little more grim. Running hordes of black kids and zipping, heavily loaded, armoured police buses signified trouble had broken out. It was the first sign of pressure drop. The booze was beginning to go round, and a couple of fights had started on Portobello Road. Small gangs had attempted to loot a pawnshop and a liquor store. Everyone waited to see if these were isolated incidents or the pattern for Monday.

On The Spot report from Our Man Down The Grove, ***MICK FARREN***
Pix: ***CHALKIE DAVIES***

FROM THE start, Monday had been deemed to be the crucial day. At first the talk was about the systematic way the pawnshop had been looted. There was still tension in the air, but by mid afternoon everyone was becoming kind of blase about the possibility of trouble.

It was another beautiful day, and the really elaborately costumed mass dancers were out in force. The only problem was that because of the strung out route agreed between the police and organisers, the bands were thin on the ground if you stayed in one spot. While there was a steel band and its attendant dancers parading past, everything was alive, free and exhilarating. Once the band was past, though, there were long intervals when the people on the streets had very little to do except drink beer, kick cans and look for something to do.

Round about four o'clock, the rude boys found something to do. Teams of them, mobbed up in groups of forty or fifty, began to make random spasmodic rushes into the dense areas of the crowd in Portobello Road, and where they were packed under the Westway flyover, dancing to the reggae sound systems.

Handbags were snatched, cameras and tape recorders were ripped off and God help you, white boy, if you got in their way. One Independent Radio News reporter was hit by one of the wild runs. He was knocked off his feet, stomped and had his portable sound pack stolen.

Almost as hairy as these rude boy rampages was the way the crowd stampeded, like panicked cattle, as soon as one began to get under way.

The trouble was centred around the covered areas of open concrete where the Westway flyover and the railway bridge across Portobello Road. The sound of Dub and Big Youth was drowned by shouting and yelling. The mob noise was eerily amplified by the flat underside of the Westway.

Throughout all of this, the police maintained the much vaunted low profile. Their main force was concentrated in two groups of about thirty, standing on the pavement on either side of Portobello, just to the north of the Westway, maybe twenty paces from the storm centre.

They watched impassively as the Carnival stewards in white T-shirts took the brunt of attempting to contain the rudies. Many of the volunteer stewards were dudes who had experienced their own share of pressure during the sixties. Very soon they were literally fighting to keep the carnival intact. First they tried reason, then they tried direct action. Vastly outnumbered, they were constantly forced to duck away from flurries of cans and occasional gangs of club wielding young studs.

The police looked on and kept their own counsel.

About the only thing that defused the situation was when a band and dancers passed through the immediate area. The crazy running would stop for a while, as everyone took time out to dance.

Each time the music had gone, however, the cauldron of black kids started to simmer again, and gradually built up to boiling point. At first there were only the disorganised rushes through the crowd, then clashes started between rival black gangs. By that time too many of the crowd were arming themselves with poles and lumps of wood.

Casualties started to filter back to the ambulance post, a hundred and fifty yards north of the Westway trouble spot. By this time I was up in cartoonist Edward Barker's third floor flat on Portobello Road, just half a block from the crowd of angry kids. Ambulance men, stewards and bystanders assisting limping, bleeding figures are led past beneath us. Some have had their clothes slashed. Two have clearly been stabbed. So fools are using a knife or razor.

The police moved for the first time. Two vans came down and a line formed to the south of the bridges. The trouble was now bottled up in one central area.

Around six thirty, there was a surprising lull. People started to drift out of the semi sealed Westway area. Some fool hippies almost sparked off an incident by throwing showers of badges into the passing crowd, but that too fizzled out. Maybe the trouble had really been safety valved off. We wondered if the pub was open. Some of us made a move down to the street. The light was going and Chalkie Davies packed up his cameras.

Officially, the carnival was due to end at seven thirty. Nothing at Carnival ever happens on time, so nobody bothered too much when the streets were still swarming as it crawled slowly around to the appointed closing time. What we didn't know then was that seven thirty was also the kickoff of the police carnival.

Almost on the dot, two thin blue lines stretched out on either end of the first block above the Westway, and cleared everyone from the stretch of street. Buses moved up. The space was filled with formations of cops. Some of them carried the notorious Plexiglass riot shields. We found ourselves looking down on the police attack zone.

The main squads held back. The thin blue line at the Westway end of the block faced down the black youth. It was a real eyeball to eyeball job. The police line couldn't help amounting to bait for the mob.

Scattered surges and outbreaks of violence flared up beyond the police line, but none of them directly involved the cops. The stewards moved out once again to try and cool out the crowd. It was suddenly black against black as they retreated in front of a shower of rocks and bottles.

Then it snapped. What everyone had been speculating about for months came to pass. The mob rushed the line, which caved in amid a hail of bottles and stones. The front row of cops were on the run, but it was far from a rout. Shield protected flying wedges moved up into position. The blacks fell back a little. The do-it-yourself bombardment continued. Behind the lines, senior officers conferred. Among them Commissioner David 'The Hammer' McNee slapped his brown leather gloves into his hand.

The signal was given and the police,

Faces of the Carnival: above, steward helps clear way for St. John Ambulance men escorting stab victim. Right: grins for the costumes.

screaming like the Two Hundred Spartans, charged, smashing into the crowd with clubs swinging. Prisoners and injured are led back in a continual stream. More waves follow into the fray. This isn't a holding action. The cops are out to kick ass, their adrenalin is up and nobody's going to stop them.

The Pakistani family in the next house cheer them on.

"Shoot them! Shoot them!"

A cop with a shield grins up.

"Give us the fucking guns."

The taste is bad. A little kid in the flat, the son of a photographer, Richard Adams, looks soberly down at the hordes of excited cops.

"Everybody was having fun until the police chase them."

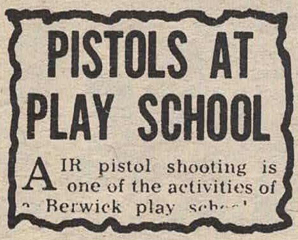
It's no way as simple as that. Both sides screwed up in their own way. Only the Carnival stewards went into the situation with no thought of settling scores or scoring PR points.

By midnight the police are still out in force but the Grove is quiet. After three hours of clashes they've cleared the streets to their satisfaction. It'll probably remain quiet until tomorrow morning. Then everyone and his uncle will start using the violence as a sounding board for their prejudices.

When that happens, no one wins.

☐ MICK FARREN

Lynott gets lynched with love on his return to Dublin last week. Full story and Lizzy feature in next week's fab ish.



PISTOLS AT PLAY SCHOOL

AIR pistol shooting is one of the activities of a Berwick play sch

Sent by Mick Toal and Kevin Kelly, from the Scottish Daily Record.

Soft, Soft, Whisper Who Dare

READERS WHO witnessed Thames Television's recently-broadcast documentary *The Case Of Yolande McShane* — in which a respectable upper-middle-class countrywoman attempted to persuade her elderly mother, Mrs Ethel Mott, into committing suicide so that she could claim the inheritance and pay her pressing debts — will doubtless have been impressed by the unusual methods employed by the Sussex police in bringing McShane to justice.

Feds, posing as plumbers (shades of Gordon Liddy), entered the nun-run nursing home in which McShane's mum was passing her last days, drilled a hole through the wall of an adjoining room, and set up a miniature camera and recording equipment.

The resulting videotape indistinctly shows two women in a dark room accompanied by a more or less disembodied sound-track of "conversation" which might easily have been dubbed on afterwards by actresses. The fact that it was all real has little bearing on the possibility that it could, very easily, have been faked by the police.

Afterwards, in her cell at Lewes Assizes (where she was sentenced to two years' imprisonment on the strength of the videotape evidence and thus created a British legal precedent), Mrs McShane ominously brandished a copy of George Orwell's *1984* and accused the police of "invasion of privacy" and "Big Brother tactics".

In reply, the head of the Sussex constabulary had this to say:

"No longer will it be possible to do things quietly and in an underhand manner, as if the police were still in the 1890s. The police force should be allowed to be as up to date as possible in going about its daily business — that of collecting evidence."

The firm, "normal" tone of this outrageous announcement was not dissimilar to that adopted by Mrs McShane whilst brainwashing her mum into noshing back the Nembutals.

In fact, Yolande McShane — revealed by police investigation to have been a member of Mosley's blackshirts before the war — sounded like no-one so much as our own dear Margaret Thatcher, the Iron Lady of Finchley.

"It's not cowardly to do it, is it?" quavered Mrs Mott, not wholly morally convinced by her daughter's proposition that, since she was as good as dead, she might as well make if official.

"Mummy", urged McShane/Thatcher, the personification of reason and authority, "it's cowardly *not* to do it. Euthanasia is on the way in. People are doing it right, left, and centre.

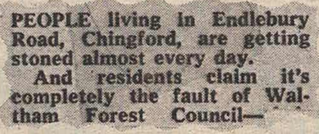
"It's only a matter of years before it'll be made legal anyway."

Every few minutes the old man kept repeating:

"We didn't ought to 'ave trusted 'em. I said so, Ma, didn't I? That's what comes of trusting 'em. I said so all along. We didn't ought to 'ave trusted the buggers."

'But which buggers they didn't ought to have trusted Winston could not now remember.' (George Orwell: *1984*)

☐ SQUEALER



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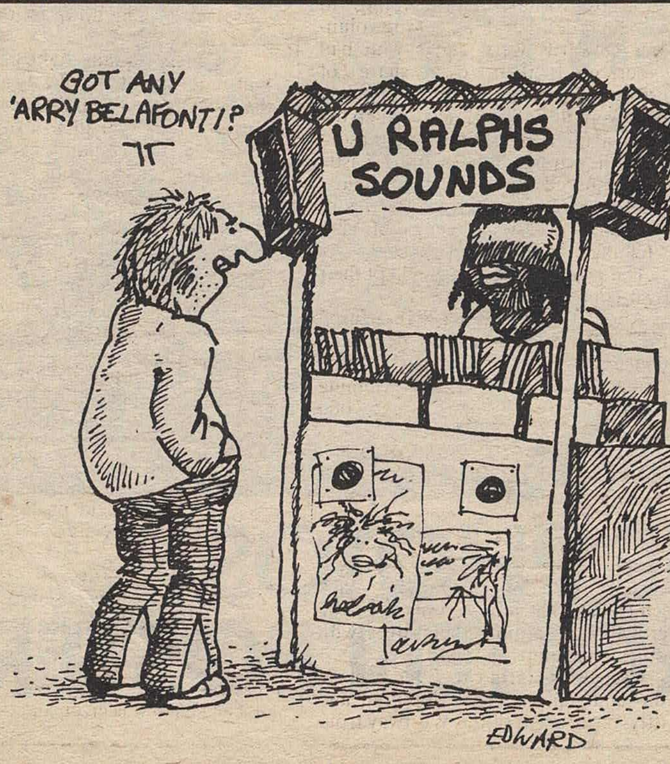
From the Waltham Forest Guardian. Sorry, we lost your letter faithful reader.



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SINGLES

Seminal punk makes a score

IN A CLASS OF ITS OWN AND SINGLE OF THE WEEK FOR SURE IAN DURY: Sex And Drugs And Rock 'N' Roll (Stiff). This ex-pub-rock luminaire deserves infinitely more credit for the late '70s renaissance of rock culture than all those arterio-sclerotic lard-belly "Grand-pappy of punk" specimens that the gutter rock press has offered up for instant deity.

He was one of the prophets most responsible for kicking our music out of the tax haven rock-Tsar syndrome and restoring it to the rightful acne-ravaged owners in the sweaty subterranean depths while also possessing the suss to realise that fashion is there to be LED, not followed. He and no other was the instigator of safety pin chic, wearing the objects in his lugholes when Richard Hell was still wearing them in his Mothercare diapers.

The geezer's music boasted a total Anglo-consciousness somewhat akin to a vicious Syd Barrett, and 1976 finally rolled around *apres Dury le deluge*. And while the majority of punk bands are getting pecky layers of flab around their souls as they get used to the idea of having a Press Officer tickling their anus from dawn to dusk after making their cross on that six-figure recording contract, Dury's still sharp and sleazy. If the youngsters can't keep up the pace without terminal bland-out then TOO BAD.

Ian Dury has created a Juke Box Classic around youth cultures' Holy Trinity that would be a Universal Number One if Eddie Cochran hadn't died in vain and if our national media wasn't controlled by joyless reactionary loonies.

It's possibly the ultimate statement in narcissistic, hedonistic London Mod Omnipotence over stunning purity of funk, inducing immediate addiction that intensifies over the subsequent grooves where Our Kid gets understanably choked with emotion as he gets measured up for his new custom-made mohair so he can look like a real Tasty Geezer when he goes in search of the night.

The B side is "Razzle In My Pocket", about getting nicked tea-leafing in the South Street Romford Shopping Arcade out there in the Essex Overspill, and proves conclusively that Ian Dury is writing the soundtrack for this generation, which thankfully ain't really got sweet FA to do with being *Blank*.

JENNY NICHOLAS: Elvis (Spark). Exploitation of a deceased legend begins while the corpse is still warm and, although Elvis Presley never struck a chord in my soul, vultures are still sickening. Honest, this record is such a tasteless specimen of lust for the quick cash-in buck that it really makes me feel censorship of certain "records" ain't such a bad idea after all. Insipid acoustic guitars reek of contrived grief as the girl folk-singer comes on like a *National Lampoon* parody of Joan Baez and tells Elvis that he will live forever and one day we will all be together. This undiluted garbage is as much a tribute to Presley as urinating on his grave would be. The record you cut two days after his death smashed real easy under a pair of DM's, lady.

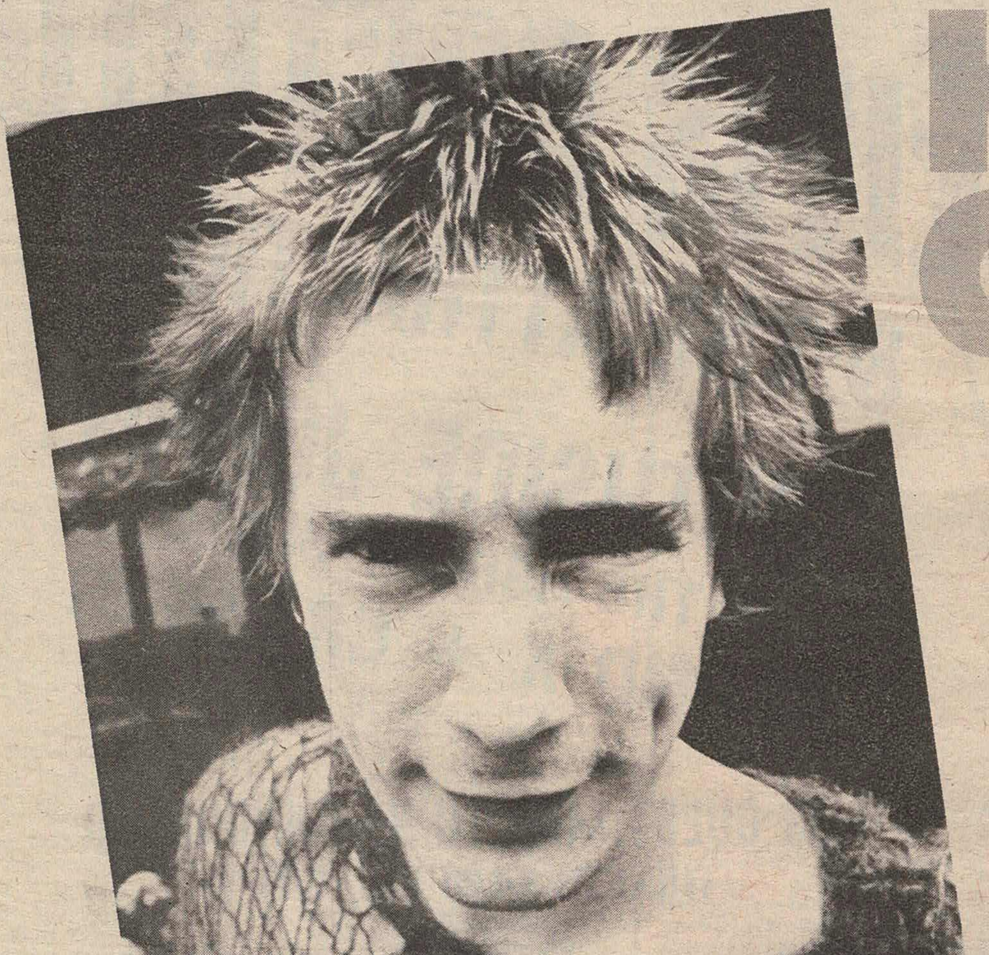
THE DICTATORS: Search And Destroy (Asylum). Butch wimpy Osterberger reaching Ted Nugent level on the H.M. crassometer. Sanitising the second greatest rock love-song of ALL TIME (the cataclysmic "Search And Destroy" is surely secondary to only Brenda And The Tabulations' "One Girl Too Late") is a sacrilege as unforgivable as reproducing Turner with a paint-by-numbers set. I know nowt of Art but I know what I like and it certainly ain't a musical sensibility trapped in a gormless Cosmic Axe Warrior rut. Handsome Dick Manitoba might not know it, but Rat Scabies wants to give his repulsive visage some plastic surgery, and afterwards maybe Dick's shower will cut the macho-multi-decibel posturing and I can quit trembling in my silver platform boots. Turn in thy urn Lil Jimmy Jewel.

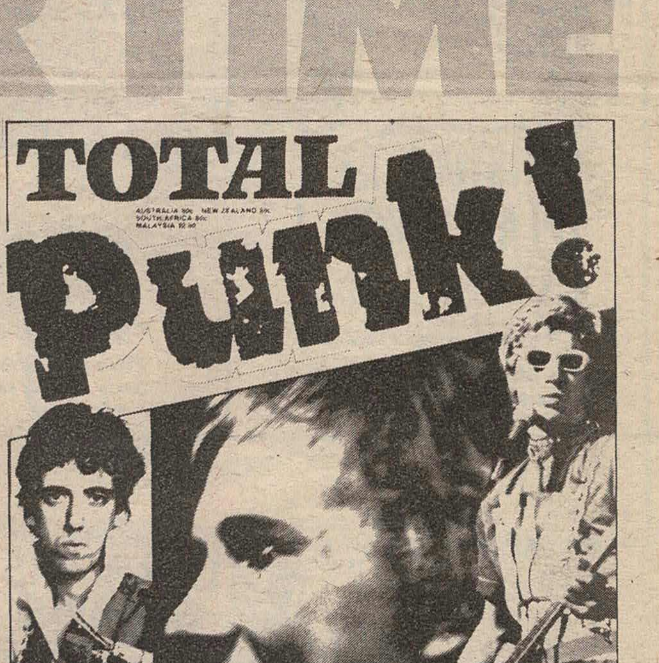
GREG LAKE: C'est La Vie (Atlantic). Zee accordion eet swirls around un flitty acoustic geetar avec echo-tremble vocal effort, cross-breed de "Michelle, Ma Belle" et "Danse Dans Le Vay Old Fashioned". ET VIOLA! Retournez-la mon petit dejeuner parce-ce que — oui, mon brave — je puke beaucoup a cet disque crapola. Backed with ELP's "Jeremy Bender". Suit yerself, dearie! Bitch.

CHERRY VANILLA: The Punk (RCA). The Pop-Tart (her moniker) revealing numerous layers of stale crust as she desperately tries to clamber aboard a bandwagon that got towed to the scrap-yard many moons ago. Gutless pop-muzak that is merely pathetic after the initial guffaws of hysterical disbelief have subsided to a few quiet chortles. *"Hello!" he says like a beefy hunk / "Well, I'm a little angry and a little drunk! / 'Enough!' he says, 'With all this disco funk! / 'I wanna rock 'n' roll / I wanna be a punk!' "* I never thought it'd come to this, baybee. But spare a thought for a tasteless Cherry as she staggers through her 30s *still* not famous. Gee, has *she* ever got problems.

999: I'm Alive (Labritain). Ramonic buzzsaw impressionism guitars lovingly poured like a truckload of Quaker Oats over the indecipherable lyrical content that sounds like a rancid moggie that has snorted too much Pro-Plus. The two-word title is also the chorus which can be discerned without too much perspiration and I thought I'd point that out because law-suits are starting to get tedious. My neighbour — a cynical, four-eyed rustic hippie — is always telling me punks are no more than crop-barnet Heavy Metal *freaks* and I'm starting to believe his tongue ain't forked.

GENERATION X: Day By Day / Your Generation (Chrysalis). Double-A sided decidedly *Non*-white label from front-runners in the N.W. Division Two promotion race and they shine like sparkling gems embedded in a camel turd when compared to the horrendous proliferation of flotsom and jetsam currently being graced with recording contracts when most of those chaps would be better off getting a steady trade behind them. Generation X, however, have overcome the numerous obstacles in the [illegible]e-span (line-up chan[illegible]n Achilles Heel of politico-pratitudes, being reviewed by Chris Salewicz, etcetera) and now look set for an assault on a potentially huge audience consisting of wet-dream pubescents, rock-dream adolescents and even old-timers like me who remember the halcyon daze of the Roxy.





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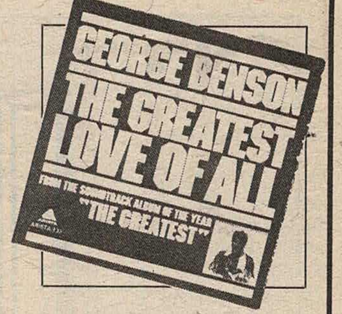
SINGLES REVIEWED THIS WEEK

By TONY PARSONS

I mean, time heals *all* emotional blackheads and I can even find it in my heart to forgive them distant lectures in Wardour Street boozers for not drinking my Britvic straight and coming back from the can with powder round me hooter.

This is nearer to the mohair consciousness of a Paul Weller penned 45 (as in "All Around The World" or "In The City") than probably either Generation X *or* The Woking Hi-Numbers would care to admit. The major difference is that Willy de Idol's singing comes across way, way, *way* too clean and clinical which leaves the cacophonic trinity of Bob "Derwood" Andrews on guitar, Tony James on bass-lines and Mark Laff on drums (ex-King's Reach Tower employee — shrewd move, me son) coming over like they're in the studio next door. That's not picking nits — honest! — because Idol's much better warbling live. BUT, their simplistic politics still ain't the kind of fortifying soundtrack I'd choose to storm barricades with. Well, no more than Abba's "Fernando", anyhow.

KISS: Then She Kissed Me (Casablanca Disco Single). Kiss go discomat? The meatheads on the door of the plastic palm tree Private World pulling 'n' posing venues in *my* old neighbourhood wouldn't have let you guys over the threshold, not with all that ultra-tacky Dusty Springfield cosmetic overkill … not even if you was a GURL! Ethnic grumbling aside, apart from the patently obvious factoid that the relentless, mechanical, technological perfection required for Disco music and its sole function — to induce a junk-sick need to DANCE, and nothing else — has absolutely less than zero to do with rock music as in Kiss, and even lesser to do with The Man's High School Teen Dreams. Kiss prove themselves well-intentioned buffoons way out of their depth with such awe-inspiring vinylised material hanging over their wretched heads and turn in a lack-lustre pale imitation of the original. The only people who could possibly dance to it are those losers who never spent hours alone in their bedroom mastering the complexities of intricate steps with only their music and mirror for company. And those folk might just be lovers, but they ain't no dancers.



RAINBOW: Kill The King / Man On Silver Mountain / Mistreated (Polydor). Whilst sympathetic to those lost souls who get their jollies by smashing their craniums IN PERFECT TIME against steel girders while relishing the masochistic delights of wally-rock, I find guitar solos played with all the imaginitive flair of an assembly line wage slave punching countless rivets into sheet metal together with all that Spiritually Enlightened Burt-Reynolds-with-long-barnet macho-camp posturing to be as stimulating to my Central Nervous System as endlessly throwing a round piece of plastic backwards and forwards across a ploughed field. But then I don't take downers.

KENNY ROGERS: Daytime Friends (UA). Apparently fully recovered from having his yarbles blown off doing his patriotic chore in that ol' crazy Asian war (served the Imperialist Paper Tiger Right, if you ask me) the most guilty man in showbiz gets twinges of conscience as he knocks off his neighbour's wife behind the real venetian blinds and musical toilet rolls of suburbia. Disposable MOR and whine, whine, whine as per usual. Miserable bleeder.

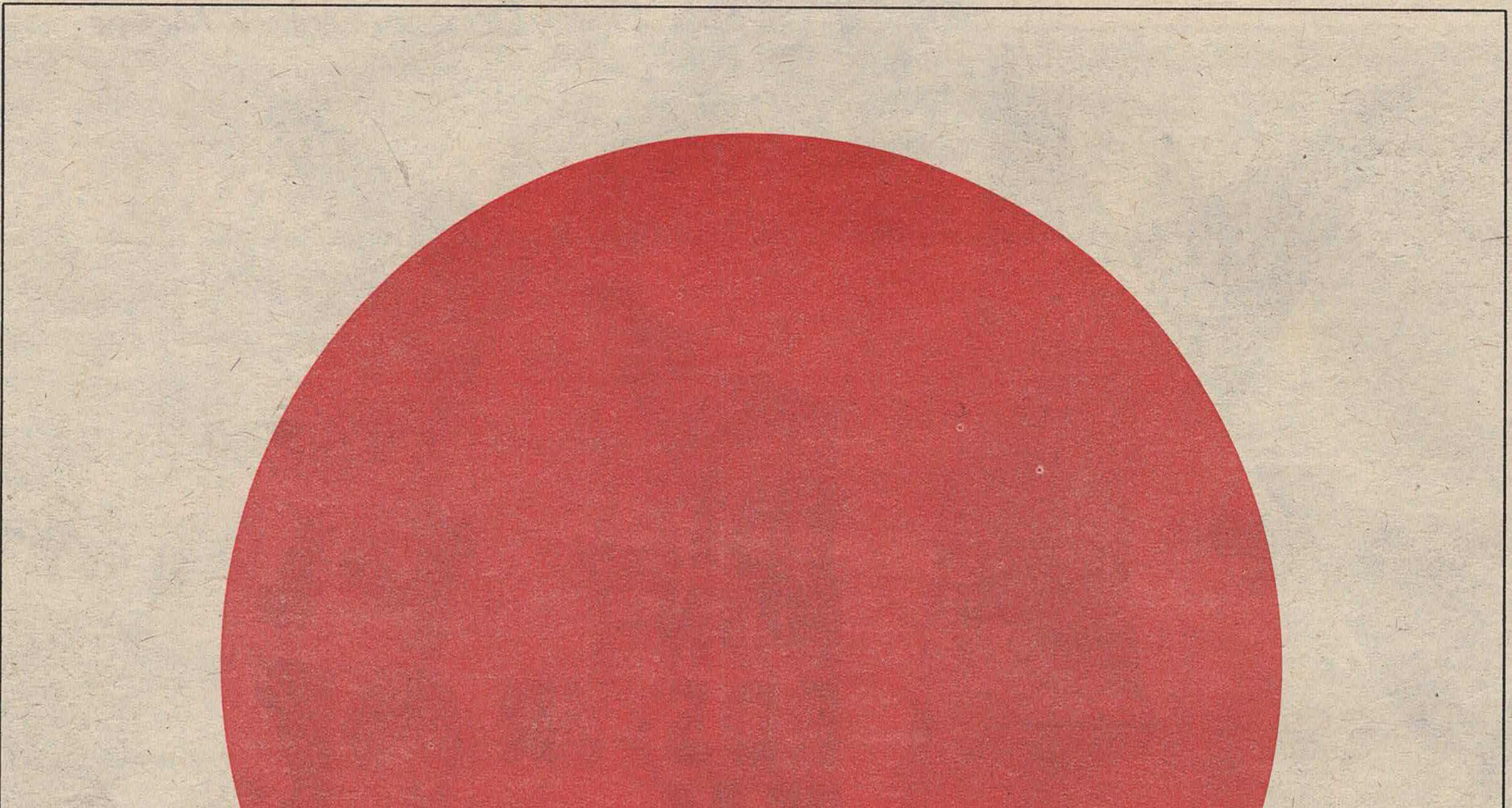
DOOBIE BROTHERS: Little Darling (I Need You)(Warner Brothers). My entire being tensed with nail-chewing apprehension as I waited for the stylus to sizzle into groove expecting the cowboys to absolutely *butcher* this vintage Motown Holland / Dozier / Holland masterpiece recorded back in the Golden Age of The Four Tops. Thankfully, their performance is carried out with a respectful humility I wouldn't have expected from such a rancid-looking bunch and is so innocuous that it can't fail to be a Fab Hit. I breathe a sigh of relief that cherished memories remain unviolated. Have a nice day, Doobies.

STEVE HARLEY: The Best Years Of Our Lives (EMI). *"Awwww, yer wanna sing, ah'll give yerz a chance, awright?"* Drop dead, Muhammad. This imagery-charged live cut from the "Face To Face" album is the song The Fag End Of Glam Rock troops used to pretend they were being butch over on the terraces. Circa the wasteland of the first part of the '70s when everybody and his brother warbled with a synthetic Bowie inflection, unlike today when everyone and his brother sing with a synthetic Rotten inflection. Hymn-like dirge turgid in the extreme, strictly for the hard-core who never got round to throwing out the Dan Dare togs. What was that, Muhammad? *"To die a man or a martyr … they both would be nice,"* wails our Steve. Shucks, you're only trying to cheer me up.

GARLAND JEFFREYS: Wild In The Streets (A&M). The multi-racial midget with a chip on *both* shoulders breaks open the fire hydrants to cool off his fevered brow and chants the title with the kind of choreographed fury that all Yankee "street" songs have — because they're all taking their main influence from *West Side Story*.

GEORGE BENSON: The Greatest Love Of All (Artista). From the soundtrack of Ali's cinematic biographical disaster in which George Benson eyes a career in Las Vegas and sacharine over kill strings run rampant enough to rot your teeth and perhaps pave the way for Robert Redford to play Ali in the follow-up movie. Ali kept his dignity against Government, Boxing Board Commissions and the Army, but I guess that Hollywood was too much for even him.

HODGES, JAMES AND SMITH: Since I Fell For You (London). Not three pale, undernourished solicitors as you may have imagined, but a trio of black angels who sound like they're destined for the potential greatness of the late, lamented '60s soul-masters who have either died or got doctored. They sure bin a long time coming, but the amazing regularity with which they're scoring on the USA soul charts this summer would seem to indicate the apprenticeship in the wilderness has been worthwhile. Here they come over with the infectious warmth of three Betty Wrights tempered with an Al Green sense of total cool which blends perfectly with the kind of exhilarating celebration of what Smokey called dancing to keep from crying. It's that rarity in 1977; a record so good that labels like Disco or Soul don't apply.



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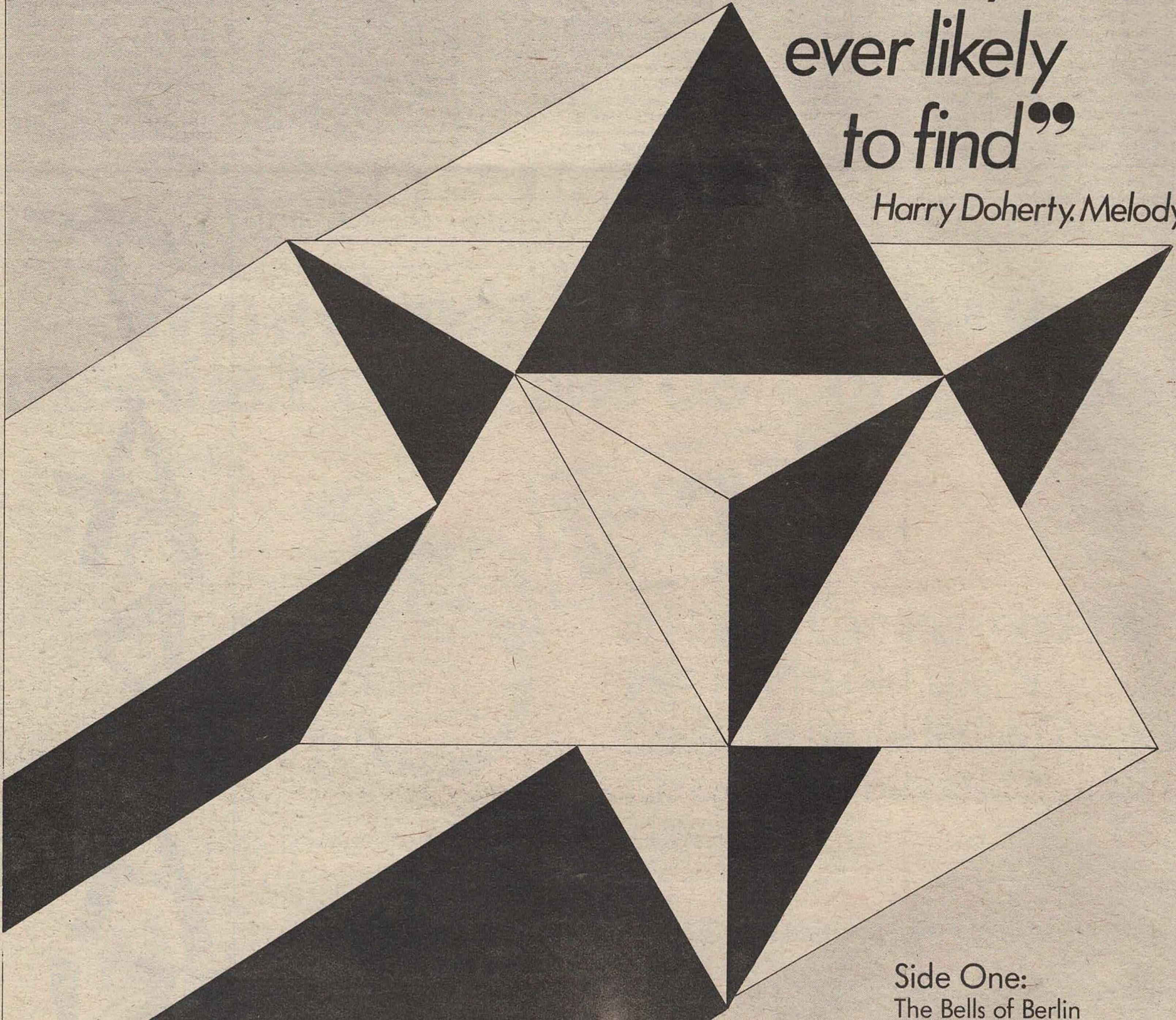

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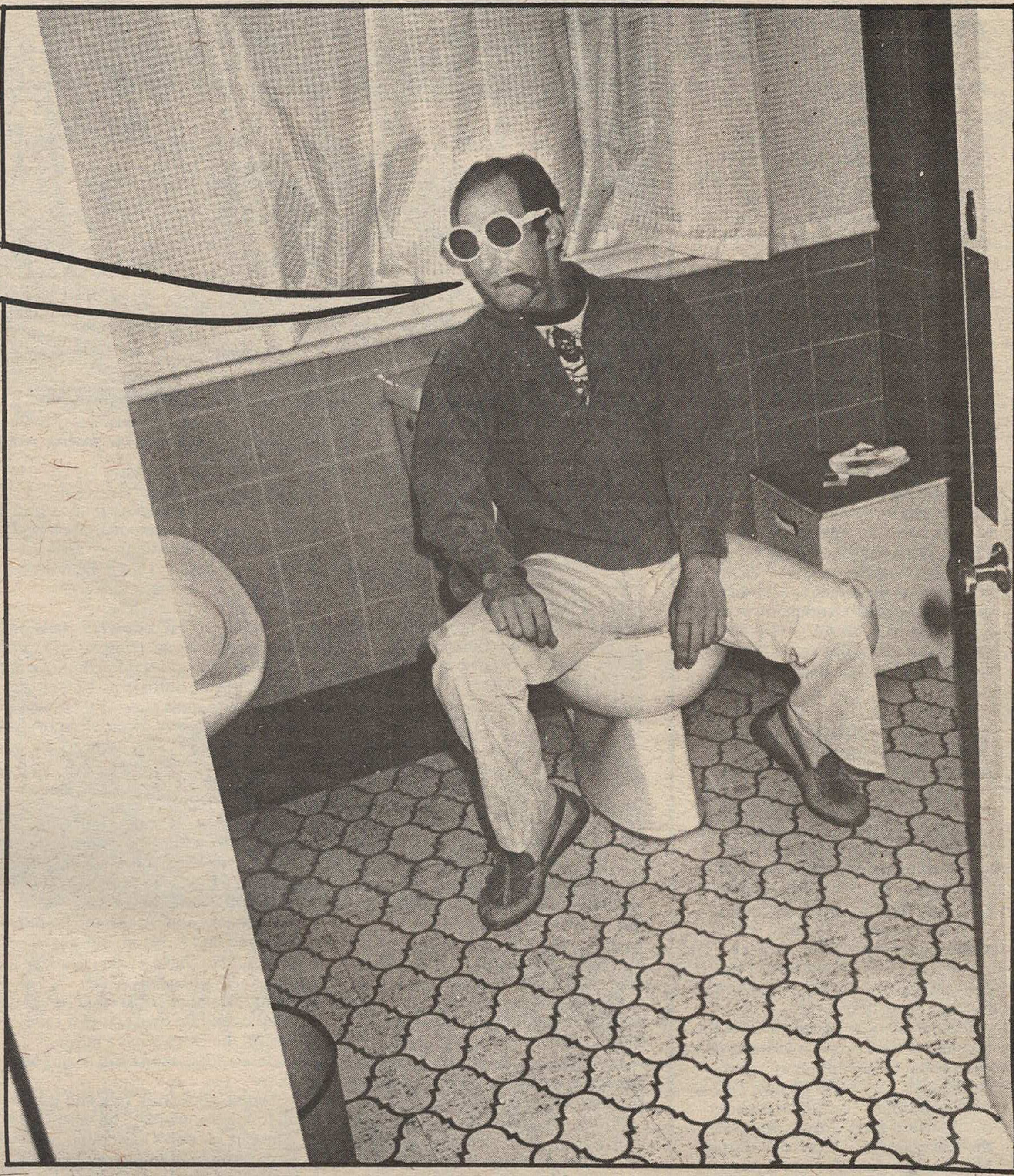
Don't bug me man, or I'll —— on you

Berserkley Records boss ***MATTHEW KAUFMAN*** *got the power. He also got* ***JONATHAN RICHMAN*** *And he also brought some strange executive tactics into the modern world.*



***KAUFMAN** getting in some practice*

WARNING: when arguing with this man, wear waterproof leggings

BESERKLEY RECORDS are gonna piss on you. That ought to be Matthew Kaufman's business maxim. Matthew King Kaufman — that's his real name — is pres, grand fromage and head of Beserkley Records of California, those chartbusting chaps who brought you Jonathan Richman (of whom, more later).

Kaufman's an oddball. Pioneer of the '70s small label stampede, he is also given to humorous whims somewhat outside your run-of-the-mill record exec — like he pisses on people. Literally.

Indeed, on his last visit here Kaufman went along to United Artists to complain about the alleged lack of attention they were affording his product in their role as Beserkley's U.K. distributors. He wanted his tapes back. Sensing that his complaints were drawing a large blank, Kaufman resorted to his below-the-belt tactics . . . with immediate results.

He walked out with his tapes under his arms, a much relieved man.

Recently Kaufman was forced into giving a repeat showing.

The old bozo hadn't been back in Britain ten minutes, and was already sequestered in London's Dingwalls to spy on Stiff artist Elvis Costello — when he saw a large worthy lay out Jake Riviera flat on the deck after a record biz tiff.

Tut, tut, thought Kaufman, as the umpteenth mug of Dingwalls best bitter was emptied over his nice clean lightweight. Was this any way to behave at a rock 'n'roll concert?

Not for Kaufman the age-old spit trick or chair over the head. Zzzzzip and let 'em have it . . .

With an act like that, who needs Jonathan Richman — or his Modern Lovers, or Earthquake, Greg Kihn or The Rubinoos? Well, maybe we do. Kaufman's here to bring them to us by setting up the Beserkley UK office along with his partner ex-Hugh Hefner associate, lawyer Joel Turtle. And that's his real name too.

SITTING ROUND that old hotel room getting high as a kite and watching the races on TV seems a good pretext for a story and Kaufman tells the Beserkley saga as only the man who made it all happen possibly can.

Best thing about him is that although he probably wants to make money with the rest he is a human bean. In a world of no surprises and toeing the line, he's a disarmingly pleasant loony with a flair for making rock interesting. Fun, fun, fun 'til they take the keys away etc.

He reclines on the bed with one eye on Lester Piggott and one eye on a rapidly receding quart of Tequila, head lolling loose and tongue on juice:

"Beserkley goes back to my teaching days. In a fit of altruism I was teaching in elementary school and studying for the law degree after hours. I'd graduated with my bar exams when I heard a tape of Earthquake and decided to give law a miss."

He explains the misconception many people have of San Francisco as a musical area, with an eye for demographic and regional detail that betokens his pride in having started an alternative outlet where there had been an establishment:

"A lot of bands have a chip on their shoulder about Bill Graham, but he doesn't run the joint. San Francisco is a large commuter city and the East Bay, San Francisco itself, and Beserkley and Oakland are all wildly different."

"Apart from Cleveland it's the only place I know with enough clubs to keep bands in work. Earthquake began around the Longbranch Pennywhistle and Keystone. Bands like Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Marin County freaks owe nothing to Graham except that he's the only promoter around with money, plus he's good. Most of the groups there are astounded and delighted that Beserkley has made it without resorting to the L.A. coke trail. We learnt about recording as we went along."

Having ensconced himself in the driving seat of Earthquake's machine, the business charted a tortuous course. They were fortunate to get a break early on and provided the music for *The Getaway* (Ali McGraw and Steve McQueen in a nifty bank heist with a twist).

The royalties financed their first single and from then on pure profit, each record financed its follow-up . . . that and the races, because Kaufman likes a flutter now and again.

Deciding quite rightly that singles making in the USA was a dying art he put all his energies into regional releases. From that to albums was a small step.

"A natural progression. We got Glen Kolotkin as producer because he was fascinated by the concept. He's gone from Santana to Streisand's 'Stony End' to this".

"We have a lot of luck," Kaufman continues, "I view my initiation as a producer as luck. Phil Spector called 'em *producers* but that's an error. I view it as direction; with me it's *aggressive* direction.

"The important thing about making records is metaphysics, 'cos if there's no cohesion the goddamn thing is useless. I beat them up a bit and get results. The mistake so many West Coasters have made is to sacrifice a sense of dedication and purpose. See, you can have a good producer and the best session men and browbeat the vocalist, but in the end you have an opened hand. A good band is a tight fist."

He accompanies the aphorism with suitable manual gestures, a smile of satisfaction, and a long pull on the eternal cigar.

Talk turns to Jonathan Richman, the bright boy on the label and a young man who has so far secured straight 'A's in his unforced search to fulfill the vacant future of rock and roll seat.

Listening to Boston's answer to nasal congestion, one would imagine that all was perpetually rose-tinted in his world. T'aint so:

"It took Jonathan three years to get over the sapping experience of being with Warners and living in Hollywood. That first album was hell to make (by which he means the black and blue artefact with logo in stark relief). He came up against Warners' continuity of product proviso. They weren't going to get behind a one-shot deal. A&M would have signed him, but it took a year between the Longbranch club dates and final recording for the album to be finished.

"By then they'd dissipated their energies in Hollywood. John Cale was producing, but he was under intense pressure. Cale had made huge-budget records for Warners, 'Academy In Peril' and 'Paris 1919', and so they told him. 'Hey, this project had better work junior or that's it.'

"Anyhow he and Jonathan weren't seeing eye to eye. Richman was fed up with the conglommerate, his share of the money, control of management, agencies and the rest.

"It was easy to get off the label. He was lined up for a prestige date at the Bottom Line, with all these Warners people there. He comes out, stands in front of the mike and doesn't sing a note.

"He'd decided to quit when Warners asked him — or told him — that he had to play 'Roadrunner' at every gig. Now, I've never seen a show where he doesn't do that song, but to tell someone that . . . whadda mentality."

Kim Fowley (yeah, bet you wondered when he'd come in — the undisputed champion of lost cause rock brilliance or just another guy on the make?) was brought in to finish off the record but the resulting takes didn't come up to scratch and stayed in the can.

■ *Continues over page*

JONATHAN RICHMAN, the man who saw more Lou Reed shows than Lou Reed . . .

Pic: KATE SIMON

KAUFMAN

■ *From previous page*

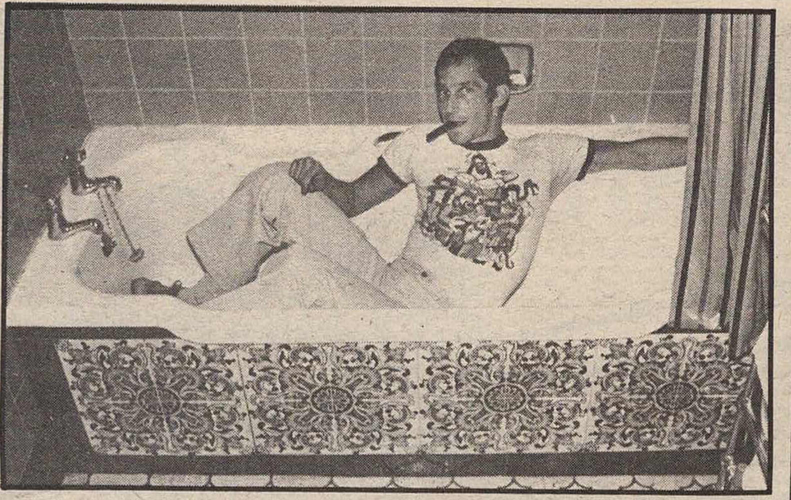
Kaufman shrewdly bought the tapes and promised Warners x per cent. Richman and crew were getting ornery by now, and Cale being Warners' staff producer and artist didn't help. Business and pleasure, you know.

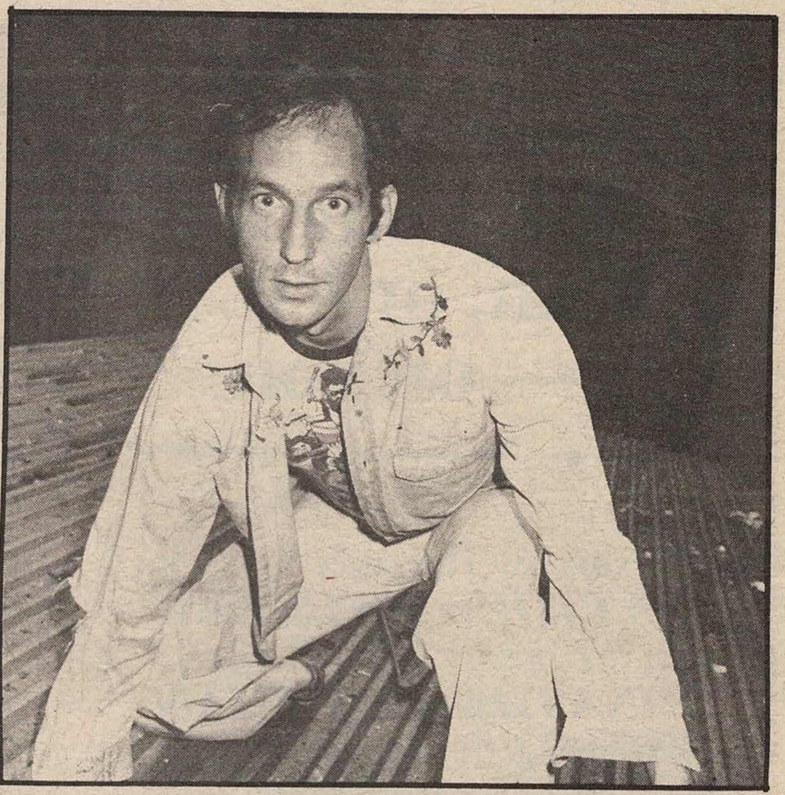
Not that they were anxious to leave the ship . . . but only Jerry Harrison has kept in the lights with Talking Heads. David Robinson joined Racing Cars (American model), and Ernie Brooks is in Noo Yawk.

Trouble for them was that when Lillian Roxon wrote that Jonathan was the NEXT ELVIS in big bold print they actually believed it. Well, it was 1971 so anything was possible. They'd been dodging bottles at college gigs in Cambridge Massachusets and playing for the Brains Trust at Harvard, MIT. Staring at the Charles River all day was wearing them down. Richman insisted on self-determination — he's a high school graduate — but the others said screw that, we could be rich. Only Richman lived up to his name.

KAUFMAN CHARTS the three periods of Jonathan Richman and The Modern Lovers' material: 'She Cracked', 'Hospital' and 'Road Runner' are about loneliness and insecurity. When you move on to the second album people think it's all ha-ha, but 'Abominable Snowman In The Market' and 'Here Come The Martian Martians' leave me feeling sorry for the singer. He was discriminated against by his peer group as a kid, and now he's at the peas and carrots they still want to kick the poor bastard out.

"In the '50s you had the War of the Worlds attitude to space visitors; they were going to blow us all up. Then Bowie says, 'No we're all such pigs they'll ignore us.' Jonathan makes them second-class citizens and puts them in ghettoes. His hero is Harpo Marx and he doesn't mind if you laugh with, because of or against him."





KAUFMAN in more foolish poses

Richman owes something to Lou Reed. He used to be The Velvet Underground's greatest fan, saw more shows than Lou himself. After high school he'd been a messenger in New York and hung around the Warhol equipage. When you're only 17 that must make some impression.

"We've run into Lou a couple of times. Once he hugged us like long lost friends, the other time he ignored us completely."

ONE THING Jonathan learned from Reed is that interviews can screw you up, so he doesn't do them, except for written ones. Kaufman reckons that Richman is the most misunderstood and misquoted person he knows, but I let it pass.

A talent I find more endearing is that of Greg Kihn, who, like Kaufman, hails from Baltimore, Maryland. Kihn is all set to burst out of his cult status. Not only are his songs some of the finest singer-songwriter guff to go down since Lobo but he also has a great voice — warm and rich — and a killer band with guitarist David Carpender a shining example to us all.

Seems that all the Beserkley bands passed through the hands of A&M at some time. Kihn did them some kind of folkie riff that flopped, but that 12-string still permeates his structuring. Like all Beserkeley's artists he has no riders to his contract. The deal is open and mutally based on respect. For a company to have no ties on its acts and keep them says everything for the set-up and Kaufman's personality.

Initially all records were made on a superbly economic budget. "Chartbusters" used Earthquake and a S.F. reggae outfit called The Shakers on most cuts, so there was no huge payroll, while Gary Phillips (nee Phillipet, the ex-Copperhead guitarist) helped out on label production. Kaufman cuts corners like a good Jewish tailor.

Aside from Richman and Kihn, other label oddities are pop gizmos The Rubinoos, heavy metal act Son Of Pete and recent British acquisitions The Tyla Gang. Label devotion extends to the entire staff. J. Blodgett and F. Neon, old school pals of Kaufman, have worked for him for four years without pay.

Because of the operation he handles and his own taste for the absurd the Doctor has a fairer understanding than most of our New Wave:

"Punk, rock, roll, folk and jazz are all four letter words," he muses. "In America we don't have punk rock, we have spoilt brat imitations who ape without understanding. Punk here has to go through its hostile period, like Joan Baez and Woodie Guthrie folk had to. When the aggression is gone they can approach it positively. At home the kids are playing, they dress down and dig the fashions, but there'll be some good bands left from the debris.

"You can take Free as an analogy for the formation of a good band from some bad ones.

"New wave will be accepted when it becomes palatable — like The Byrds made protest folk rock but watered it down for AM consumption without any important social statement left. What is happening at last is that people are taking our lead. There are lots of new labels around the West Coast, do-it-yourself enthusiasts selling regionally. I'm proud that Stiff Records have tried the same thing over here with such success."

Kaufman began Beserkley with Earthquake, selling their records at concerts and distributing via mail order. Now the label exports, goes a bundle on good packaging, can afford amusing advertising and gets its records in the charts.

"My definition of wealth, my priority, is health and happiness. We aren't rich yet but we aren't knocking on the door. Above all we've done it on our terms. We've bucked the establishment."

And that is just about the big fat sum of it, a good kick up the rear for all the product slobs with their multi-million sales turn-overs and petty in-fighting. There's nothing sordid or sinister about the Beserkley set up, it stands for the furtherment of its boss man's taste. Richman, Kihn, The Rubinoos — the most unlikely candidates for success ever to nest at one label, but none of them is as unlikely as the rock'n'roll doctor. Keep on bucking, Kaufman, you're doing great.

RAMONES - JUDY IS A PUNK
DEAD BOYS - SONIC REDUCER
PATTI SMITH - PISS FACTORY
NEW YORK DOLLS - PERSONALITY CRISIS
RUNAWAYS - HOLLYWOOD
SKYHOOKS - HORROR MOVIE
RICHARD HELL AND THE VOID-OIDS - LOVE COMES IN SPURTS
LITTLE BOB STORY - ALL OR NOTHING
THE BOOMTOWN RATS - LOOKIN' AFTER NO. 1
TALKING HEADS - LOVE GOES TO BUILDING ON FIRE
THE DAMNED - NEW ROSE
RAMONES - SUZY IS A HEADBANGER
DEAD BOYS - ALL THIS AND MORE
FLAMIN' GROOVIES - SHAKE SOME ACTION
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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

COLLECT THESE PAGES

Kicking off NME's investigation of the collecting phenomenon, **MAX BELL** on the gimmicks and the ethics of this new growth industry. Overpage, a selection of just a few of the currently in-demand rarities. Finally, **PHIL McNEILL** follows the mechanics of the game from producer to consumer — and tells you how to make your very own collectors' item, limited edition, 12-inchers optional.

THE MESSAGE IS STARING YOU IN THE FACE. Like the American telephone operator said. "You collect, collect, collect."

On the face of it the recent emphasis on gimmickry to sell rock 'n' roll seems healthy enough. The proliferation of attractive packaging, plastic day-glo, picture bags, limited editions and 12-inchers has led to an increased interest and subsequently greater sales for singles.

The punter with a quid or two to spend on a record every Saturday is now more likely to buy that Saints 12" with the extra track (what a bargain) than to spend the same money on the new Eagles attempt at aural wallpaper.

Supposedly, the fun is coming back into rock music. Except that the novelty is beginning to wear off. What was previously fun now smacks of that old 'product' syndrome itself. When you consider that even credibility loaded acts like Television, Horslips and Barclay James Harvest are being pushed on an angle which has nothing to do with the merit of their music you realise that the craze has been swamped by big business, again. It's the same old hype re-trod on green vinyl. The Medium Is The Message.

To digress for a second, collecting *per se* is purely the concern of the collector, and like every other form of entertainment open to good, healthy exploitation, rock music is no exception. So the phrase 'vinyl junkie' is now fashionable — although it ain't nothing new. Shops like London's Rock On, Vintage Records and Bizarre, New York's House Of Oldies and Village Oldies have for years been giving the buyers their fixes at the current street price.

Previously though, collecting has been based on a mutual agreement, a transaction of genuine interest; a disease in the case of Elvis, Beatles and Phil Spector buffs, a matter of pride for psychedelic experts, and a question of sheer loony madness in the case of matrix fiends.

Like any other market the agreement is in accord with supply and demand. You want Sun originals and not a Woolworth's special so you pay the going rate. For a collector the thrill comes from picking up a bargain or being able to boast that you paid 50 quid for that doo-wop number, only 50 in captivity.

Other contemporary art forms encourage their own squirelling. Danny Posner's Vintage Mag shop, off London's Shaftesbury Avenue, specialises in film magazines but other lines include a fair trade in old copies of *Radio Times*, which may fetch two quid or more depending on the cover artist, the type of feature article and the date.

Genuine period pieces like *Film Fun, London Life* and arcane girlie mags reach an obviously limited and enthusiastic audience but the collector tag is justified.

Mr. Posner admits to being somewhat surprised that people actually want back issues of *Radio Times*. He is also amused that there is a market for old *NMEs* and *Melody Makers*, not just those with The Beatles on the cover. Issues from last year are still saleable. All Beatles-related matter fetches a bomb these days, the monthlies and the books chronicling the period of *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help* as well as Michael Braun's *Love Me Do* paperback going for a fiver or more — whereas in 1965 they sold at 4/6.

Beatle-mania reached the heights of lunacy with last year's disastrous Beatles Auction and the recent auction at Christies of 13 lots of Beatles material. On offer were the customary plastic wigs as well as more outre items like Beatles Carefree Textured Seamfree Stockings, a lifesize composition figure of Ringo playing the drums (with moving head of course) and a red and white tablecloth with the four luvly lads grinning at you from underneath the cornflakes.

BUT ALL this is a private and peripheral aspect of collecting. The recent push on "fun promotion" means you're now a collector whether you like it or not. Or rather, you aren't a collector at all, you're a glorified consumer being sold something on the grounds that it bites, explodes, comes in seven shades of puce and incidentally includes a RECORD WITH MUSIC ON IT.

Attention was drawn to the more distasteful side of this new fashion in *Music Week* magazine last month. Mike Davison, the owner of Ali Baba Records in Liverpool, had this to say against the collecting method:

"The record company marketing men have a field day with their new wave product. Free singles with an album, 12-inch singles (though these are now standard, aren't they?) limited editions, coloured vinyl, and, of course, the essential picture sleeve on the first 5000 copies.

"The reason for all this gimmickry is two-fold. Firstly to sell a product which is not being heard by the potential audience through normal channels. Indeed it is interesting that from my experience many of the customers are buying records they have not heard before and are often not all that interested in the sound of the record at all, but regard it merely as a collectors item.

"Secondly, the limited edition idea in whatever form promotes a heavy initial sale, which presumably results in early chart recognition and the consequent snowball effect which that produces. I have never known a musical trend before which has been so promoted in this way, and it is probably sufficient comment on the music that it is unable to stand on its own merits. . . hopefully future trends will rely on the quality of the music and the performers rather than the promotional gimmickry of the record company marketing men."

While the comment on the quality of the music is subjective opinion, and the point about the 'normal channels' is quite irrelevant (what are 'normal channels' and what's wrong with abnormal ones?) Davison's spleen is mostly justifiable.

TAKE THE first Damned album with the Eddie and The Hot Rods photo on the back cover: Officially this mistake was apologised for by way of an erratum, but most people believed that the error was a tongue-in-cheek put-on. The Rods are depicted doing "The Rat", a private joke being the two bands and a typical piece of Jake Riviera and Stiff humour.

As a stunt the idea is great, except that Rock On can now sell the original album, *with* Rods pic, for a fiver. The purchaser is not interested in the record otherwise he or she would simply buy the corrected album for less.

The Saints last 12-incher contained a similar record company mistake. Somehow an extra track sneaked in at the press. But doesn't it stretch credulity that such a 'mistake' could ever occur? Significantly, Harvest made advertising play out of the cock-up by emphasising that the traditional seven-inch follow up would only have a measly two cuts on after all.

Remember too that Phonogram told the press that "The Ramones Leave Home" would not contain the track "Carbona Not Glue" for legal reasons, albeit spuriously based on complaints made by an obscure councillor in Scotland.

Imagine many people's surprise on finding that many of the first pressings did indeed include the cut. The "ban" was lifted a few days later. In London, on the weekend of release, Ramones fans happily parted with over the top prices for this precious slice of vinyl and then probably bought the record minus that track too, just to make sure.

Pic FOX PHOTOS LTD

WHETHER THESE gimmicks constitute fun or whether they're just examples of shoddy humour and indiscriminate profiteering at the public's expense is up to you to decide.

Two men who run London record shops which specialise in collecting and satisfying minority tastes have very strong views on the fad.

Larry DeBay, who runs Bizarre Records from a mail order office in Paddington, and Roger at Rock On saw the new wave exploitation coming a long time ago. As Roger says: "The novelty will burn out quickly. New wave happened on the streets and the record companies will destroy it within a year. You even have the situation now where they're putting together bands from session men acting as punks.

The small independent labels who began the are not to blame for the excesses. Many of them (like Raw and Chiswick) are financed by shop profits and operate on a shoe string budget, their owners being committed to one or two personal favourites who have been by-passed, or are not ready for the big push.

Even Stiff, started by Lee Brilleaux and Riviera, has maintained a unique style for English marketing (borrowed from Matthew Kaufman's Beserkley label) which gives their operation a certain style and humour.

But the situation has become a rat race. To break a single in the top 60, sales of 5000 are needed. To make the top 30, 18,000. Chart placing depends on where a record is sold, and company reps have been known to give free boxes of their singles to shops who guarantee good display and counter play. All the profits from the 'gift' go to the shop — but the single sells, makes the charts and the company recoups its initial small loss.

The Sex Pistols' "God Save The Queen" shipped over 200,000 copies and the band lost sales becuase many shops refused to handle it. However, now that there's money to be made out of the Pistols with follow-ups and the prospect of a best-selling album — we find that W. H. Smith's make a moral about turn. Obviously Boots, Woolies and Smiths will stock what sells, and claims that "we won't handle this sort of outrageous smut" become meaningless when you have a huge potential audience.

Roger points out that the new wave boom started last Easter with three or four new singles a week from unknown outfits. He predicts that after the summer lull there will be October tours by most of the commercial punks and the exposure will peak.

"The boom has shifted towards the big companies now. Selling records is about mechanisms and efficiency. Getting records into the shops is more important than promotion because singles are already artefacts; they serve as their own band promotion. The charts will look phenomenal in October and then it will die down again.

"You see, we can sell any old rubbish but we also sell a style. With Chiswick or Stiff I'm buying the taste and style of Ted Carroll or Jake, in the same way that I used to buy Elektra records because I knew they'd be good. Jac Holzman was a good arbiter of taste.

"Oneupmanship is great for sales. Collectors buy and file immediately, just like you used to buy the new Beatles single the day it came out 'cos you just had to have it. Between '69 and '76 people collected older stuff — the lack of a good regular market led them into collecting and it became a drug.

"Vinyl junkies are terminal weirdoes. They go for only girl groups, or records on Decca or joke records. Now it feels like the '60s again to me. The Pistols getting on the front page of the *Mirror*. . . that's been unheard of for a rock band for ten years at least."

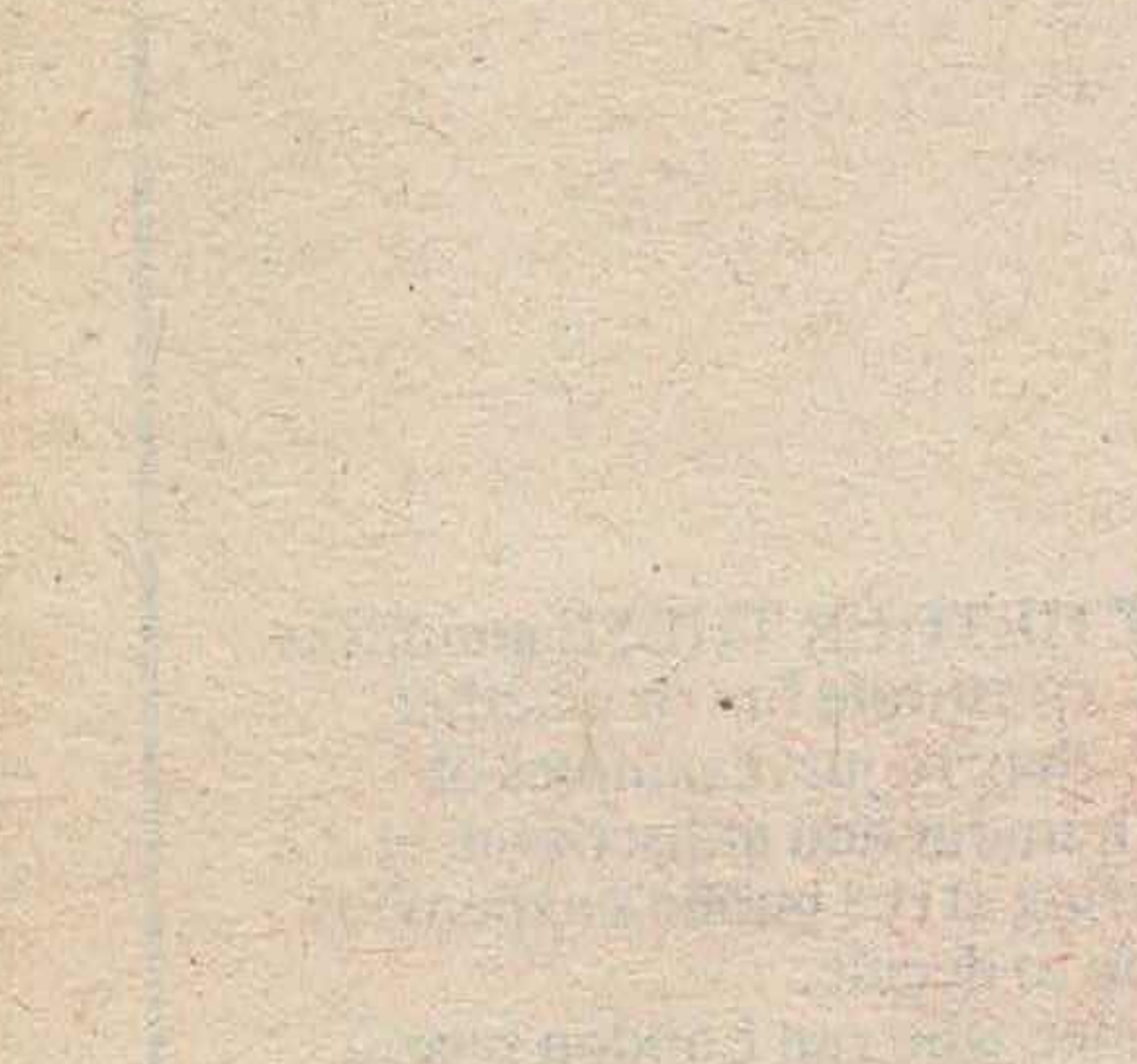
LARRY AT Bizarre expresses dislike at the deliberate collectors items (and the term itself is wildly relative; how limited is

Continues page 26

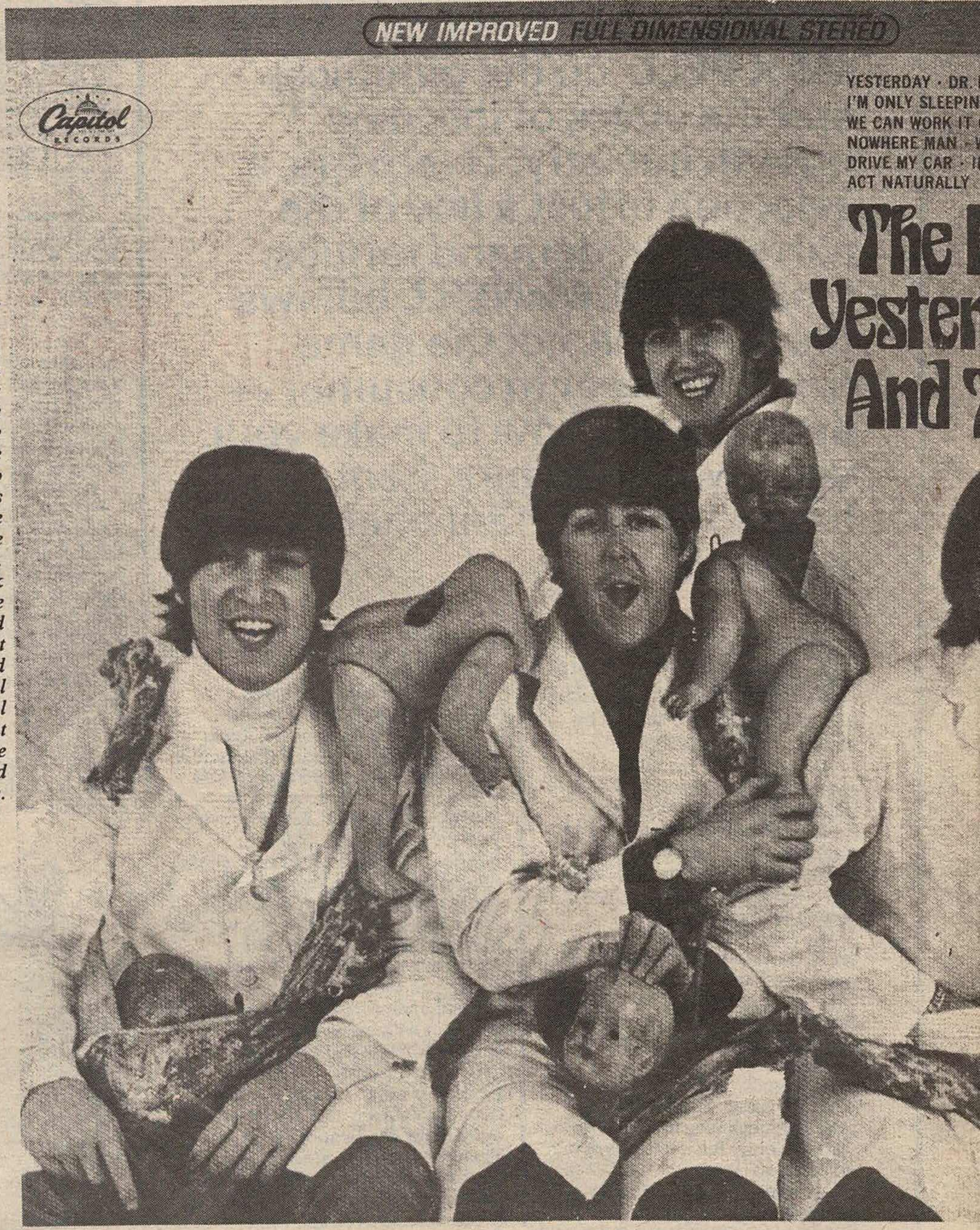
As a music freak as opposed to a vinyl junkie, my interest as a collector is in the music that's pressed into the grooves rather than in the actual object. On the other hand I prefer an original pressing to a re-issue, for the reason that the original packaging is evocative of the period in which it was released, and because the majority of re-issues come in poor artwork, and often remixed via the loathsome practice of electronically re-processed stereo. There's a certain enjoyment to be had from "junking", or haggling at "swap meets", but I ain't about to mortgage next month's salary for a specific item. No way will life be incomplete if I never acquire all the 13th Floor Elevators' A-sides.

Over the last few years, record collecting has become specialised. There are still those who horde anything and everything, but the more discerning specialise in (a) Individual Artists — from Elvis, Beatles, Dylan and Stones through to Annette Funicello and Herman's Hermits; (b) Specific

Artefacts from the



DUANE ALLMAN: Dialogs (Capricorn PRO.545). Dialogue albums are low profile/hard sell promotional devices sent out to radio stations. Such albums often come with cue-scripts, suggesting tracks to be aired in conjunction with the interview and broadcast as a Special. The Allman album was a posthumous issue. Among the dozens of artists who've recorded such label-endorsed records are Alex Harvey, Pete Townshend, George Harrison, Roy Harper, Johnny & Edgar Winter, John Cale, Brian Eno, Lou Reed, Marc Bolan, Jeff Beck, Flo & Eddie.



THE BEATLES: Yesterday . . . And Today (Capitol ST.2553). By the middle of 1966 Capitol had managed to re-cycle The Beatles existing catalogue to produce eleven Stateside albums compared to Parlophone's seven in the UK. Capitol managed to acquire the "Revolver" tapes some four months earlier than Parlophone; creamed-off "I'm Only Sleeping", "Doctor Robert", "And Your Bird Can Sing" and padded it out with some cuts they'd held-over from "Rubber Soul" and, some previously released singles. The original cover of "Yesterday And . . . Today" is the one shown here. However, no sooner had the initial pressings been distributed than they were promptly withdrawn on the grounds of "extreme bad taste". A less offensive front cover slick was promptly pasted over the original artwork and re-shipped. Subsequent re-pressings had freshly printed sleeves. However, Capitol failed to call-in all the original albums and as a result, mint "Butcher-Cover" sleeves are amongst the most prized and costly of all Beatle artefacts.

(?) QUESTION MARK & THE MYSTERIANS: 96 Tears (Cameo C-2004). If you thought The Ramones were the Masters of Minimalism then you ain't ever checked-out these precursors of Amerikan Garage Band Punkarama. This is Tex-Mex bunch primitivism down to a fine art. All that is known about the young Mister ? is that his favourite colour was orange. We think that's more than enough!

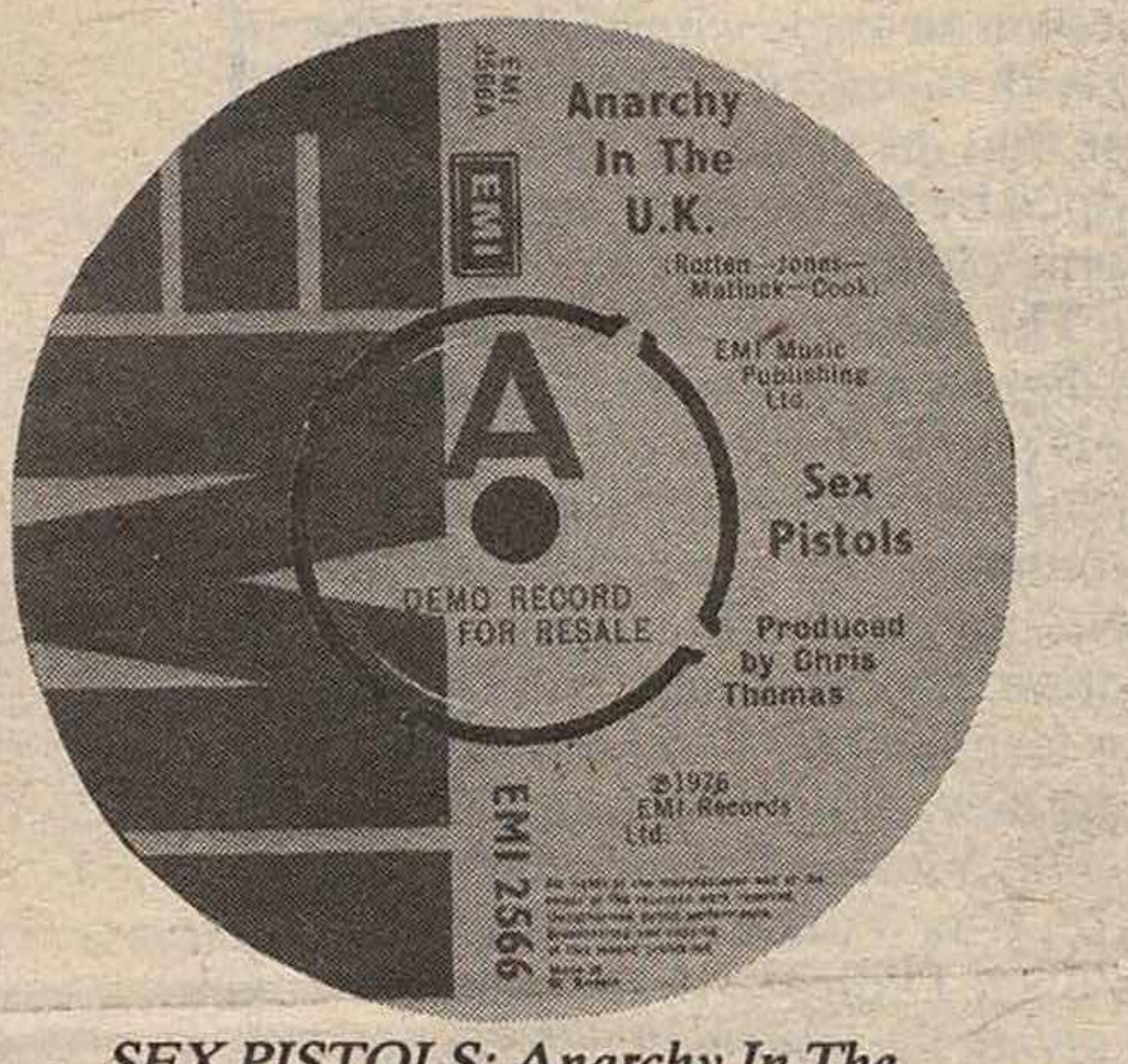
THE PENGUINS: Memories Of El Monte (Original Sound OS-27). Quintessential Hollywood doo-wop from the "Earth Angel" hitmakers, this marks what is believed to be the record debut of Francis Vincent Zappa, the co-writer. A few authorised re-issues in circulation.

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR: Heat Treatment (Vertigo 6360.137) — with free single. A recent promo gimmick to garner initial concentrated sales has been the inclusion of a free, limited edition single with the first few thousand copies of a particular album. Dr. Feelgood gifted some buyers of "Stupidity" with live renditions of "Johnny B. Goode"/"Riot In Cell Block No.9" (Feel 1); Parker & Co plucked "Silly Thing"/"Kansas City" (GPS 1) from their official bootleg "Live At Marble Arch"; whilst The Stranglers included "Peasant In The Big Shitty"/"Choosey Susie" (Free 3) with some copies of "Rattus Norvegicus". As these free singles are never sold separately, their rarity is instantly established.

ELVIS PRESLEY: That's All Right (Sun 209). Presley's first-ever commercial recording, and as there were only something like 20,000 pressed, either mint or good condition copies are extremely hard to come by.

THE WHO: Ready, Steady, Who! (Reaction 592-001). The 'Oo's only British EP, mint copies of which are even harder to find than the "My Generation" Brunswick album. Contains "Disguises"/"Circles"/"Batman"/"Bucket T"/"Barbara Ann". Yanks go positively apeshit for just one peek at the cover. No Who collection is complete without it.

THE DAMNED: Stretcher Case Baby/Sick Of Being Sick (Stiff). Given away at their truncated First Anniversary Season at The Marquee Club (250 were also up for grabs through this paper).



SEX PISTOLS: Anarchy In The U.K./I Wanna Be Me (EMI 2566). Released then withdrawn by EMI, these are currently fetching five quid. Initially, copies were sold in a plain black sleeve. Far rarer are finished promo copies of "God Save The Queen" on A&M.

ELVIS PRESLE Album (RCA LO rare, but super-bl other day a Presle for this beautiful (complete with pa trouble was told,

The Beatles Book
No. 4
MONTHLY
EVERY MONTH
Price ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE
THE ROLLING STONES BOOK
No. 2
10th JULY 1964
HIT PARADER
NOVEMBER
In This Issue! The Four Lads, Eydie Gorme, Tony Martin, Georgia Gibbs and The Rover Boys

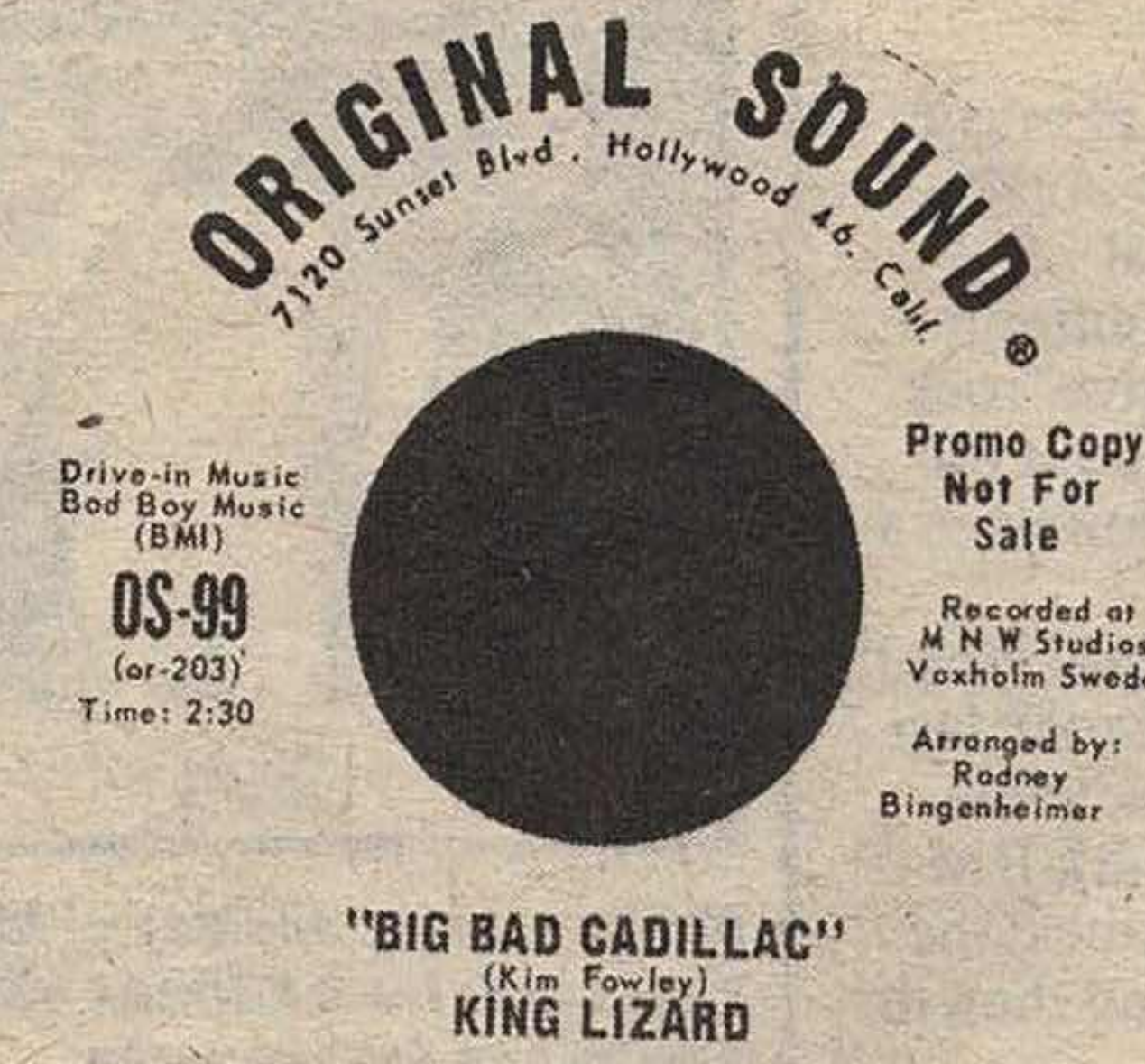
Seminal rock pulp, ranging from a 1956 American edition of the famed Hit Parader Song Book and gossip sheet, to highly-prized Beatles and Rolling Stones Monthlies.

Styles — doo-wop, rockabilly, soul, psychedelia, '60s British Beat and US Punk, surfin' and girl groups; (c) Producers — Spector, Fowley, Meek, Dave Edmunds; (d) Labels — Sun, Apple, Red Bird, Philles, Motown; (e) Obscure Pre-Stardom Off-shoots — 10cc, Move, Yardbirds; (f) Big Name Sessioneers — Clapton, Jimmy Page, Leon Russell. Recently things have become much more quirky, taking in coloured vinyl, 12-inch singles, dialogue and official bootleg promo albums, picture sleeve EPs and singles through to foreign language versions (i.e. "Ragazza Sola, Raggazoo Solo" — Bowie's Italian translation of "Space Oddity").

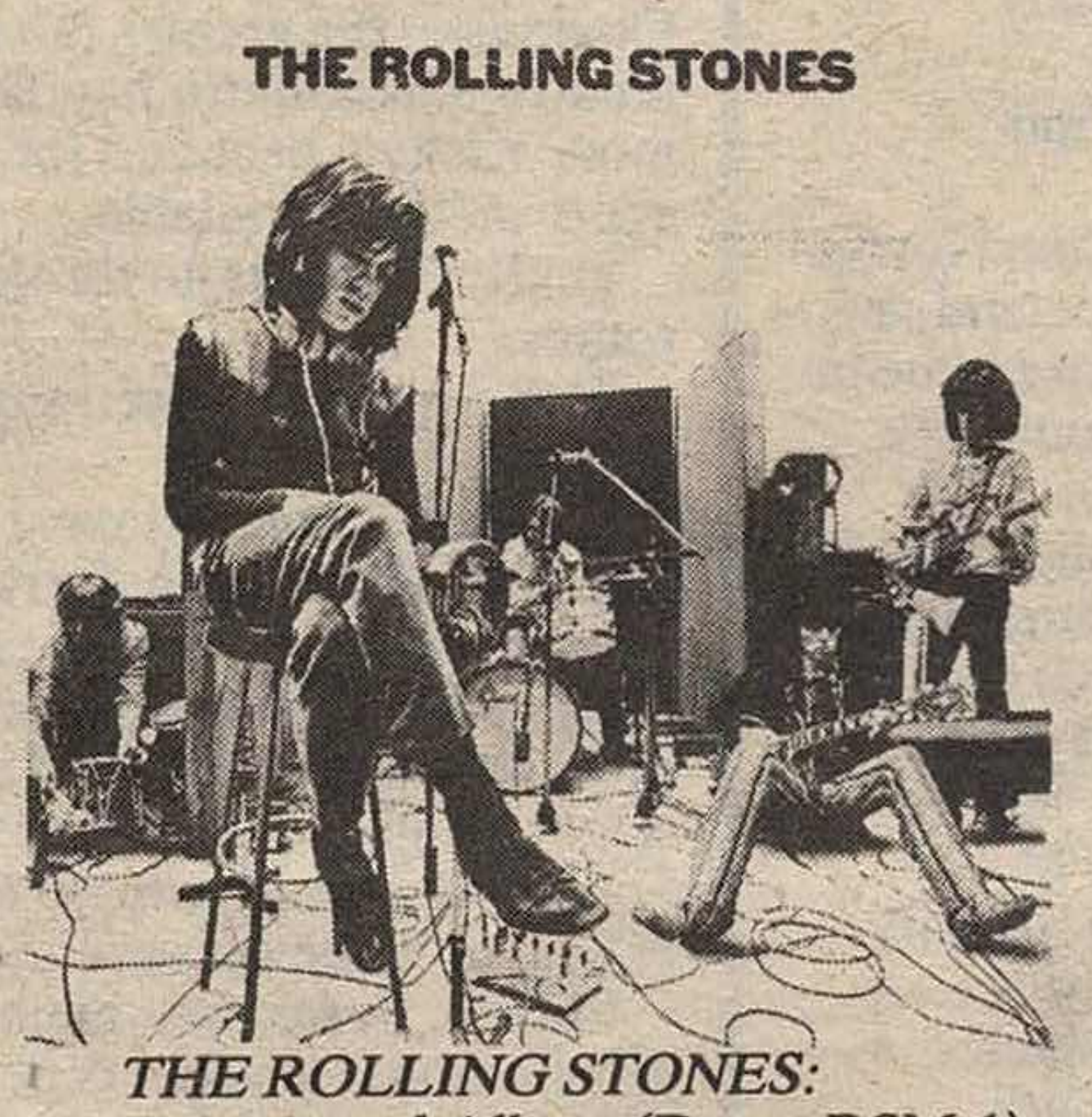
The artefacts on these pages don't constitute any kind of definitive catalogue. They are simply a representative selection. — ROY CARR

Age of Rock and Roll

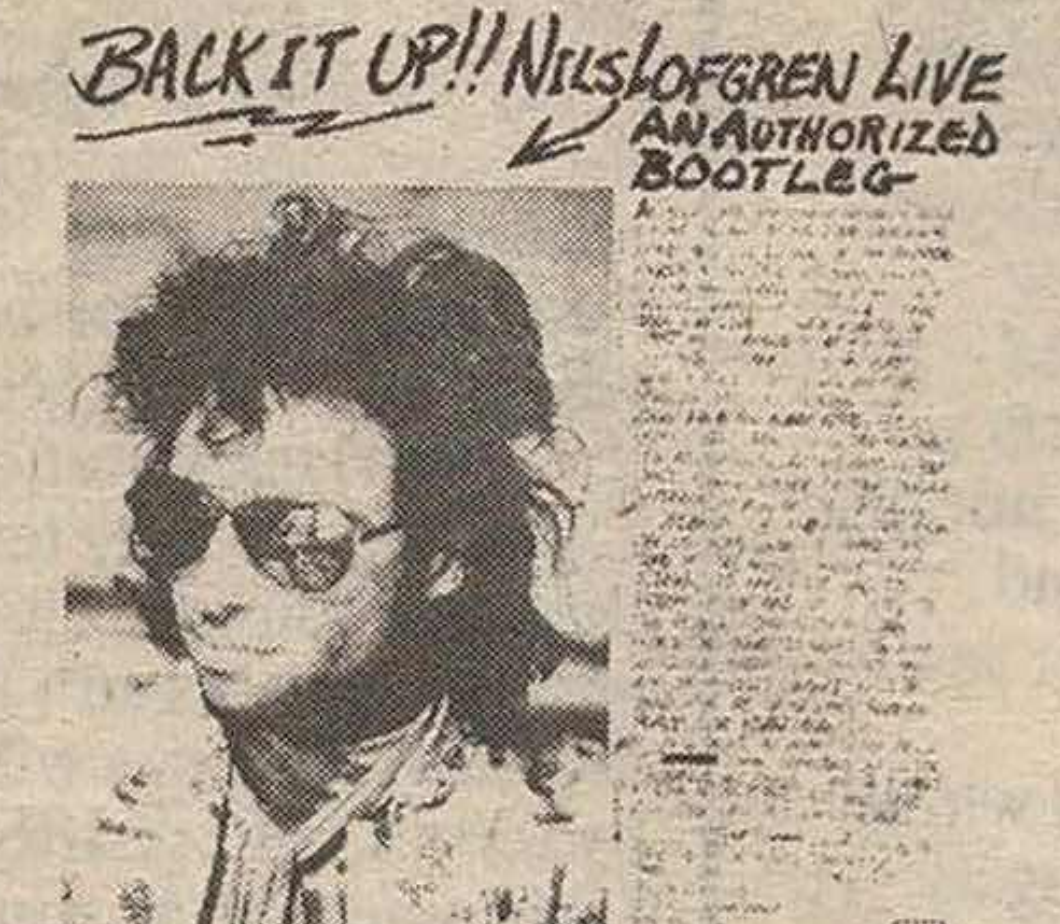
EY: Elvis' Christmas DC.1035). Not just eedin' rare. Just the eyphile offered £100 Presley package ages of pix) and for his "No deal".



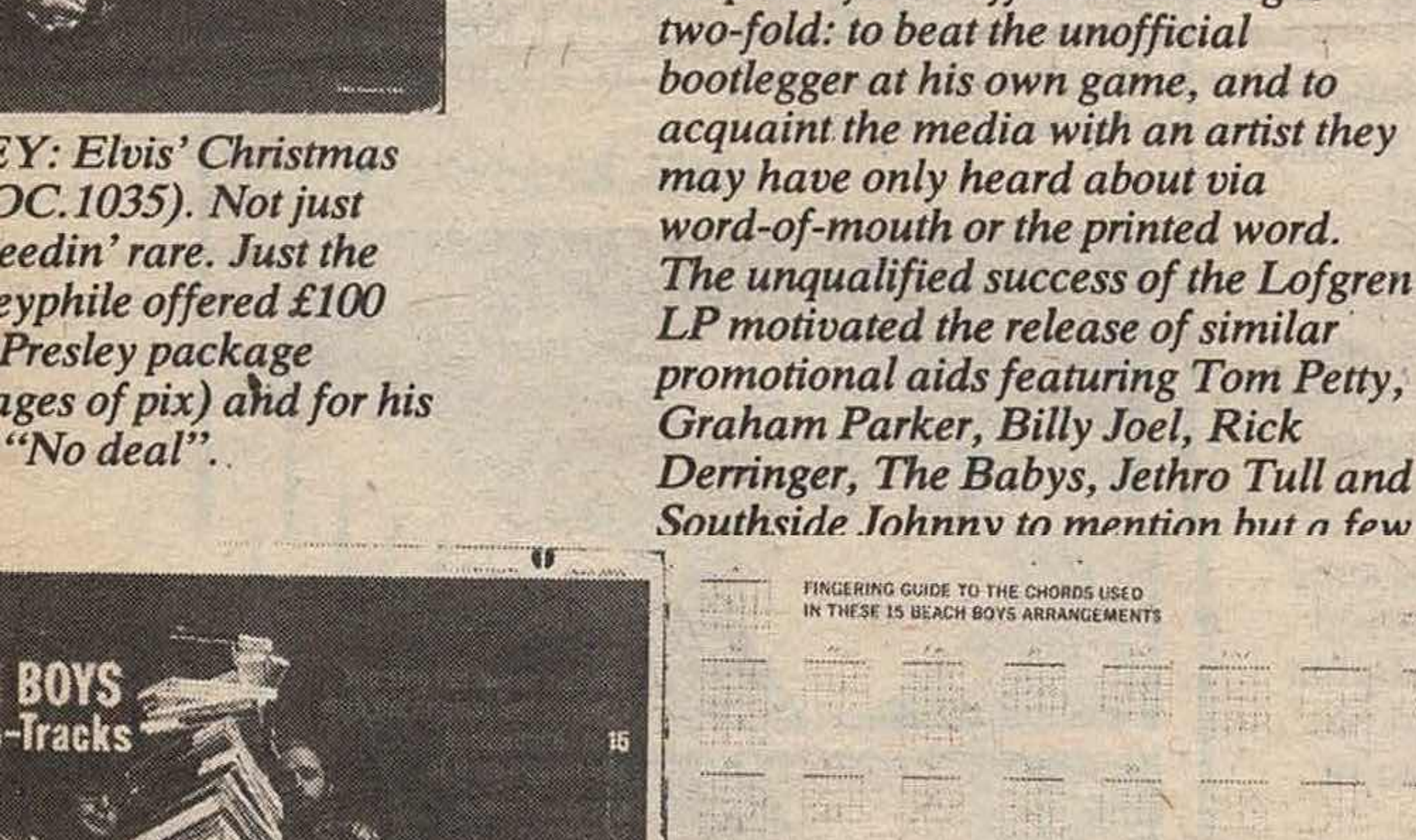
KING LIZARD: Big Bad Cadillac/Man Without A Country (Original Sound OS-99). Kim Fowley, aka King Lizard, recently claimed that his most ardent devotees willingly cough-up 150 bucks for a copy of this little curio he cut in Sweden. There's no accounting for taste!



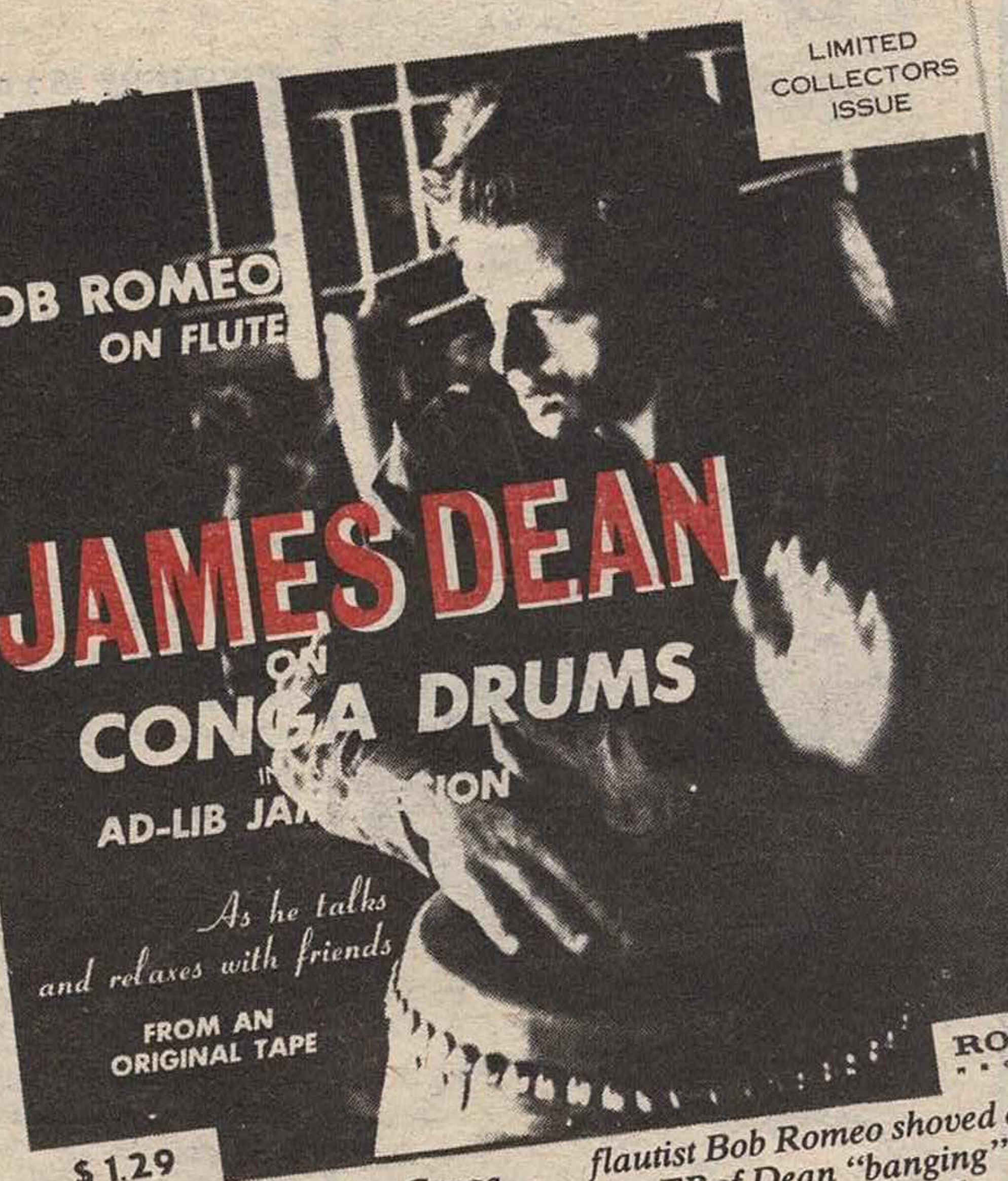
THE ROLLING STONES: Promotional Album (Decca RSM.1). Only 200 Decca copies and 200 London copies were pressed-up and distributed to radio stations, as both a programme aid and a trailer for "Let It Bleed". Also rare: 12-inch promo copies of "Hot Stuff" pressed on transparent black and blue vinyl.



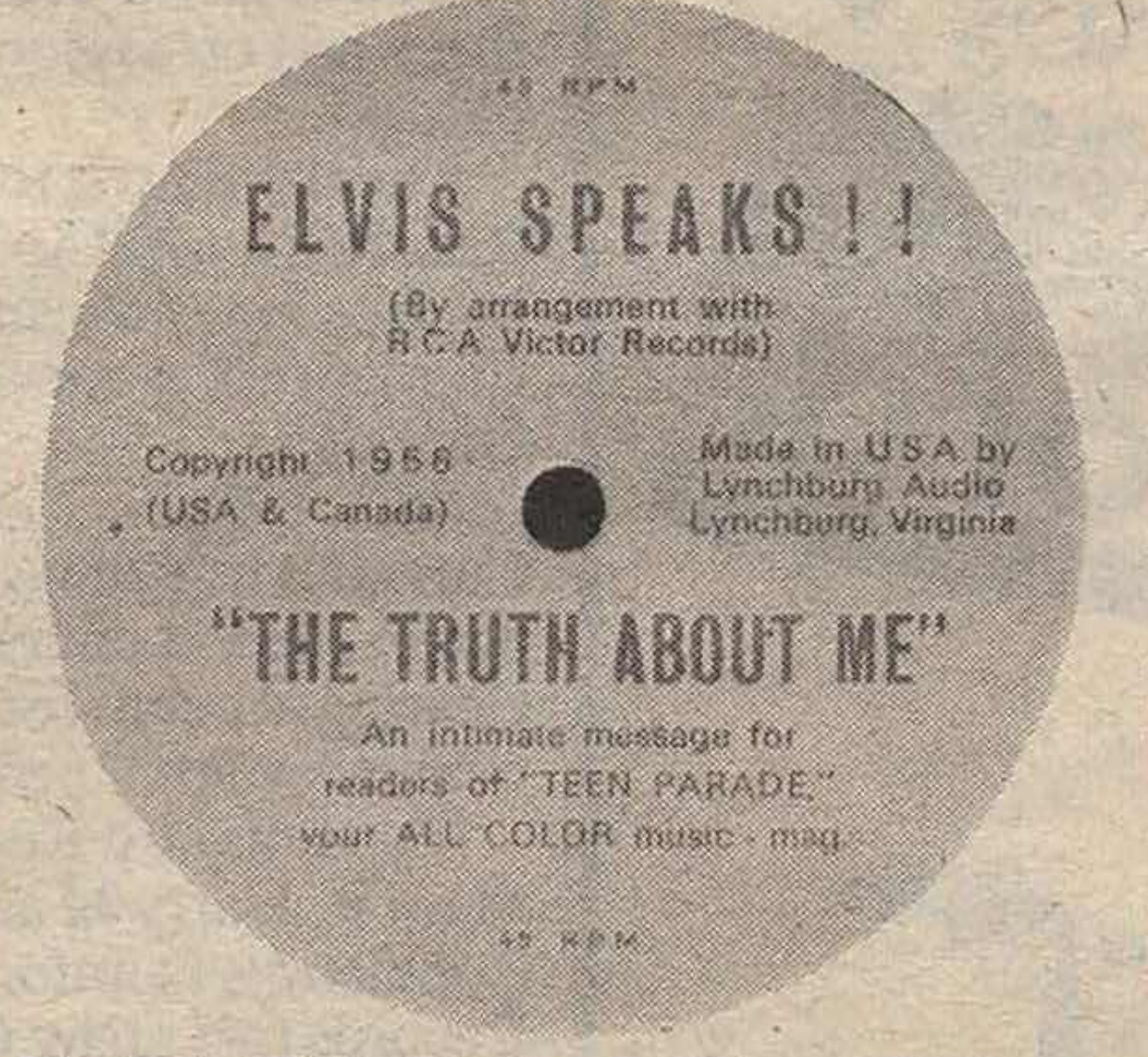
NILS LOFGREN: Back It Up!! Live Authorized Bootleg (A&M SP.8362). Purpose of the "official" bootleg is two-fold: to beat the unofficial bootlegger at his own game, and to acquaint the media with an artist they may have only heard about via word-of-mouth or the printed word. The unqualified success of the Lofgren LP motivated the release of similar promotional aids featuring Tom Petty, Graham Parker, Billy Joel, Rick Derringer, The Babys, Jethro Tull and Southside Johnny to mention but a few


BOYS
-Tracks
15
...and Many Photos of The Beach Boys
FINGERING GUIDE TO THE CHORDS USED IN THESE 15 BEACH BOYS ARRANGEMENTS

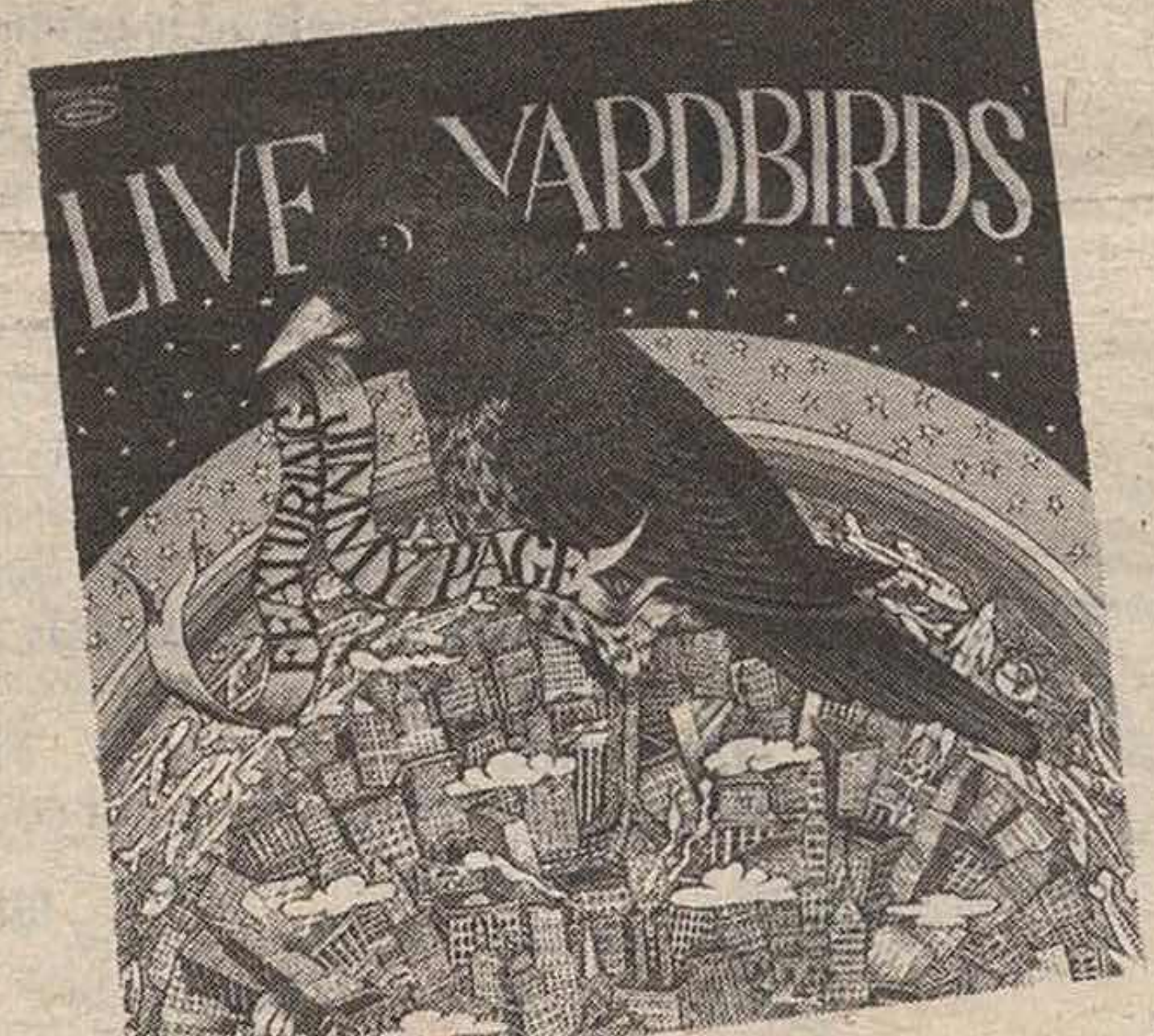
BEACH BOYS: Stack-O-Tracks (Capitol DKAO 2893). Though earlier this year EMI re-released this album of BB backing tracks ("You sing the words and play with the original instrumental backgrounds to 15 of their biggest hits"), they copped-out on the original concept. Not only did EMI junk the original gatefold sleeve art but also the lyric book, chord symbols, lead guitar and bass lines. Uncover a box of unplayed originals and spend Christmas in the Bahamas.



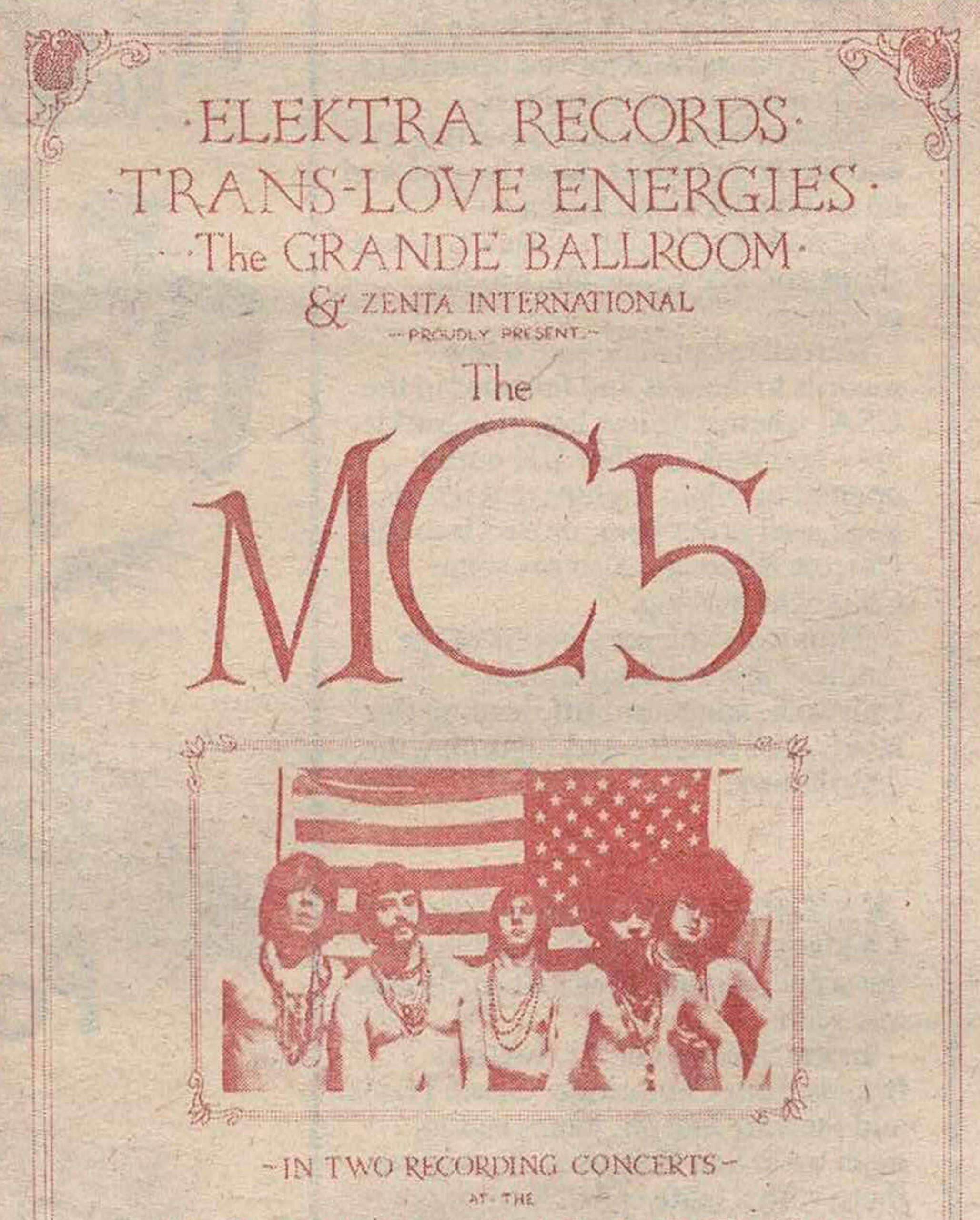
JAMES DEAN: On Conga Drums In An Ad-Lib Jam Session (Romeo 100). Necrophilia A-Go-Go. To cash-in on the hysteria that surrounded the death of Dean, flautist Bob Romeo shoved out this EP of Dean "banging" congas (and occasionally mumbling) whilst Romeo tooted his flute. Tracks are "Dean's Lament" and "Jungle Rhythm".


45 RPM
ELVIS SPEAKS!!
(By arrangement with R.C.A. Victor Records)
Copyright 1956 (USA & Canada)
Made in USA by Lynchburg Audio Lynchburg, Virginia
"THE TRUTH ABOUT ME"
An intimate message for readers of "TEEN PARADE" your ALL COLOR music - mag.
45 RPM

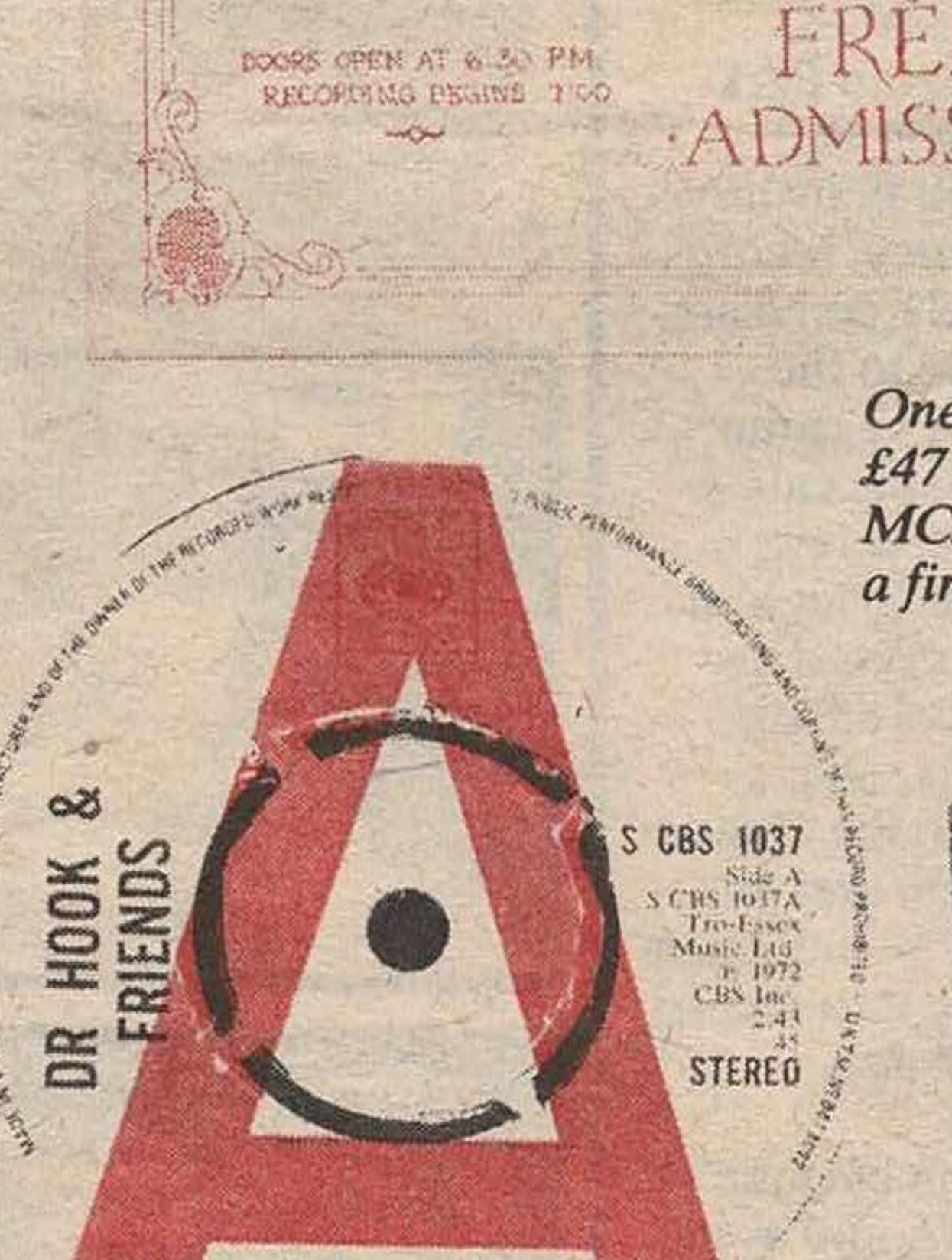
ELVIS PRESLEY: The Truth About Me (By arrangement with RCA-Victor). "Hi, this is Elvis Presley. I guess the first thing people wanna know is why I can't stand still while I'm singin'. Some people tap their feet, some people snap their fingers and some just sway back and forth. I decided to do 'em all together I guess — singin' rhythm and blues really knocks it out". A brief segment of dialogue flexidisc which Teen Parade made available to its readers in 1956.



THE YARDBIRDS: Live Yardbirds featuring Jimmy Page (Epic E.30615). The album of the legendary Anderson Theatre gig on New York's Lower East Side. On March 30, 1968, The Yardbirds cut tracks for a proposed live LP on the understanding that they had the authority to nix the album, which is what they did. However, once Zeppelin had taken the US by force, Epic dusted-off the tapes (containing "I'm Confused", the blueprint for "Dazed And Confused"), slapped Page's name on the cover and sat back waiting for the orders to come pouring in. The first thing to arrive was a court order from Zep restraining the sale of this album, and that was the end of that. Beware of bootlegs with b/w facsimile of multi-coloured cover being passed-off as genuine article.



One NME writer recently picked up £47 insurance compensation for an MC5 poster, like this one, destroyed in a fire.

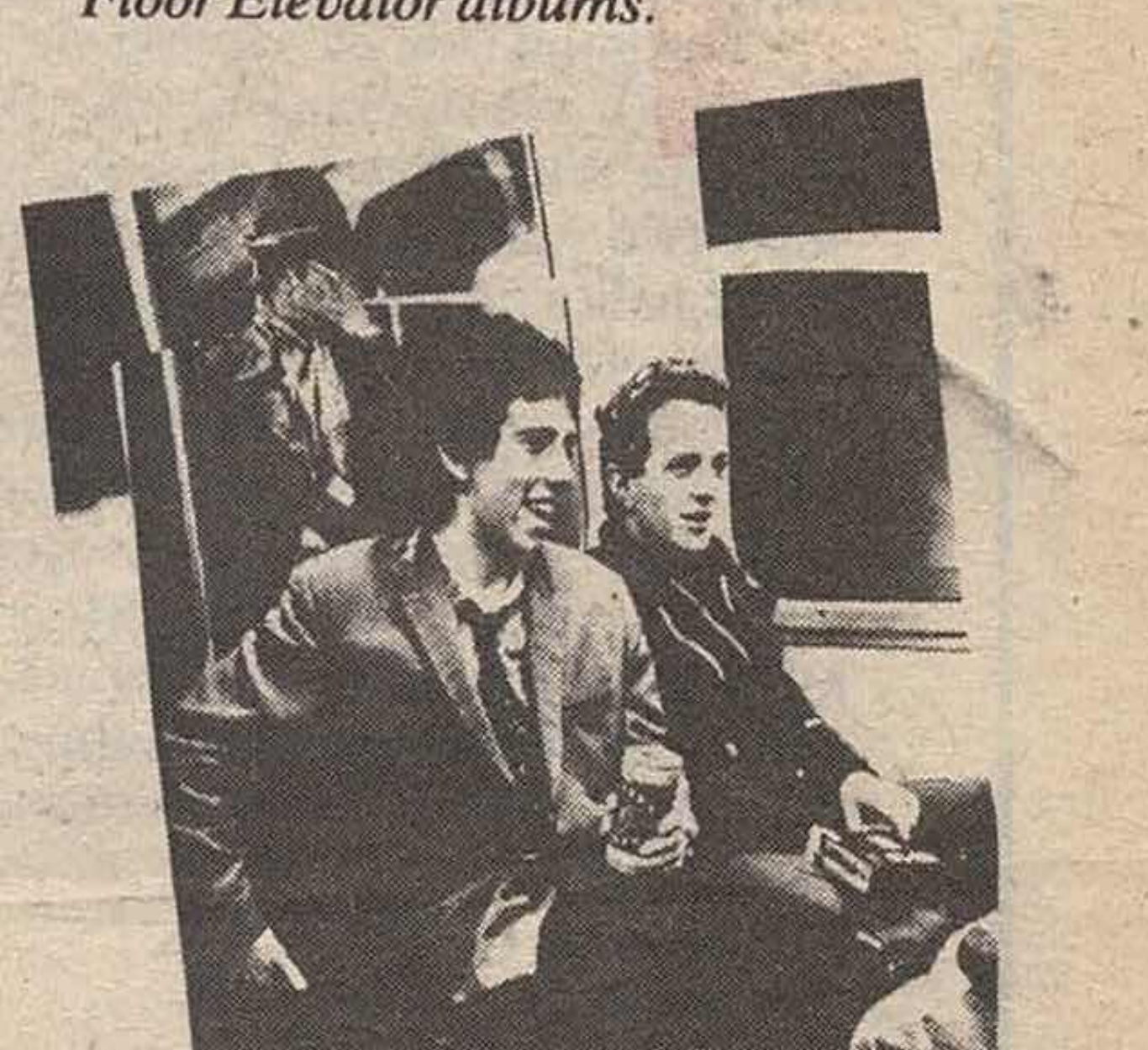


DR. HOOK & FRIENDS: The Cover Of 'Radio Times' (CBS S.1037). When the BBC declined to play "The Cover Of Rolling Stone" because they said it constituted advertising, "Friends" of Dr. Hook doctored the master-tape, substituted "Radio Times", and distributed a small quantity of one-sided promo-only pressings to DJs and reviewers.

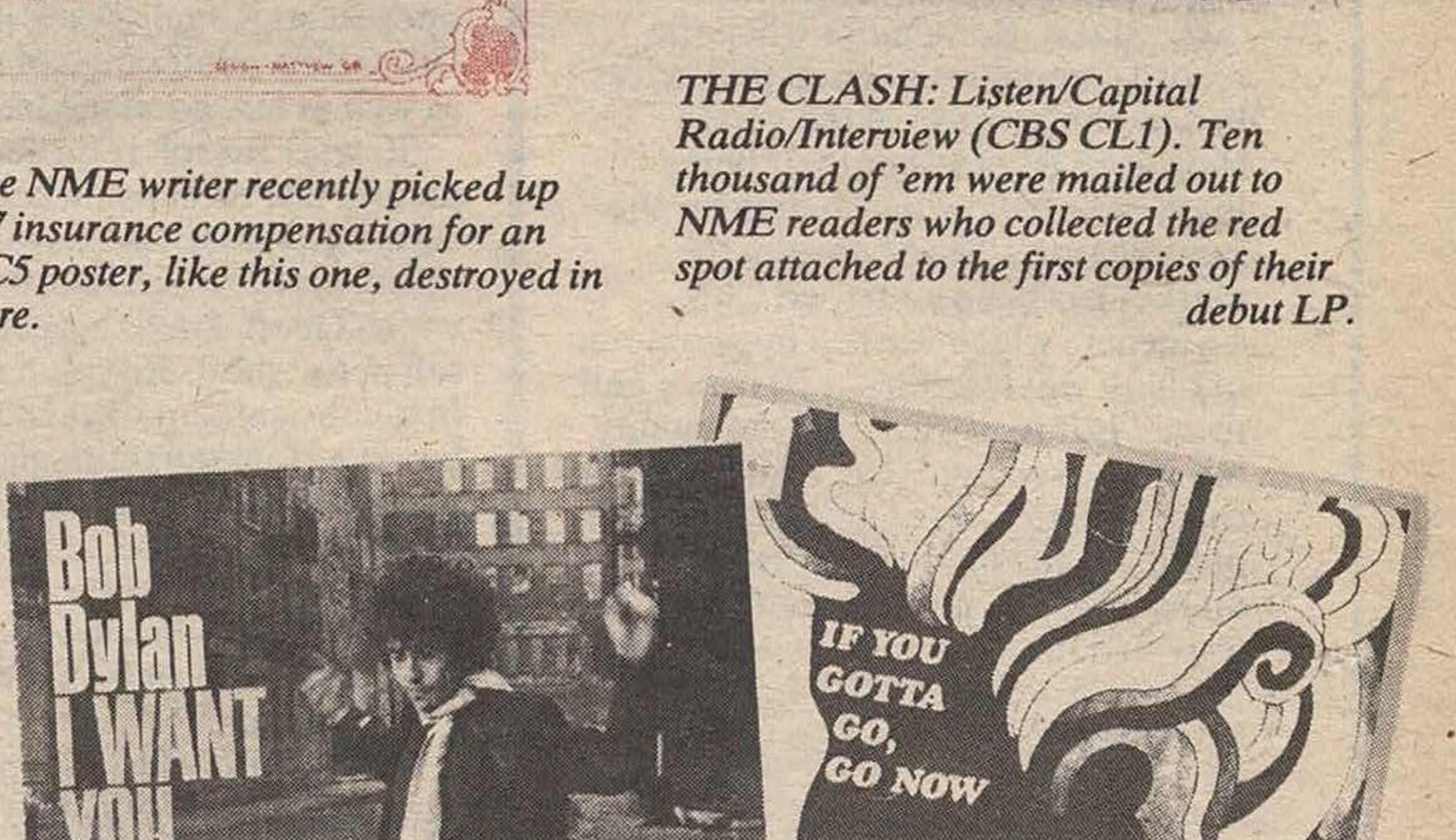
JOHN LENNON: Roots — Sings The Great Rock & Roll Hits (Adam VIII - 8018). A weird one to say the least, and the precursor of Lennon's official "Rock & Roll" LP. This US/TV Mail Order album contains both different tracks and mixes to the readily available specimen (i.e. "Be My Baby"). For far too many reasons to discuss right now, this album was quickly withdrawn and just recently Lennon copped over $80,000 from the protracted litigation that ensued. Johnny probably had second-thoughts about the goddam awful cover!

INTERNATIONAL SUBMARINE BAND: Safe At Home (Lee Hazelwood Industries LHI S.12001). Seminal country-rock album exquisitely masterminded by the late Gram Parsons (second from right), and the precursor of "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo", "The Gilded Palace Of Sin" and all yer comic cowpokes. Contains "Luxury Liner", the title cut on Emmylou Harris' last LP. Beware of bootlegs with the stereo incorrectly channelled.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE: Side Trips (Epic BN.26304). Among the groups that Jimmy Page names as influencing Led Zep's early flight-path, Kaleidoscope take place of preference. Eastern eclectism and psychedelia ooze from the 'Scope's debut. Currently, harder to come by than 13th Floor Elevator albums.



THE CLASH: Listen/Capital Radio/Interview (CBS CL1). Ten thousand of 'em were mailed out to NME readers who collected the red spot attached to the first copies of their debut LP.



BOB DYLAN: I Want You (US-Columbia 4-43683); BOB DYLAN: If You Gotta Go, Go Now (Dutch-CBS 2921). Most of Dylan's "treasures" are contained on his innumerable bootlegs. However, such is the rarity of mint picture sleeve copies of these two, that these "wants" seldom appear in private auctions.

Looks like independents day

● *From page 23*

something which 15,000 others own?): "I don't like it when dealers are charging a fiver for the Pistols 'Anarchy In The UK' though they know it's coming out at the normal price.

"When we heard that Stiff were deleting all their singles we could have hoarded them and sold them later at an inflated price, as certain shops are doing now. But if a kid comes in we charge a fair price. It's all right to charge a lot for a Ronettes single but not for something Nick Lowe released a few months ago."

In the smaller shops business is booming. Not that there's more money on the streets, it's just being channelled in to the singles region.

"The big companies used to ignore us, but now they realise we can sell their records quicker than they can. We can do 60 per cent of their sales for them. We had a special deal with Track to buy 10,000 copies of The Heartbreakers 'Born To Lose' — which is very heavy for us — and the single sold 15,000 altogether.

But we still won't rip off our customers. We had six copies of 'Anarchy' which we bought for 35 pence each and sold for 75 pence. That's enough profit."

Larry admits that a lot of collecting has more to do with elitist snobbery than any particular love of music.

"It bores me to hear collectors ranting on in oldies shops. And you get shops selling old Seeds albums at stupid prices, even though they've never been deleted and are widely available. They still get the 'valuable' tag. 'Raw Power' and 'Back In The USA' have been re-issued but there are plenty of people prepared to pay a fancy price for an original. It's good for product to disappear sometimes and then reappear, but not if it fetches an inflated price. That's the case with a lot of garage rock and now it's happening with some punk bands too. The Pistols aren't the Thirteenth Floor Elevators after all."

Larry admits that some customers are buying everything from the independent labels, working on the principle that if enough shit hits the fan some of it will stick — a policy also adopted by some music papers. Even a record like De-Evolution's "Mongoloid" can be certain of 3000 sales because importing unknown singles is a guarantee of success rather than the opposite.

"People buy everything on the shelf. They realise the investment might pay off. Some of theses singles will fetch 50 quid in five years time.

"The good side of it is that shops like HMV are stocking Johnny Barnes and The White Boys. I give the new wave two years at least if they keep on with quality product. There'll be a change of taste — fast punk will disappear overnight — but the market will remain and move into albums."

Both men are agreed that when the big boys move in with the certain knowledge that new wave equals lots of money all the fun will disappear from what was once a grass roots movement.

THERE IS, however, a wider and unanswered question at stake. Remember when the record companies insisted that prices had to rise because of the vinyl shortage? Remember their being loath to sign any new bands for the same reason? Then howcum the market has been swamped with 12-inchers which waste a huge amount of blank vinyl, selling at 70 pence and more? Is it really because the quality has improved, and if so who the hell cares? Singles never were sold on the quality of the mix — that's disco mentality, and it was disco that spawned the over-size single last year.

Isn't the advent of the 12-inch single purely and simply a ridiculous gimmick?

So will it be used as an excuse to put up the price of albums yet again?

The collecting bug is so patently a confidence trick that it ceases to be amusing and becomes a disastrous waste of resources. Yellow, lime, green, tartan . . ., what the hell does it matter unless you're buying a colour and not a record.

Remember the only thing that your records are ever certain to collect is dust.

MAX BELL

SO YOU WANNA make a collectors' item, then listen now to what I say . . . In these Clark Kent days, when small is beautiful, the first question on the lips of every young dude as he clasps his first set of Rotosound strings in his greasy paw is not "How do I form a group?" — but "How do I set up my own record company?"

Well, I don't pretend that this is anything like a definitive do-it-yourself instruction kit, but we thought it might be apposite to take a quick look at the independent record label scene, and in particular to check out how the torrent of "I'm A Berk" by The Berks on Berk Records type stuff gets distributed.

Dubliner Ted Carroll was one of the first to enter the race. He started his Rock On record store in London in 1972, having previously managed Thin Lizzy. Within a year he'd expanded from his initial straight R&R bag into a wider '60s R&B/punk field, and noticed the growing number of collectors who used to drop by week after week for their ever more obscure "vinyl fix".

In the interests of servicing the craze, it dawned on him that rather than simply seeking out every old beat record he could find, he might just as well start making his own. And so he came to inaugurate Chiswick Records — deliberately titled to give it the London feel so in demand in the States — with The Count Bishops' "Speedball" EP, released in December 1975.

At first Chiswick records were sold simply through his two Rock On shops. But at about the same time a Paddington record shop called Bizarre — run by a gent with a spectacular green beard, by the name of Larry Debay — closed down its retail premises and moved upstairs to set up a distribution business.

Bizarre were already importing Ork and Skydog product. Now they picked up on Chiswick and began wholesaling to about a dozen London shops and a few specialists in the provinces.

Carroll meanwhile sent a few records to dealers and fanzines in the USA, whence orders began to trickle in — and then another UK outlet opened up when Lightning Records, a large mail order firm, moved into the Harrow Road and also got some Chiswicks moving.

Thus were the parameters of the "indies" market established: Chiswick, and later Stiff, leading the labels, and Bizarre and Lightning the distributors.

AS THE MARKET grew, other kinds of distributors came upon the scene. Rough Trade Records was one such.

In the Summer of '75, two old friends from Cambridge, Geoff Travis and Stewart Joseph, happened to meet up in San Fransisco. Travis was there with a mate called Ken, feverishly buying up thousands of second hand records with which to start a stall back in London.

Autumn '75 found Geoff and Ken back home looking for premises. They hit upon 202 Kensington Park Road, in sunny Notting Hill, and opened up Rough Trade in February '76, selling a full range of new records as well as any good second hand discs.

Stewart Joseph returned to the picture last summer, when he came across an American magazine called *Punk*, and decided to order a few, which Geoff Travis agreed to let him sell in the shop. Joseph received his first consignment days before Patti Smith's Hammersmith gigs, and managed to set up a stall in the Odeon foyer. Demand was so huge that he started not only selling *Punk* in Rough Trade but also distributing it to record shops and bookshops such as Compendium.

Shortly after this, Joseph became involved with *Sniffin' Glue*, and as he took that and other fanzines around he found an increasing demand from shops for the obscure records trickling onto the market.

So Rough Trade now began record distribution — and received its biggest boost when a single by a bunch of dingoes called The Saints landed on the shop doormat. Copies were ordered, copies sold out. A cable to Australia evinced the information that the band had only pressed 500 copies of "I'm Stranded" on their own Fatal Records, but Power Exchange picked up on it and Rough Trade handled sub-distribution for them.

Things could have got pretty hectic, but Rough Trade aren't really too serious about the record distribution side of their business. Too much paper work now that indies are almost an established industry. They have recently cut back on it, Joseph himself phasing right out to concentrate on his other job, managing Generation X.

● **TED CARROLL** *at Rock On (top) and* **MARK P** *at Rough Trade, the modern record company boss in his habitat.*

IF THERE IS a new wave of music biz operators to match the music — like the wave of college social secretaries and the like who emerged from the early '70s 'progressive' rock era to seize key roles throughout the industry — then Harry Murlowski is a part of it.

Harry was a 19-year-old Pink Floyd fan until he discovered punk rock last year. He was fascinated, took some pictures, hawked them to Mark P at *Sniffin' Glue* . . . and rapidly became first *Glue's* photographer, and then its financial manager.

As *Glue* expanded, the bread became increasingly difficult to control, and about six months ago Mark P and Harry M locked into the existing establishment by forming three companies: S. G. Publications (to publish *Glue*); Plastic Records Distribution (a record company which never got off the ground because they disliked the name); and Faulty Products, which was originally planned to merchandise paraphernalia like badges and T-shirts.

At the same time they joined forces with a guy called Miles Copeland, a dynamic American who looks to be in his early thirties. I'm not quite sure what Copeland's role was in determining the nature of the *Glue* offshoots: all the business lines that run through the seedy offices they all share just off Oxford Street are pretty blurred.

Copeland used to run BTM Records, a label he formed with his brother Ian (now an agent at Capricorn Records out in Macon, Georgia) and a guy called Dick Jordan. BTM was once the home of Curved Air, Climax Chicago and others; now it operates solely as a clearing account for Copeland's numerous other projects:—

Step Forward Records (formed by Mark P, Harry M and Miles Copeland); Deptford Fun City Records (set up by Copeland for Squeeze and other local Deptford artists); Illegal Records (owned by Miles Copeland and his youngest brother Stewart, plus Paul Mulligan, who manages The Police); New Orders (a booking agency); and Faulty Products, which now acts as the record distribution outlet, not just for Step Forward, Deptford and Illegal, but for numerous other small labels as well.

Being thus at the centre of a whole punk vinyl network, and having as much contact with tape-touting garage bands as anyone in the country, Copeland is perfectly situated to detail the steps required to get your music out of your basement in Aldershot and into the hands of a collector in Aberdeen.

First question: whose small label? Your own, or one that already exists? Obviously there's a pretty good network already set up — New Hormones in the north, Sensible in Scotland, etc. But the tales of small labels ripping off their acts are already coming in, so be careful. The same goes for distributors, of course.

Awright, let's assume you're setting up your own label. Also, let's assume you check out the legals for yourself — VAT, the BPI, Performing Rights — tiresome details that can land you with a large, unwanted bill if you're not careful.

So. First off you get down to a studio with a producer and get yourselves taped. If I follow Copeland's quick-fire explanation, you come out with a master, which then goes through an intermediate process to give you a lacquer. This you take to the pressing factory, who press up your quantity.

Meanwhile you design and print labels and, if required, sleeves. The pressing factory slaps your labels and sleeves on for you.

Some small labels go through all the pressing hassle themselves. More often, however, Faulty Products take a band's tape — like The Only Ones' Vengeance single "Lovers Of Today" — and press it for them.

● ***The strange odyssey of Miles Copeland: from Climax Chicago to Chelsea in one easy step.***

So now you have to get it in the shops. Again, you can make life easy by going direct to one of the established forces in the field — Rough Trade, Bizarre, Faulty Products — and giving them an exclusive distribution deal. Obviously, the greater the number of records a distributor handles, the more viable it becomes for him to use every method available.

Faulty Products go through three routes.

First, the most direct: simply selling at gigs.

Secondly, and next most direct: Faulty Products' own distribution service, which consists of (a) mail order direct to the customer; (b) mail order to retailers; (c) Red Star to retailers; and (d) distribution by the Faulty van service piloted by Miles, Harry, or whoever's around to do it.

Finally, by far their main method of distribution: via other distributors. These fall into four categories: (a) the independent "one-stop" distributors, as they're called, of whom the largest are Lightning and Bizarre, who now stock huge selections of punk rock and operate cash-and-carry services in their warehouses; (b) chain stores such as Bruces in Scotland and Virgin Records; (c) shops who distribute to other shops, such as Rough Trade; and (d) exporters.

As the flow of labels pours on unabated, the 'straight' business is gradually adjusting. Disc and Tape Supplies, a London albums wholesaler, have recently moved into the arena, for instance — and, despite Lightning recently telling *Music Week* that they found it "hard to compete" with Bizarre, I can't help thinking that the ultimate gains will be made mainly by the straight distributors such as Lightning who are quickest off the mark.

No doubt they will pick up album trade from dealers who come to them for obscure singles . . . and they will retain that custom long after "I'm A Berk" by The Berks on Berk Records is just a fond memory in the annals of private enterprise.

PHIL McNEILL

● ***STEWART JOSEPH**, formerly of Rough Trade (top, left), with his partner in the still dormant Orwell Records, Jonh Ingham. Below: press pic for the Fatal Record that started Joseph's career as a vinyl magnate.*

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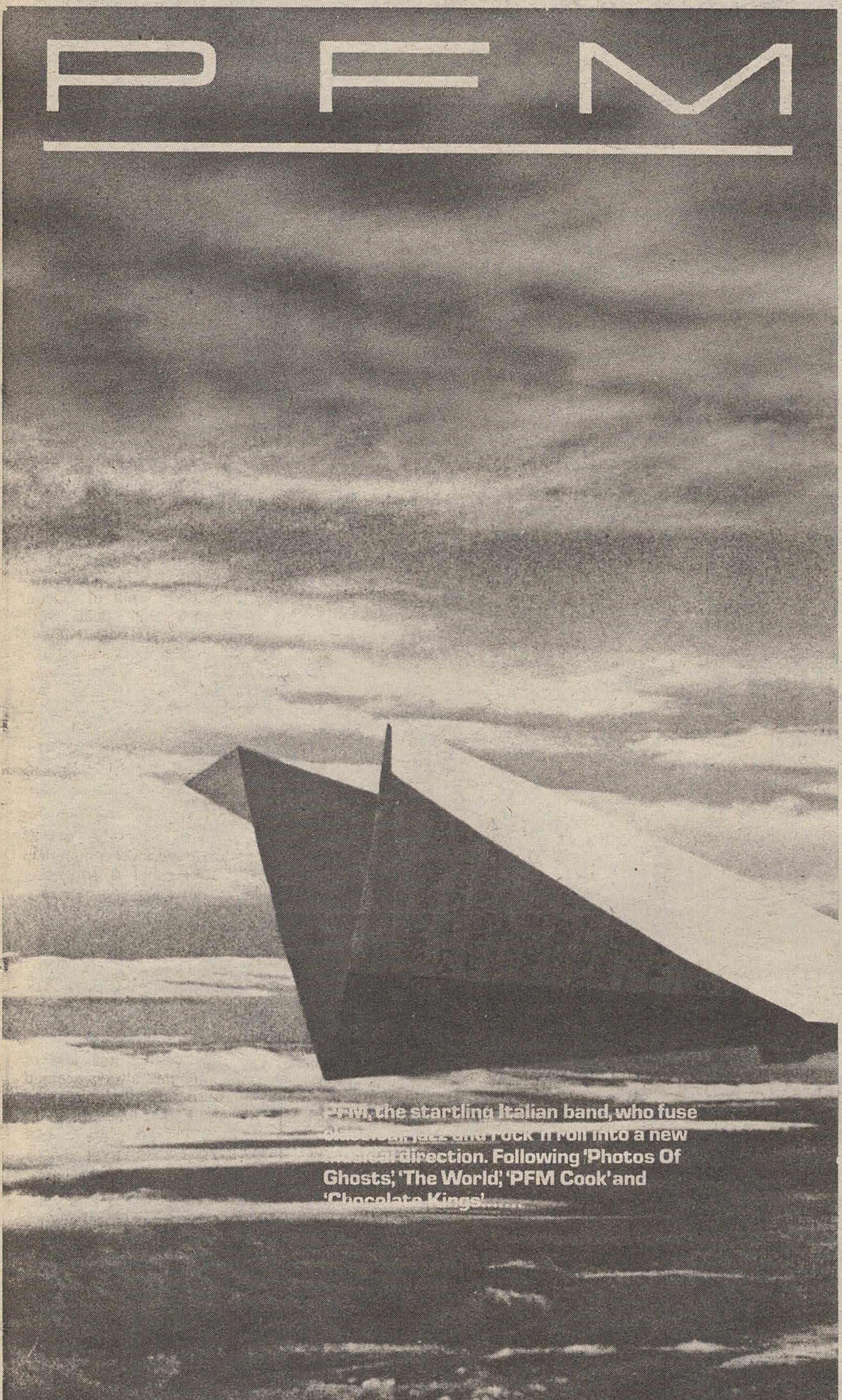
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HUMALONGA HAMMILL

VAN DER GRAAF
The Quiet Zone / The Pleasure Dome (Charisma)

ALL CHANGE. At long last, a significantly different Van Der Graaf.

And not before time. Despite an intense spate of recording activity, the reformed VDG seemed unlikely or unable to recapture the formidable intensity of "Pawn Hearts". Perhaps they were plain unwilling, since "Hearts" had precipitated their first, traumatic disintegration.

But to update. VDG mainman Peter Hammill remains, as does Guy Evans (drums). Dave Jackson (saxes, flutes) and Hugh Banton (keyboards) are out; Graham Smith (violin, viola) and Nic Potter (bass) are in.

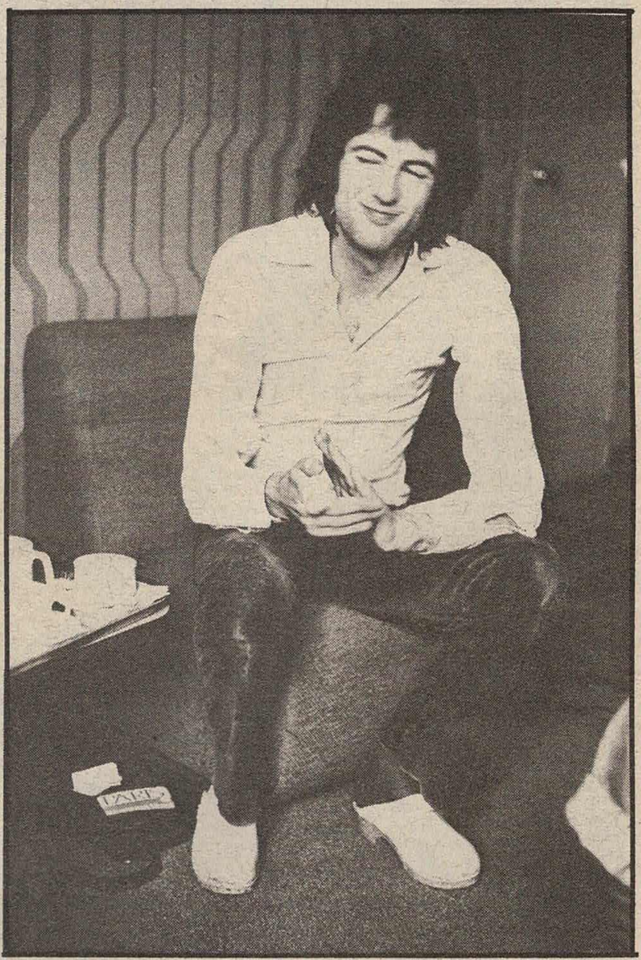
Smith used to bow a bridge for String Driven Thing and more recently played on Hammill's "Over"; Potter was present and correct in early VDG lineups.

Some aspects of the VDG totality remain unchanged. Hammill's lyrics show him to be as incorrigible (but almost admirably) self-obsessed as ever.

Frankly I still don't rate his litanies of rejection / isolation / absolution (delete where applic.) too highly; my mates in sixth form were all scribbling stuff at least as good if not better before they grew up and out of the interminable dissection of 'relationships' and 'inner selves'.

And so invariably it goes.

Misgivings aside, Hammill's imagery here is occasionally arresting, although just as often crabbed and needlessly obtuse. I'm reluctant to quote him at random since his lyrics tend towards all of one piece-dom. The man's tunes are not so uniform, whence for me much of VDG's appeal.


Hammill applauds MacKinnon's appraisal.

I've spun the album thirty times or more but still find it impossible to recall any of the songs without referring to them directly on record.

Snatches of melody and riffery abound, but Hammill cross-hatches them so dislocatively that any exact focus becomes futile. No matter, it's all compulsive listening — contrary to popular belief, you don't need a trenchcoat or depressants to gain access.

Once or twice Hammill's penchant for the melodramatic gets the better (or worse) of him — as in the burdensome but brief "Wave" — although he's mostly content (??) to sing abrasively and strum taut, pressure-point acoustic guitar. His infrequent electric guitar and piano are comfortably adequate, nothing more.

Evans and potter are index-linked, strong and supple. They need to be, given the abstracted vagaries of Hammill's output. Jackson guests long enough to squirt the odd sax fill to himself.

But Smith is the revelation. Apart from a lapse into gauche sub-Vivaldi pyrofiddling on "Cat's Eye", he tackles his subject with confidence and conviction, accentuating Hammill's every inflection with grace and acumen. I've not heard the violin so fully and intuitively integrated into a rock context.

"The Quiet Zone" is side one: four self-explanatory Hammill sketches of predictably predatory / elusive womankind in "Lizard Play", "The Habit Of The Broken Heart" (a Jesuit torch number if ever, Hamill), "Siren Song" and "Last Frame".

"The Pleasure Dome" is side two: four musings on the state of the Hammill consciousness (my God, he's *almost* up at times) and humanity at large in "Wave", "Cat's Eye", "Sphinx In The Face" and "Chemical World".

And yes, the songs shapeshift ceaselessly. Leaders of the pack — "Lizard" is pleasantly aggressive, "World" virtually inpenetrable and "Sphinx" nonchalantly Bowiesque with a code that bites the tail off "Ever Circling Skeletal Family".

So Van Der Graaf look good, still as offbeat as ever, breaking new ground once more. If I hadn't been sent this album, I'd have bought it. What more can I say?

Angus MacKinnon

Bitch! *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

DO THE DOG

FABULOUS POODLES
Fabulous Poodles (Pye)

THE POODLES are far from being John Entwistle's lap-dogs, even though the Who bassman is their producer.

Dogs they may be. But they snarl like alsatians, sprint like greyhounds, lark like labradors, and grip like mastiffs.

They bite and they bark and they mess up your carpets. But these musical mongrels are great to have around the house. The Poodles are to the New Wave what the Bonzos were to the mists of time. Doggedly funny.

The press handout that accompanies this debut almost defies reviewers to slag them off. A whole clutch of ecstatic live reviews are quoted. John Peel and Alan Freeman are named as admirers. Can all these people be wrong? Of course they can, and frequently are. But not this time.

This happens to be the finest English platter on the Pye label since "Lola" by the Kinks. Which is not saying much, really. But you get the drift.

The set begins, with suitable perversity, with "The Ending". Parody is one thing the Poodles do. "When the Summer's Thru" is one of the sharpest high-school ballads since Sha Na Na went senile. "Roll Your Own" sounds like a neat Stones put-down or tribute (whichever). And "Bike Blood" is the motorbike anthem to end them all.

Words are another thing the Poodles do. "Pinball Pin-Up" is a plaintive ballad in the Elton John Style, about falling in love with a picture on a pinball machine. *"Pinball pin-up,"* **they sing,** *"Is there nothing I can do? / Or is my nickel in your slot the only way I can get to you."*

But it's not all knockabout. The album works as straight rock, too. Partly because the Poodles are high-grade performers who can bash out a hard-nosed riff with the best of them. And partly because Entwistle has done a production job that complements their toughness.

Not a platter to cock a leg at.

Bob Edmunds

ALBUMS

Rundgren jaunting to gig. Note foot (right) not yet fully materialised.

Oops, Wrong Critic!

UTOPIA
Oops! Wrong Planet
(Bearsville)

THIS RECORD is irredeemably dumb. There's no sense in mincing words about it.

Initial reports indicated Todd Rundgren back in the driving seat, steering well away from the lop-sided "democracy" policy that formed the ideological skeleton of the Utopian master plan, and scything out short, punchy nuggets of rock confectionery like those that make him beloved of all 'pure pop people' throughout the early '70's.

Well, there was a hint of truth there since "Wrong Planet" contains 12 compact compositions clocking in at an average 3½ minutes. But before you get too excited, not that the Utopia democracy still calls the tune — to the extent that "Wrong Planet" is the perfectly logical follow-up to that last heinous episode with the red pyramid fetish and Rundgren and Co. decked out in Egyptian flunkie robes. No surrogate "Blook On The Nile" visuals this time, mind. The band have gone all anti-image, donning white shirts, slacks and plimsolls for that 'mere common man' look.

However, there is an awful lot here to rail against. The lyrics, for example. Well yes, of course, since spiritual elevation decided to impinge into Rundgren's music, most Utopia lyrics have been, at the very least, overbearingly poe-faced, and at their worst just offensive in their finger-pointing self-righteousness.

On "Planet" Rundgren and mates have taken their declarations on all-that-is-wrong-with-society to unpalatable nadirs. The message here is abhorrence of all things materialistic — money as public enemy number one, blah, blah ... which is all very sweet when like Rundgren you're set up for life in organic Woodstock with your own recording studios by the rockery and runner beans.

In answer to all our innumerable dilemmas, Utopia dredge up the token soothing balm of Universal Love. It's not simply that it's all so very serious here in Utopia; it's also, as I said, damnably dumb.

Dumb as in lines like *"Yeah, you could be the last trace of the master race / the Nazis really send you to another place"* from Rundgren's own "Love In Action", an otherwise slight rocker recalling lesser works from his Nazz tenure.

Dumb as in the whole on-the-road-to-Armageddon premise to "Marriage Of Heaven And Hell", a Powell / Sulton / Rundgren coalition which bears an unsavoury resemblance to those 'cute' arrangements from "Night At The Opera".

In fact, Rundgren, who actually penned a gross appreciation of Freddie Mercury's talents in *Melody Maker* some months ago, seems so enamoured with the Queen form that he constantly cross refers to its stylisations, much as he aped Yes ideas for "Ra".

The technical-ecstasy-as-aural-nightmare oooohh's and aaaahh's proliferate on a number of tracks here like deadly crawling weeds. Melodically, Rundgren is too involved in mating old cliches — the perennial minor chords and slick key changes abound, while the structures of the uptempo songs all sound virtually indistinguishable from other Utopia works like the dread "Death Of Rock And Roll" and "Hiroshima".

Really, aside from the vague infectiousness of "Love In Action" (an obvious single), a neat guitar break in "Crazy Lady Blue" — a Rundgren and Wilcox dreamy ballad — and a few tasty changes in "My Angel" and "Love Is The Answer", there is nothing here of any particular musical merit at all.

Worse still, whereas one could initially blame Utopia's deficiences on the one-dimensional bombast of the music, Rundgren's insistence on "democracy" with three less talented colleagues seems to display his talents in a pretty miserable light.

When four years ago on the "Todd" album he sang out *"I want to change the world"*, it actually meant something — and passionately. Now, on easily the worst song here, "The Martyr", his singing *"I know in my heart I could change the world with my guitar"* sounds brazenly egotistical and worthy only of the grossest contempt.

Universal statements be damned. The world sucks — we all know that — and so do Utopia and this wretched album.

Nick Kent

SMALL FACES
Playmates (Atlantic)
Rock Roots:
The Singles Album (Decca)

THIS FAR into the game, it appears that the best that can be hoped for from a reunion album is a draw. From disasters like The Byrds, Stills and Young, and Booker T and the MGs to draws like Crosby, Stills and Nash (a draw because it wasn't significantly worse than their original album) and the Animals, that seems about as far as the spectrum will stretch.

The latest contenders are the Small Faces, though their reformation is intended to be —ahem — an *ongoing situation* (can I get in *Private Eye* now, please sir?) Well, at least it's three-quarters of the Small Faces: Steve Marriott (guitar, harp, vocals, moustache and crass lyrics), Ian McLagan (keyboards) and Kenny Jones (drums) are present and correct, but Rick Wills is occupying Ronnie Lane's old slot (you should pardon the expression) even though Ronnie Lane gets 25% of one of the composer credits.

The problem with reforming under an old banner is that, while a group that's evolved continuously over a long period (like the Who or the Stones or The Beach Boys) has — of necessity — maintained a certain degree of continuity (vide Zappa's voluminous gabba-gabba-hey about "conceptual output macrostructure" or whatever), a group that re-assembles eight or nine years after dissolution is likely to be a whole different group.

The changes that they've gone through as individuals in their different environemnts (in this case Humble Pie, Marriott All Stars and medium-sized Faces) conflict with the memory of the band frozen at the moment of their last collective endeavour.

Assessing such an album means that you have to simultaneously bear in mind all the previous achievements of the Small Faces *and* rate it as a new band.

"Playmates" seems an oddly perfunctory album. Again, when a constant group makes a perfunctory album, the implication is that they're starting to get bored with what they're doing. But since the Small Faces got together *specifically* to make this album, the particular theory is of necessity inapplicable.

Maybe they just didn't have anything better to do.

The album's opening lyrical salvo is *"I like to feel kindafree and easy/ Drinkin' smokin' snortin' anything I please"* . . . yeah well, if they'd drunk, smoked and snorted a little less they might have realised what a fatuous piece of guff "High And Happy" is, and what a droning stoned bore the closer "Smilin' in Tune" turns out to be.

They still manage to recapture a good deal of their jagged-edge post-Booker T feel, though, and Marriott puts considerably more effort into his singing than he evidently did into his lyric writing. The album's only non-original, the old Valentino's number "Looking For A Love" (previously revived by both Bobby Womack and the J. Geils Band) generates the most attack, with Marriott humping and hollering with a verve and cheek that sounds totally natural (whereas other similar moments an the album sound forced and contrived).

The best moments elsewhere include "Drive-In Romance" (written by McLagan and ex journalist John Pidgeon), an excellent and evocative song about trying to carry on an illicit, secret love affair: *"We can't make love on no telephone wire/We can't set up home in the back of no car/If I wanna say I love you, baby it don't matter where we are/There's always someone there who shouldn't hear."* "Drive-In Romance" would've made a far better single than "Lookin' For A Love".

At best, a draw. I hope the next one's better.

Also kicking around at the moment is a Small Faces singles collection — i.e. all the A and B sides of their first eight singles — in Decca's "Rock Roots" series. If all the B-sides had been on one side of the album and all the A-sides on the other it'd be like having a stack of singles piled on the old auto-change tin box on the cover.

The combination of adolescent raunch and flooding nostalgia is always impossible to resist, and the record gets me off just fine. Objectively, the Small Faces are obviously and indisputably better musicians than they were in '65 -'67, and recording technology has improved immeasurably, but there ain't no substitute for energy and freshness.

These qualities are by no means the exclusive property of the chronologically young, which is why all that "You're too old" garbage pisses me off, but the evidence of "Playmates", the current incarnation of the Small Faces could badly do with some. Me, I'll be grooving along to "Whatcha Gonna Do About It", "Hey Girl", "All Or Nothing", "Sha-La-La-La-Lee", "E Too D" and the rest of 'em, and I hope Marriott and Co get copies of "Rock Roots: The Singles Album", and do likewise.

Charles Shaar Murray

NOVAKS KAPELLE
Novakskapellelive (Pan)

THIS MUST be one of the most unlikely records of the year. A thirty minute, 45 rpm album? An Austrian rock group? European technopunk?

There are four of them, running through their stage poses on the cover like monochrome MC5, and they sound like they've been influenced by every major rock act of the last ten years: a confused and noisy mixture.

"Go Man Go" is the best track: it's no more than mediocre by normal standards but there's more than a hint of Strangled pyschedelic rush. "Don't Think Once Don't Think Twice" is another fairly average piece only notable for the harsh speed of its execution.

Is it possible that Novaks Kapelle could sharpen and streamline the packaged drone of Krautrock in the same way that the Stranglers jerked psychedelia into the Seventies? Well, they haven't done it yet.

Something better change.

Kim Davis

SUTHERLAND BROS. AND QUIVER
Down To Earth (CBS)

THERE ARE those amongst us who believe the Sutherlands to be a bit wet. Which is understandable when you remember that their biggest song was "Sailing", pirated by Capn' Rod for his "Atlantic Crossing", while the brothers have two different albums (one here, one in the States) labelled as "Lifeboat".

On this, the band's third CBS album, Iain and Gav continue their search for Sealink success with such wave-washed items as "Dark Ship" and "Harbour Light", and it's hard to imagine them travelling by anything other than yellow submarine for much of what they offer comes greatly Beatle-influenced.

"Dark Ship", for instance, is replete with a Harrisonian lick straight out of "Here Comes The Sun"; "Fun Of The Farm" shapes up a kind of "Come Together" that deals with those who are mentally falling apart; while "Harbour Light", basically a bland and seemingly naively constructed song, has been transformed into excellent singles-fodder through the use of musical figures straight out of a combination of Duane Eddy and "Paperback Writer".

All the same, I rate "Down To Earth" as the band's strongest and most commercial album to date. A surprising fact when you consider that Quiver have virtually all mutinied en route, the only remaining original crew-member being drummer Willie Wilson — though guitarist Tim Renwick does appear on some portions of this album, along with various sessionmen.

Oddly enough the loss of personnel has always seemed to inspire the Sutherquivs, who racked up their lone British hit with "Arms Of Mary", soon after keyboardist Pete Woods jumped ship. And certainly CBS should be rubbing their hands at the collection of possible hits proffered by SB & Q's depleted personnel on "Down To Earth", for even if "Ice In The Fire", their latest single, fails to chart, then this Bruce Welch produced affair contains such a plethora of other worthwhile possibilities that hit-picking could prove an embarrassment.

Fred Dellar

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JOE GIBBS AND THE PROFESSIONALS

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BRISTOL EXHIBITION CENTRE £5 — Fri 16th Sept, Sat 17th Sept
BINGLY HALL BIRMINGHAM £5 — Fri 23rd Sept, Sat 24th Sept
BELLE VUE MANCHESTER £5 — Sat 8th Oct

Alight here for new lamps from old

CHEAP TRICK
In Color (Epic Import)

THIS BAND certainly lives up to its name. Cheap Trick uses some of the oldest cliches in the book. Because of that many people missed the entire point of their initial foray in the rock and roll ring.

Was it heavy metal, or was it idiosyncratic riffed-up pop served up with a tinge of abnormality in order to pull the wool over the public eye?

In fact it was both these things. But you only have to use your ears for a second before "In Color" lifts away from the debut on second stage orbit, stuffs those half-formed ideas into a cocked hat and spins madly on its chosen course. You haven't heard this bunch yet, but believe me you will.

Cheap Trick is lead guitarist, chief writer Rick Neilsen. He's the real fruit here. While all the world waits on the Beatles reunion this man is ripping off some of John and Paul's best ever tactics and filtering them through 1977 in a way the Fab Four will never be able to should they ever surface again.

He formed the band with bassist Tom Petersson in the South of France, young Americans on the culture trail. It was there they engaged the services of Bunezuela E. Carlos, the human juggernaut drummer. This fat chump with the dago threads is naturally pitted next to Nielsen for out and out weirdness; it's a Laurel and Hardy double-pronged bit of lunacy.

Rick Neilsen Pic: RICHARD CREAMER

"Hi, the drummer and I are real whacky but the other two guys in the band on the cover over there look like Hall and Oates."

Which leaves rhythm guitarist and lead singer Robin Zander. Now Zander and Petersson are the incongruity here. The pretty boy kind, put 'em with Petty and Twilley and you'd have the ultimate teen dream. The combination is lethally screwball. On the front cover the sexy duo pose on heavy machines in the grand manner. Flip over and the crazy half are puffing along in filthy sneakers on crumby mopeds, in black and white.

And the record is plain arson. More inflammatory than Ted Nugent or Led Zeppelin or any of the moron school of out dated punch drunk cretins who furnish the violent aspirations of a billion skull bashing retards.

Nielsen spits out that chaff with the first flick on "Hello There", one of those introducing the band numbers, see what they can do. Only they do it with a degree more aplomb and sass than any comparable band I've heard this year bar the 'Tators.

That's one facet. Take Aerosmith mutated with a hideous gene error of Macca's "Long Tall Sally" and you come up with "Clock Strikes Ton", don't think too hard though, just rock along.

Kinda fun. Zander tortures his tonsils with greater gusto on "Southern Girls", this is one for the boys to get down and off themselves. Top heavy screaming and snarling down the driveway before Zander meets Nielsen's symphonic slowbone power chords head-on. Last time I heard that riff it was on the front of Link Wray's right hand.

Bunezuela from Venezuela crumbles dust during "Come On, Come On", another anthem of volume but snuggling tight on a sumptuous pop melody. I mean that Nielsen is writing material equally as vital and dangerous as anything on them early Beatles, Who and Stones antiques.

So Nielsen's scale of assault on "Big Eyes" is pure solo Lennon with a pulse that breezes second-rate supergroup has-beens clean out the window. It isn't only that Cheap Trick out do the competition crunch wise, they can also handle a gestalt slice of commerical potential like "Downed" and turn in a cold turkey . performance which revolves on waves of moody, mean and wild schizophrenia.

Cheap Trick has nothing standing in its way to full acceptance, massive popularity and the formula to fleece the entire universe stone dry. They utilise technology with the certainty of the master race.

Zander, Petersson, Carlos and Nielsen are going to break out nationally, no doubt about it, and the sooner the better. Make sure you're ready for the inevitable.

Max Bell

LONE STAR
Firing On All Six (CBS)

STRICTLY FOR export, Lone Star. Well, not *strictly*, but one does rather get the feeling that bands like this tumble off the end of a London Studio production line and straight onto Concorde, bound for the glory of a support spot on Queen's next tour of the Americas.

In the context of the UK, Brit-rock is obsolete. Fortunately, however, that's not so where it really counts, in Cleveland, Ohio, and Salem, Virginia . . .

What's most ironic about the obsolescence of this techno-flash stuff — even if obsolete's a frivolous way of saying past-its-peak — is that five years ago records like this were literally impossible. Five years? Make that one year!

The technical sophistication of the performance and production on this album would make J. Marshall Hendrix turn in his grave. The bass is so physical; the segues so seamless; the guitar so liquid-toned; the drums so taut; the vocal pyrotechnics so alien; the keyboards so unfathomable . . .

Since Lone Star's first album last year vocalist Kenny Driscoll has been replaced by a 19-year-old called John Sloman.

Something Stirs And Comes Alive...

"It's a strong set, a sensitively balanced debut album, and one which deserves attention from all self-respecting rock followers."
Harry Doherty
Melody Maker

From the band who now call themselves 'Crawler,' the energy lying dormant following the death of Paul Kossoff has now come alive, with a dynamic new album and a thunderous stage presence.

Read the reviews, listen to the music–prove to yourself that Crawler really are back 'n' bitin'!

"They play earthy music, dirt on their hands, blood on their tracks...
Stick with them."
Phil
Sutcliffe
Sounds

82083
Epic Records & Tapes

Produced by Allan Callan and Crawler

That probably means rather more to Mrs. Sloman than it does to you, but I urge you to take a listen to, oh, any track, and then think some.

That's a nineteen - year - old howling in the centre of that electronic maelstrom (as the jargon has it). Forget the jargon — that *is* an electronic maelstrom, perfectly controlled, and there at the centre of it, like Paraguay getting the atom bomb, is this jumped up kid making his first record ever, with more power at his fingertips than The Beatles ever handled in their entire career.

Punk rock is not just a rejection of technology: it's also a retreat. These days the controls of my record player are constantly set for maximum presence on all those scratchy guitars — but occasionally something comes along like "Firing On All Six" or (less academically) Starz' "Violation," by someone who is actually confronting technology with aggressive bravado, and the mental and technical readjustment required reveals just how much 1977 has averted its eyes from the skies.

Technology has deservedly got itself a bad name at the hands of pretentious bozos blundering around their 59-track consoles like so many bulls in the china shop. But the way these guys attack it exhilarates me in the way that counting the guitars on "Night Bird Flying" did when "The Cry Of Love" came out.

I feel guilty for liking it, such is the oppressive power of rock's inverted snobbery.

Lone Star are basically a bombastic guitar band. Two guitars (Tony Smith and Paul Chapman), keyboards (Rick Worsnop), bass and drums (Peter Hurley and Dixie Lee), and singer John Sloman. Most of the songs on their first album, "Lone Star," were written by previous singer Kenny Driscoll; I've only got a white label of this one, but I'm told it's pretty much a group effort this time.

Their debut was produced by Roy Thomas Baker; this time mixing engineer Gary Lyons handles production, and from my scant familiarity with "Lone Star," this sounds far less diffuse, possibly less gimmicky, deliberately less dynamic. Now it's total attack nearly all the time; even on the 'quiet' bits the power is ominous.

Probably wisely, you can't hear the words — or rather the voice is positioned so the lyrics aren't obtrusive — but Sloman is a good singer in his distraught English fashion. The music is very heavy, reasonably unhistrionic, very cultured, very committed.

The heavy metal renaissance is underway already. I don't really think the pretty posturers and the ugly guitar manglers will die like swatted flies before the spiky hordes, but if they do the ideal outcome will be a few brave groups like Lone Star surviving on record company patronage and by feeding the Zep surrogate mainline Stateside, awaiting *their* trend.

I have seen the next future but one of rock and roll. You'll hate it.

Phil McNeill

CARAVAN
Better By Far (Arista)

UNTIL RECENTLY I was happy to give Caravan the benefit of the doubt, to respect their tenacity in almost confronting the late 70's with a modest faith in prettily slight songs and inventive instrumental playing.

This abortive excuse of an album has, I'm afraid, convinced me otherwise. Diehard Caravaneers will doubtless grok and groove to "Better By Far" but — well, it just depresses me beyond measure.

Pye Hastings' once trenchant facility for airy vignettes with sublime hooks seems to have deserted him. Coy lyrics and fay vocals do nothing to enliven his six nondescript contributions. To be fair Hastings never rendered his songs any other way but, bereft of some degree of substance, they become irredeemably trite.

Geoff Richardson's agile violin and viola soften the blow, even if his own material's little improvement on Hastings'; "The Last Unicorn" says nothing instrumentally that Jean Luc Ponty hasn't said more aptly.

Furthermore, Jan Schelhaas' synthesisers merely grate (whither Dave Sinclair or Steve 'English' Miller?) whilst Tony Visconti's brutal garage band production (aka Bowie's "Low") is totally unsuitable.

Better by far? Better than what?

Angus MacKinnon

STRAWBS:
Burning for You (Oyster)

THIS ALBUM, with its human candles on the cover, is misnamed. These days, Dave Cousins is spluttering for himself.

Having saved up his best melodies for his Oyster debut, last year's "Deep Cuts", and got nowhere with them, Cousins has opted strongly for wall-to-wall harangues. Partly, no doubt, because it reflects his mood.

This set mainly consists of verbose screeching after the style of "The Hangman and the Papist" (or whatever it was called). On "Alexander the Great" Cousins stridently denounces the wickedness of critics. The hero, Alexander, dies of a broken heart, Let this be a warning to us.

Bob Edmands

IMPORTS

TAKE A fifth of Barbra Streisand, a third of Dory Previn and stir gently together, adding a healthy portion of dry Carole Bayer Sager.

Now you've got the recipe for the cocktail of a voice possessed by **Libby Titus,** who's not only read the book on how to win friends and influence producers but would also appear to have helped write it.

Not *any* old producers mind — Ms Titus only has the best people sipping champagne around her studio control booth. Which is why her album credits read: "produced by Phil Ramone, with Paul Simon, Carly Simon and Robbie Robertson".

Maybe you're not impressed by producer-power. That being the case, then the tousle-topped Titus is ready to throw a nifty song writing credits your way. I mean, when you've helped pen an anthem or two with the likes of Eric Kaz, Al Kooper and Hirth Martinez, then your credibility rating reaches reasonable heights, right?

Add a whole mess of back-up names like those of James Taylor, Garth Hudson, John Tropea, Joe Beck, Patti Austin, etc., and it's blatantly obvious that the lady has an album that's due to accrue fair sales on personality-pull alone. Musically though, it's not *that* impressive, some of Titus' phrasing being inept, while her version of Judy Henske's "Yellow Beach Umbrella" is particularly leaden. However, her opening "Fool That I Am", with Paul Simon both producing and providing the background vocals, is a flugelhorn-bedecked beauty.

Even little Rounder Records seem hip to the name-game nowadays, for they've just released "Mud Acres Two", the star-studded follow-up to the **Maria Muldaur,** Bill Keith, Eric Kaz, get-together that came our way just a short while back. This time around, the down-homey frolics involve **Eric Anderson,** Art and Happy Traum, Bill Keith. **Paul Butterfield,** Jim Rooney, **John Sebastian,** Paul Siebel and various others. Though I haven't managed to bend an ear to this one as yet, such a line-up would appear to indicated a happy aural experience.

Ricci Martin's "Beached" (Epic) is well-titled in view of the singer-songwriter's Beach Boy connections. Produced by Carl Wilson and Bill Hinske, the album features Dennis Wilson and Ricky Fataar as sessioneers, along with "Surf's Up" and "Heroes And Villains" song-shaper Van Dyke Parks, employed on this occasion as surfboard synthesiser man. Again the rest of the cast is more celeb than pleb with Jimmy McCullough finding a spot among the guitarists and brass trimmings being courtesy of Messrs. Loughnane, Pankow and Paradizaider, forward line for the Windy City all stars.

Maria Muldaur

HMV report that they're now stocking "Atlanta Rhythm Section" and "Back Up To The Wall" both Dutch MCA releases, at the reasonable price of just £1.75 a throw. The former, which featured vocalist Rodney Justo, was never issued in this country, though it did form part of a recently available and quite expensive imported double.

Also around is **Sister Sledge's** cut-in-Munich "Together" (Cotillion), plus **Caldera's** "Sky Islands" (Capitol), **First Choice's** "Delusion" (Gold Mind). **Michael Clark's** "Free As A Breeze" (Capitol), **Bobby Goldsboro's** "Goldsboro" (Epic), **Miller Jackson's** "Feelin' Bitchy" (Spring), **Gary Toms'** "Turn It In" (MCA), and "Patti Labelle" (Epic), a solo flight that has **Patti Labelle** working out on a set that includes Willie Dixon's "You Can't Judge A Book By The Cover" and Dylan's "Most Likely You Go Your Way". All in all then, a pretty hectic week on the import front.

Fred Dellar

Crawler

"This is one proverbial mutha of an album.
You can feel the band are playing the way they want to play, sod comparisons, it's just plain wholesome music, covering moods, played in a spirited style that many aged, established outfits sorely lack."
Pete Makowski. Sounds

Culture, Devotion, Ladbroke Grove

DELROY WASHINGTON
Rasta (Virgin)

DELROY WASHINGTON was born in Jamaica and has lived in Britain since 1960. This is his second Virgin album.

Last summer's "I Sus" interspersed rapturous celebrations ("Jah Wonderful", "This Ya Reggae Music") with streetwise angles on the urban black predicament ("Stoney Blows", "Generation Game", "The Streets Of Ladbroke Grove"), a subject on which Washington has proved himself well qualified to comment.

"Rasta" is not aimed at the cynical. It's strictly devotional. All roads lead not to Rome, but to Zion.

As Washington suggests in the title song: *"Talk about judging a book by its cover / Civilised people should know better."* The point being that, as he goes on to say, *"I and I have a culture today / No matter what the wicked may say"*. All right?

The album opens and closes with two chants, massively buttressed declarations of faith. The first of these is biblical, not sung but recited over Rasta drums, Jericho brass and horns; the second is complementary, the same rhythm charged with shimmering vocal harmonies and electric guitars.

The other eight songs are characterised by Washington's long, loping figures. He and Bunny McKenzie share bass as Aswad's Angus Gaye drums with mesmeric precision.

Much of the strength of Washington's writing lies in his arranging abilities. Anyone who toes the line that reggae's still in some primordial state of musical/technical evolution should listen up.

Whilst "Mystic Revelation" sways evanescently, its mood a muted backdrop to its message, the ensuing "Brothers In Trouble" clips to and fro across an intricate lattice of splintered guitars (catch Al Anderson's sweet solo) and hazy harmonica. Washington himself produced intensively, and "Rasta" augurs well for JA's Aquarius studio, its sumptuous mixdown zone.

Washington's insistence on peaceful radicalism remains uppermost. "Dress Back" is the necessary act of exorcism: *"Dress back, Satan / You come with your guns, you better leave with your atom bomb"* — a timely statement in view of the current controversy over South Africa's nuclear capability.

Enough detail. Like so much strong reggae "Rasta" centres on the understanding that body and soul are, for this life at least, indivisible and that if we (black or white) can't find that inner harmony, then we've got problems, personal and polictical.

Just forget the hip and the hype. Hear for yourself.

Angus MacKinnon

Delroy Washington

CHRIS HILLMAN
Clear Sailin' (Asylum)

WHATEVER HIS credentials, for me Chris Hillman has *always* been a bozo.

He was the guy who was originally brought into The Byrds because Crosby was too zonked to handle bass. Fair enough. But when they allowed him to write trite pop songs for them ("Time Between", "Thought And Words", "Natural Harmony"), his disruptive influence was enough to spoil the symmetry of those early Byrd albums.

A long time ago, I concede, and since then — well, read the ads. "Clear Sailin' " in his second solo effort and it's no less trying than the first. Maybe it's even more so. He's still up to his old tricks, you know. Namely, playing with guys who know their licks inside-out, who could perform semi-comatose (and sound like they do).

No complaints, though, on the musicianship-meter (and a special citation for Al Garth's sax playing is in order).

But the songs — come on, they're entirely, irrefutably nondescript (hum me one, go on, I dare you). Except for the two cover versions. There's Danny O'Keefe's "Quits" (as in "Let's call it . . ."), which is a mite too appropriate, and Smokey Robinson's "Ain't That Peculiar", which certainly *is* — synthesized, would you believe?

One of Hillman's compositions is called "Playing The Fool". That's exactly what he's been playing the paying customers for — for far too long.

Monty Smith

THE MOVIES
Double A (GTO)

THE MOVIES' sophisticated funk is aimed at the brain rather than the feet. They play disco music for intellectuals.

At times they recall Little Feat. But despite the surrounding Hollywood imagery, their approach has more in common with European art flicks.

The aim is earnest artistry, with popular appeal left to fend for itself. As a result the album takes some getting used to. The first side, in particular, needs repeated plays before anything sticks.

Most of the songs are by the husky-voiced singer Jon Cole, and whilst he's a mean man with a lyric, a memorable melody consistently eludes him. But maybe that's the way he wants it.

The only songs with (relatively) simple structures are stacked up at the back of the album. "She's A Be-Bopper", "Living The Life", and "Chasing Angels" deliver the goods the first time round.

In contrast the opener, "Heaven on the Street", is strong on atmosphere, but rendered somewhat fussily.

Elsewhere on the set, it's as though The Movies believe there's intrinsic merit in changes of pace and direction, but frequently these seem no more than irksome distractions.

There's no denying the skill and imagination on display. Lots of tasty solos and neat production touches. But as with IOcc, the band sometimes seem too coolly cerebral to generate any emotion.

No doubt the reputation they gained as Joan Armatrading's backing band will help sales.

Bob Edmands

THE SONS OF CHAMPLIN:
Loving Is Why (Ariola/America)

THE RELEASE of the Sons Of Champlin's eighth album is unlikely to set the world ablaze; these Marin County individuals never have been anything more than a well loved and respected cult band.

Now it transpires that founder member and father Bill Champlin is leaving his progeny to get on without him while he pursues a solo career rather late in the day. One result of his departure is a single out with Jerry Garcia which finally prompted him to move out and scale the rungs of fame.

For nine years The Sons, in one form or other, but always with a basis of four longstanding musicians, have entered the bottom regions of the American charts purely on the basis of West Coast sales.

"Loving Is Why" is pretty atypical for the band, very easy listening, high grade Californian escapism with songs that draw their inspiration from Champlin's distinctive method of filling out soft soul rhythms with crystal definition.

The best thing about the Sons is that they never try and change their act, a bit more arranging, a taste more sax, greater hold on the solos but usually they stay inside the mood dictated by their leader's fluid vocals and Terry Haggerty's modest guitar invention.

The subject matter is as wet as ever, optimistic doodling with a limited set of literary phrases and an approach whose sole intention is to have some high times. The effect is addictive if you've been listening since their key statement "Loosen Up Naturally" laid back and lush plus a biting edge somewhere in there which is impossible to pull away from the good natured bent of the material.

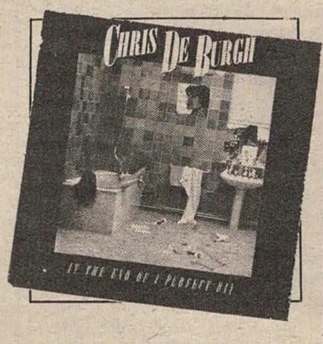
The title song is straight 'A' Bill Champlin, deliciously understated with the vibration carried along by Steve Frediani's lyrical flute and Jim Preston's rolling drum punch. The group get down on the white funk "What'Cha Gonna Do", shades of smooth Tower Of Power in the horns, Bay Area traditions, home made crafts and busting good health. The Sons Of Champlin's greatest attribute remains staying tight inside some precise structures.

They steal a lick from Traffic on the intro to "Big Boss Man", a chestnut whose authentic justification is its own excellence as a vehicle for Bill Champlin's tough-up, breathy enuncation.

One drawback with the Sons is that they never create anything larger than a very pleasant sound. They aren't pioneers, don't have a dynamic image. "Doin' It For You" sums them up, a bunch of talented freaks having a ball.

And "Loving Is Why" is the only way they could have gone out, doing what they do best. Creating object lessons in West Coast high humour. They made me feel good and sometimes that's enough.

Max Bell



CHRIS DE BURGH
At The End Of A Perfect Day (A & M)

GEE, WHAT must it be like to be so *sensitive* in the modern world? Midway between the rampages of Heavy Metal maniacs and pogoing punks. No wonder Chris de Burgh is driven to wallow even deeper in the Slough of Despond.

He's so sensitive even his nerves have nerves. His stomach produces more acid than all the laboratories along the San Francisco Bay. His heart has been broken so many times that you can't see the blood vessels for the Bostik.

He's touted as a "modern-day minstrel" and a Libran (and we all know how wet *they* are) with degrees in French and English. He sells wagonloads of product in Brazil, South Africa and Germany — all the democratic, desirable lands of the planet.

He was "educated in Marlborough, England, and Trinity College, Dublin" and his family tree "can be traced back to Richard The Lionheart and includes the ancient Kings Of Ireland on one side, the Barons Of Normandy on the other." That and 5p might get you a cup of coffee out the machine in King's Reach Tower, sonny. If I had Irish ancestors I'd keep schtum about it.

If A & M want to push de Burgh as a heart-throb, they'd better call in Pierre Laroche for a quick Sistine Chapel job. At the moment he's the kind of boy we girls always pick to be sick on. Maybe it's that Richard-Harris-As-King-Arthur fringe.

His blurb says he's "fierce and forceful", but he makes Lynsey de Paul sound like The Incredible Hulk. He uses words such as "eternity", "Turtledoves", and "horizon" a lot and strums at an acoustic guitar. He has songs called "Broken Wings", "Summer Rain", "In A Country Churchyard" and "A Rainy Night In Paris".

His limp melodies are as memorable as yesterday's paper knickers and his lyrics make "Mah Na Mah Na" read like The Mabinogion.

I kid you not.

Julie Burchill

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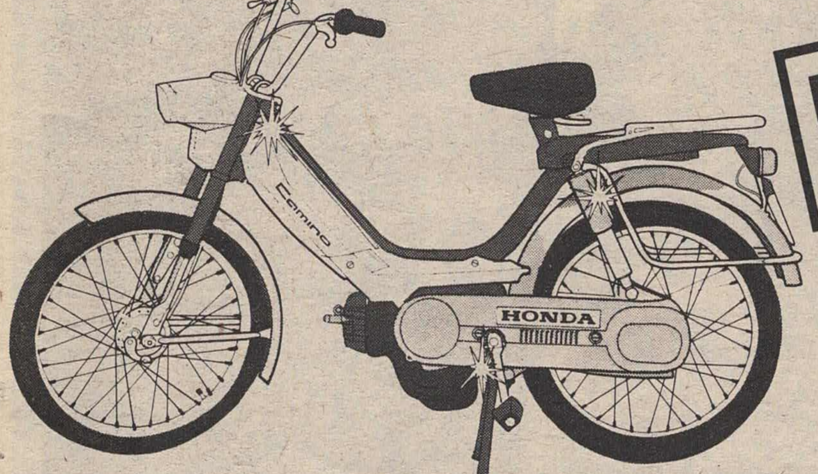

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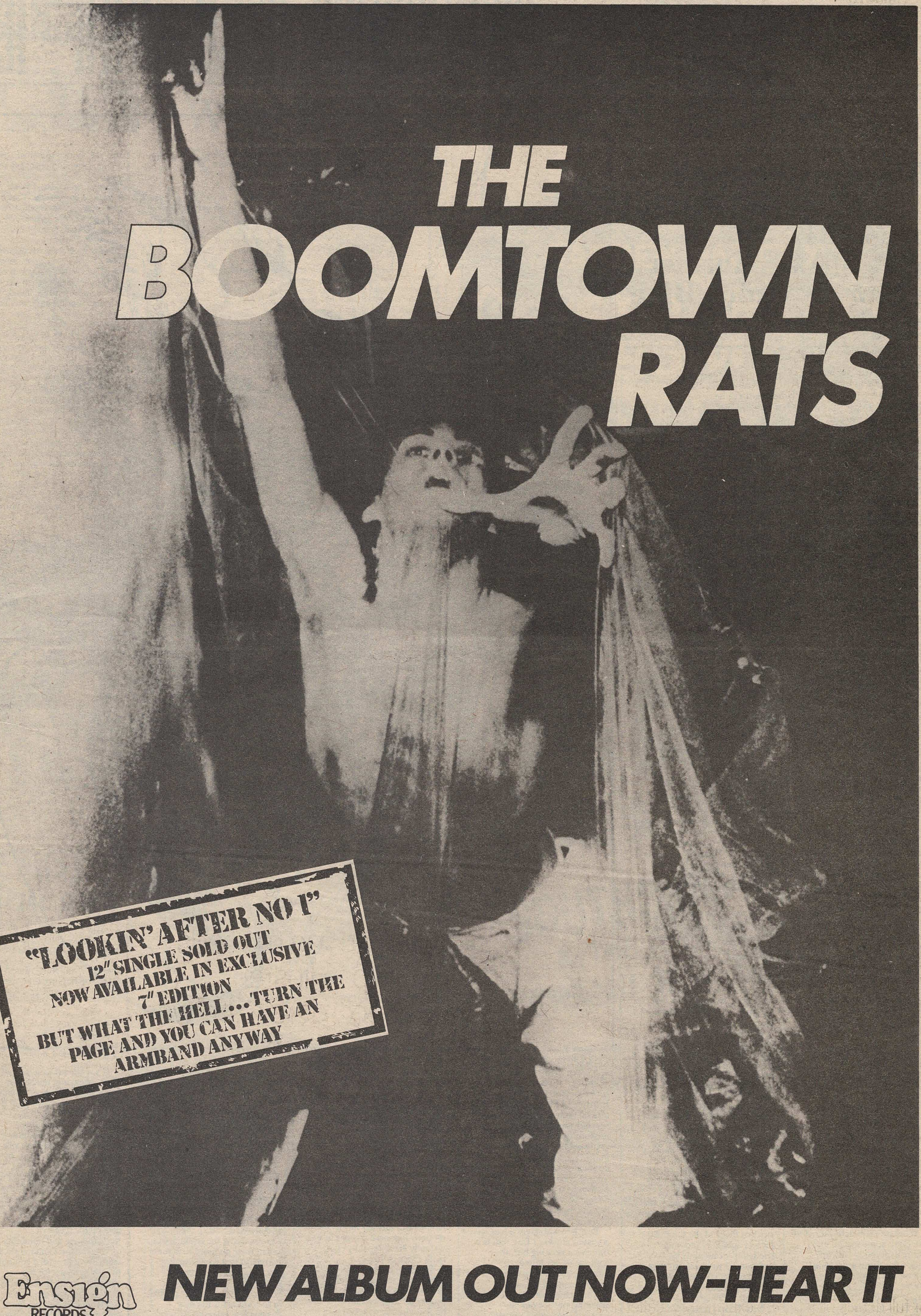


Ensign RECORDS

NEW ALBUM OUT NOW-HEAR IT

ENVY1

SIDE SWIPE

Blood on the tracks . . . A biker's lament, by MARK WILLIAMS, former editor of 'Which Bike' magazine

"IT'S REALLY great y'know," this braggart friend of mine said from the comfort of his full-leg plaster cast, "when you get to about 120, the front-end feels so fuckin' light, you could swear you were flying.

"In fact I gotta admit it, if I hadn't 'ave been so stoned I might've noticed that I *was* flying . . . just hit some little rut in the road and I was two feet in the air, still in a straight line, honest-to-god I was, two feet in the air at 120 miles per hour, for chrissakes!"

Now here's a man with a pound and a half of steel (he says) in his leg, a mess of splintered bone and thrammelled flesh that made chicken stew look like corned beef, three months in hospital and another five hobbling round on crutches, and as he's talking he's manoeuvring himself awkwardly around a half-dismantled 850cc motorcycle that lies in oily repose in his girlfriend's scullery.

I am impressed by this guy's *savoir faire.*

"Listen," he continues enthusiastically, "those dumb bastards at the garage don't know shit about Honda engines. Three hundred quid I paid for the cam-shaft and the big-bore conversion and what I get is blown pistons and no fuckin' power below five grand. Shit, I was wearing out clutches just going down to the shops and the second time I took it for a run on the motorway I'm losing valves out the exhaust pipes.

"'Course they didn't want to know when I took 'em back a basket case. 'Tough shit mate' is about all they had to say."

"Now a few years back I had that Trident, remember it? That was a neat piece all right, fast as hell straight out of the crate, handled like a dream, looked ballsy and, well, sure it broke down n'stuff — that's what British bikes are supposed to do ain't they? But it was easy enough to fix and didn't cost you an arm and a leg to get the parts.

"But," and there's an uncharacteristic trace of wistfulness in his voice, "they don't really make British bikes anymore."

My friend, who we'll call Joe, has it right down. Twenty-seven and some years old, a year or two's stir behind him, he's lived motorcycles since he was old enough to steal his brother's BSA Bantam and ride it down the street *sans* helmet, tuition or even the remotest idea of how to do anything but accelerate. 'Keep the revs *up*' is his motto.

And Joe is some kind of last vestige of British Punk Biker. (No, bozo, not Punk as in New Grave, Punk as in on-the-road-and-on-the-lam).

What he's still determined to live out is some macho myth where everybody with any balls rides damn great twin cylinder motorcycles spewing smoke, noise and occasionally large quantities of oil and they ride them but *fast.*

The whole idea is to have fun. Get wired, get weird, get drunk, get laid and get busted for doing 60 in a 40 mile zone but above all have lots of jollies basically because you have the wherewithal: a big bike and the moxie to ride it, er, righteously.

Nowadays that sort of behaviour is near impossible though, as well as being sadly unfashionable. Sure there's a bike boom going on — just look around you and you'll see about 1,200,000 bikes on the road where there were only 675,000 three years ago. But this boom owes nothing to the scuzz-bomb imagery that Joe holds so dear to his heart.

No, the new order is clean, clinical and ultimately rather boring.

Most kids on the street are riding oriental gizmos, well engineered in their own way, but too flashy by half (decals and metalflake sprayed through a sock just don't exude the right degree of class), and mass produced in such numbers so's to wean out all the soul that comes with the hammer n' screwdriver* engineering that British bikers once held so dear . . . didn't we?

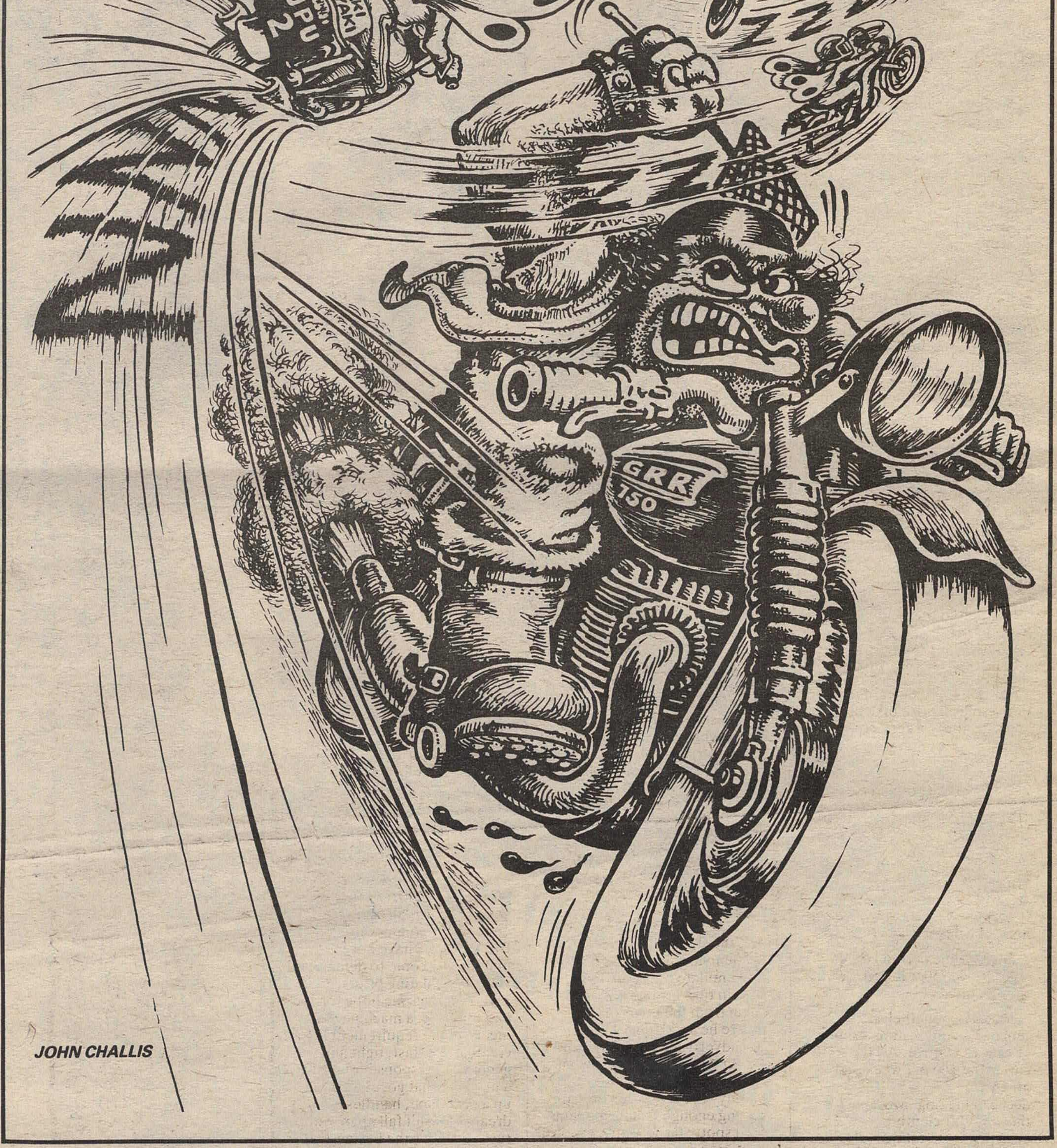
Kawasaki, Honda, Suzuki and Yamaha are now the big names in motorcycling where once, just six or seven years ago, they feared to tread in the furrows that BSA, Triumph and Norton once so firmly ploughed — often quite literally — up and down this greener and considerably more pleasant land.

Nowadays you get some antiseptic Jap scoot that runs smoothly, quietly and durably for a couple of years, then when it does eventually go wrong you throw it away as the cosmetic attractions of the newer models shrewdly introduced to replace it outweigh the cost and inconvenience of repairing it.

(Fact: a set of pistons for my 650cc Yamaha twin cost £37.00. For the Triumph Bonneville, last 'proper' bike still made in Britain and its nearest direct comparison, the price is £17.54. Moreover, the Yamaha items were not in stock at three of the four factory agents I randomly tried, and would only be if ordered 2/3 weeks in advance, whereas the Trumpet parts were to be had from all four equivalent dealers).

Now I don't propose to enumerate just how many wimp-ish 90cc Hondas and 185cc Suzukis there are on the roads as compared with the 650 and 750cc British twins of a few years ago . . . some serious spokesperson from the Institute of Motorcycling (an official body hastily convened to whitewash the more unsavoury aspects of two-wheeled highway carnage in the face of spiralling accident statistics and bad after sales service, and run, if you please, by a public relations company, would very likely dispute my figures and their implications if I did.

But then who gives a toss for statistics anyway? But, and this time it's a very big but, the collapse of our home motorcycle industry is symptomatic of the fall of motorcycling bravura, the creaking state of our car industry, the recent upsurge of Moluccan terrorism and just about anything else that takes your fancy after a couple of Thai sticks and a quart of British sherry . . .



JOHN CHALLIS

BUT I digress. What went wrong with the BSA/Triumph consortium was a result of their decision to try and meet the yellow peril on equal terms. At the turn of the '70s, they drastically up-dated their current range and even resurrected a whole slew of tired old models in an attempt to compete with far more modern Japanese designs in virtually *every* capacity class from 175cc to 750cc.

The cost, both in terms of spares back-up, production diversification and sales promotion was a strain on a budget already wracked by a several million pound loss.

Taking on a heavily financed, highly sophisticated Japanese motorcycle industry across the boad in such a Kipling-esque manner threw them straight into the arms of the receiver — especially as the wily Nips had already demonstrated their prowess in our main market — America — by trashing the hi-fi and camera markets.

If you can swallow the fact that Britain, until the early '60s the major motorcycle producing nation bar none, steadfastly maintained that the trickle of economic, reliable, and above all cheap bikes that were entering the country from Japan were no more than mere *gimmicks* that would never catch on, then you may understand why they never bothered to invest their profits in re-tooling for the new designs that talented British engineers like Bert Hopwood were itching to get into production.

It's really no wonder that their wheezing, unreliable bikes rattled themselves into a corporate graveyard after it was too late to take preventative measures.

Only Norton-Villiers saw how they could make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, by pitching very hard on the machismo/nostalgia ticket with a machine whose design dated back to the '50s . . . glorifying its heritage for all it was worth while cunningly refining it to acceptable levels of performance and reliability.

The Norton Commando 850 could have provided valuable breathing space for the company to get their financial act together and develop a small but competitive range of new machinery. (In the States, Harley-Davidson had successfully adopted such a formula with their equally

THE PAGE
WITH THE
STRONG
RIGHT LEG

Wind in yer hair an' bugs in yer teeth

artereosclerotic V-twin behemoth which appeals like crazy to leather boys, chopper freaks and other unsavoury types, although they now sell a whole mob of small capacity two-strokes to keep the range balanced).

But Norton-Villiers were called upon to rescue the ragged remnants of the crippled BSA/Triumph melange, and got caught up in strikes, work-ins and Government shilly-shallying that were ultimately their undoing. Today what's left of the company assembles a few Easy-Rider mopeds, mainly from Italian and German parts — this they half-heartedly refer to as the "rebirth of the British motorcycle industry."

UK bike dealers, loyal enough to the home industry, grimly held on for a supply of bikes and spares to re-emerge from the inert factories. The Japanese importers — never particularly well-organised and run largely by drop-outs from British companies like AMC, Matchless, BSA, etc — were hardly poised to benefit from Norton/BSA/Triumph's scew-ups, but even they couldn't soft-pedal forever.

In 1977 you'd be hard put to find a solus British bike dealer and only the workers' co-op, run by ex-Triumph workers from the factory Norton-Villiers tried to close down in Meriden, soldier on producing Bonnevilles. Financed by a few million quid of taxpayer's money, most of the 19,000 machines they built last year went to rheumy eyed Americans with strong right legs and a decent knowledge of home mechanics.

In the same period Honda sold 25,000 750cc machines in the UK alone.

Meriden nonetheless remains an interesting example of worker control. All the staff earn a flat £60 per week and are involved in managerial decision making. Moreover, they are sufficiently enterprising to take on the assembly of an Italian 125cc machine, the Moto-Guzzi Co-Uno, which enables them to profit, albeit minimally, from a section of the market that they couldn't otherwise hope to compete in.

They recently began assembling Puch mopeds under licence as well, but it may be that this sort of diversification will deter them from development of larger capacity machines, such as a big-bore version of the once indomitable 3-cylinder 750cc Trident, where their profitability must inevitably lie.

MUCH AS this would raise a smile on Joe's crooked lips, it wouldn't help him become leader of the pack, 'cause there ain't no packs anymore. Not unless you concede — as I don't — that the kids literally buzzing around at 35 mph on so-called 'super mopeds' or at the very best 250cc Jap twins, can be called motorcycle gangs.

A half-way decent 750cc bike costs at least a grand nowadays and if you want real wind - in - your - hair, bugs-in-your-teeth excitement, you've got to go for an 850 or 1000cc machine and that means you're looking at £1600 to £3000! It ain't marbles, and most teenagers can't persuade mater and pater to cop for the hire purchase, let alone pay for it out of their paper round revenue.

So the kids get to ride small stuff and only pop stars and other better heeled young adults can afford the real muscle. And unless they've got a pretty whacked-out sense of propriety — like Joe for instance — they treat their expensive toys gently.

Motorcycle outlaws? Well they're still around if you look hard enough, but they're largely locked into the '60s when Beezers and Nortons were the only way to go. They sneer at the 'Jap Crap', shrug their ample shoulders, and get back to rebuilding the '68 Bonnies for the fifth time.

In fact, the supply of parts for these few remaining hogs being what it is, allied to their propensity to self-destruct at regular intervals (the vertical twin engine is inherently subject to vibrate itself to bits sooner or later), means that Angels these days seem to travel by four wheels or more rather than two. Ford Zodiacs are the new cult . . . but that's another story.

So Angels keep a low profile and the stars of the street wear svelte nylon ski jackets and try and emulate Barry Sheene, who in turn grins down on them from the hoardings where he and Henry Cooper are advertising aftershave and locker room antics. Jeez what an incongruous coupling.

Anyway, the authorities are having enough trouble dealing with spotty faced teenagers on 50cc mopeds, let alone ageing grunters on oily Tritons. Four years ago the law was changed to prohibit 16-year-olds from riding anything other than mopeds in an effort to curb spiralling accident statistics amongst this age group.

Of course the capacity had little to do with the flesh on the road. People simply weren't getting the training they needed to deal with the horrors of the highway. Wily importers introduced 50cc machines with five and six speed gearboxes and tuned engines that in some cases were faster than the up to 250cc bikes they'd been allowed to ride before, and dumb kids starting dumping themselves all over the tarmac again.

From August 1 this year the DoE will outlaw mopeds capable of doing over 32 mph in an effort to combat this . . . the enforcement of the new law should be amusing. But in the meantime not nearly enough has been done to provide proper tuition.

The RAC operates a training scheme which is under-financed and pitifully short on machines and staff (if you want to enrol in the Greater London area you must wait two to six months), and the bike trade itself is behind a scheme called STEP (Schools Traffic Education Plan) which provides machines for training in the classroom as it were, but both schemes are but token gestures.

In 1976 about 30,500 learners went through the RAC and STEP schemes combined whereas around 60,000 took to two wheels for the first time.

'Course you can't teach people to ride fast, and although any sort of instruction is worthwhile, the fact remains that if you've got the readies you can nip along to your friendly bike dealer and ride away on a 250cc machine that will out-accelerate most sports cars and cruise comfortably at 85 mph.

ALL OF which leads us back to Joe and his dilemma, or rather one of them. Given their inherent lack of primary safety (i.e. they go bloody fast even in unskilled hands), motorcycles are becoming heavier and slower as manufacturers reduce performance in favour of comfort, economy and, oh yeah, worldwide safety leglislation requirements.

Only the Italians are still putting performance first, although they fall far behind on finish - a commodity that British bikers have not unnaturally come to demand in view of escalating prices.

But there is one hope for Joe and the boys, a machine that meets all the requirements of creative (i.e. fast, tight and generally irresponsible) riding. a machine that goes like a rat up a drainpipe, handles a dream, doesn't fall apart with rust and looks the business. It's called the Jota and it's built - a little incongruously - by an Italian manufacturer of agricultural equipment called Laverda.

This little hot potato is a three cylinder, double overhead cam 4-stroke which puts out 87 bhp - that's about the same as a Morris Marina but it weighs a quarter as much, and if you ain't technically minded, that means it *cooks*.

At 130 mph it's hunkered down on the tarmac like some low-flying bullet, its exhausts howling like music in my (and Joe's) ears, steady as a rock. Only trouble is, for a bike that will out perform anything else coming off *anybody's* production line you have to pay . . . £2,500. but then can you put a price on the last of the serious motorcycles?

**Commonly known as the Irishman's tool-kit.*

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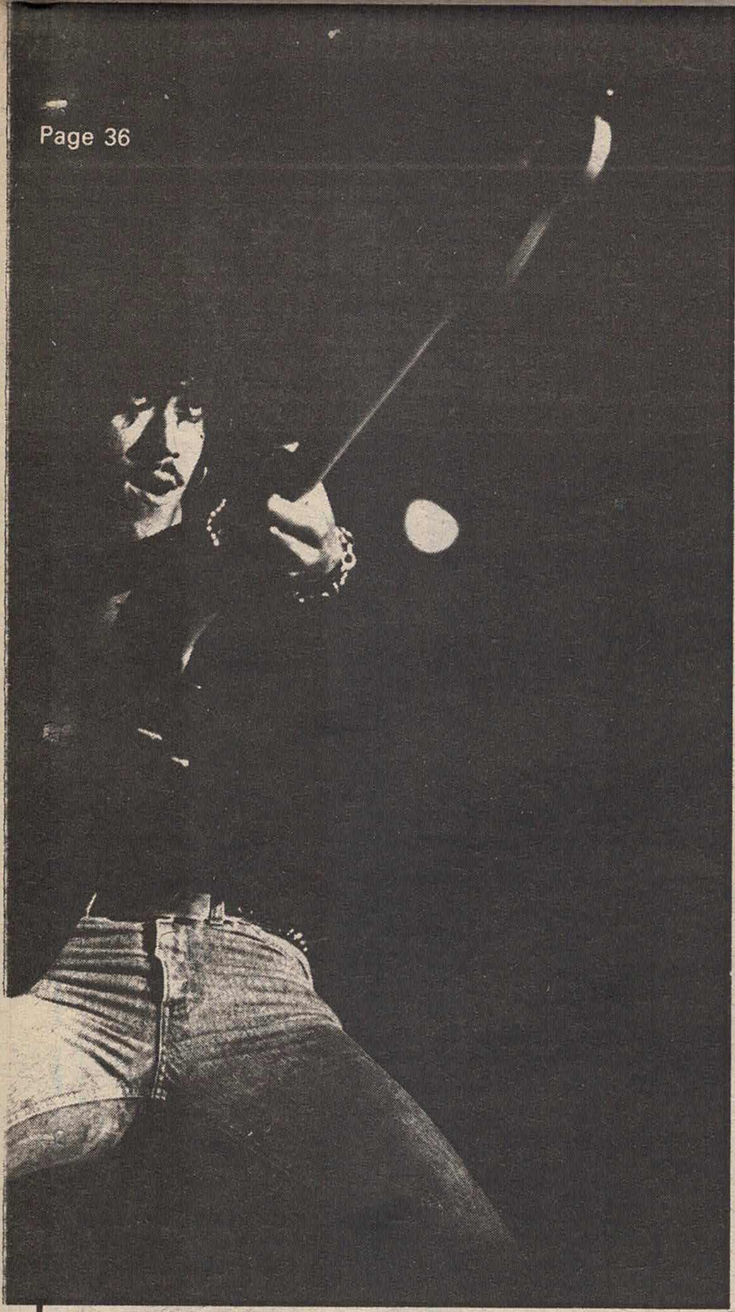

READINGROCK77READINGROCK77READINGROCK77READINGROCK77READINGROCK77

The NME staff outing spends three glorious days in beautiful Berkshire

READING ROCK '77— WALLY

FRIDAY

THIS IS SOMEBODY'S idea of fun? You get up early on Friday morning, probably after taking the day off work, and pack your things for the weekend. Around midday you leave for Reading; if you're lucky you get a lift or drive down there, otherwise you're in for a few hours shuffling on and off trains and buses.

You arrive an hour or so later than expected, cursing the weather for being so hot and uncomfortable, and at the same time hoping the sunshine holds out for the weekend.

So far so good. As you approach the festival site things are beginning to look up. The strains of some routine exhortation to boogie and have a good time come drifting over the fence, but that's alright because the first bands are usually rubbish anyway — plenty of time to find your friends and settle down.

Then you remember the thunderstorms last night — and then you see it. The festival grounds are covered in mud, and what isn't mud is already staked out by early arrivals.

If you're lucky then you're prepared for this, so you go sloshing through to find your friends camped on a comfortable piece of turf with a good view of the stage and sufficient means of staving off the inevitable boring moments of the weekend.

That's if you're lucky. On the other hand you may have forgotten about the weather and failed to receive a message that your friends won't be there until Saturday, in which case all you can do is position yourself as well as possible, scrape the mud off your shoes and see what's happening on stage.

One look at Woody Woodmansey's U-Boat, and that nagging feeling begins to shape itself into a disheartened groan.

This is the problem with festivals — their success or failure depends on a set of circumstances coalescing neatly into a good time. Sadly one of the key circumstances — the weather — is beyond individual control. The people who most enjoyed Friday were the hardy perennials or those too far out of their tree to care about the mess they were wallowing in.

The music is usually a complement. Of the thirty-odd bands there are usually a handful you really want to see; the rest you're either mildly interested in or else willing to see what they have to offer.

U-Boat have nothing to offer — they were pathetic enough to border on the laughable. Playing tepid, badly constructed heavy metal (obligatory solos all round) whilst wearing comic suits against a backdrop of SS-style flags makes for minimal credibility, to say the least. They lost even this with a version of "Suffregette City" (Woodmansey's claim to this is pretty tenuous anyway — all he did was play drums on it) and went down as their name would imply.

Keeping a vaguely aquatic theme in sight, the next band on were **Kingfish.** They were formed by ex-New Riders Matthew Kelly and Dave Torbert with the Dead's Bob Weir in tow for their first two albums. Bob Weir didn't play Reading, his place being taken by Micheal O'Neill, and this may have something to do with the fact that Kingfish have lost much of the lightness of their records.

They came across as a juke joint R&B band, harder than they sounded on "Live'n'Kickin", and much less individual without Weir's voice. Repeated calls for an old number (the band did the calling) resulted in versions of "Key To The Highway", "I Hear You Knockin' " and others I couldn't put a name to — showcases for plenty of boogie raunch and some Chicago slide from O'Neill.

The J. Geils Band did this sort of chugga-chugga R&B with a lot more punch, The Allman Brothers did it with more finesse, and The Grateful Dead did it on acid. In a sleazy bar in Frisco it must sound great, but on stage at Reading it was grinding and average.

Not being a commited folk fan, when **Five Hand Reel** came on (an odd choice amongst a bill of headstompers) I took a walk around the festival. The usual sights greeted — some unhip but happy idiot dancers, a few kids abandoning themselves to the mud, and the odd casualty (good going — it was only five o'clock on the first day).

Festival spirit was low, and community spirit was unsettled. Towards the end of FHR's set people started throwing beer cans. Other people started thowing them back. This may or may not have been a complaint about Five Hand Reel's music — I couldn't see because I was at the back. Either way, as John Peel pointed out to them, some people can be very stupid.

Peel also did a good job of raising an encore out of the apathy that greeted Five Hand Reel. Before Lone Star came on he compared the atmosphere to a Young Conservatives' Disco, adding, "Come on, you miserable sods, you're supposed to be enjoying yourselves."

Peel got the laughs, but **Lone Star** did a better job of boosting the enjoyment level. Lone Star plod the well-worn trail, but they do it with gusto and fair musical aptitude, which separates them from the likes of U-Boat; and they sound young and fresh, which separates them from their progenitors.

The singer, John Sloman, looks like Robert Plant — he also sings, struts and bares his chest like Plant. The band sound like an inventive combination of Zep, Rush and Deep Purple — I didn't like them, but compared to what followed they could have been the great white hope of rock'n'roll.

What followed was **Uriah Heep.** I first saw them about six or seven years years ago, and for a long time afterwards whenever anyone asked me who were the worst band I had ever seen I would tell them Uriah Heep. Heep haven't changed a bit, but since then I've seen a few worse. Only a few, though.

David Byron's departure from the group has made no difference whatsoever to their sound (you may be relieved to hear). They still indulge in terminal downer riffing and strike empty macho postures throughout (legs astride on platform boots, hair flying). Ken Hensley is still battling it out with Jon Lord to see who can look most like a Rock Star — tilt the organ forward and play a big loud chord. Who says it's '77? Thankfully though Mick Box doesn't now do his twenty-minute, er, solo.

A more redundant band plodding the western hemisphere would be hard to find, but that didn't stop the crowd going moderately crazy. They were, after all, the headliners.

It had begun to rain by the time **The Rods** came on, and the crowd was beginning to look tired and dismal, huddling together for shelter. Not the best of circumstances for The Rods' music, which demands a certain zest from the audience. But they were on strong form and, to their credit, eventually succeeded in raising some fever in the crowd.

Despite smoke bombs and some striking musical fireworks, by the time Earring hit the boards the atmosphere had taken on something of the aura of a tired horse, with the band flogging in half-heartedly. Either their energy was sagging (maybe it wasn't there anyway), or the crowd's energy was sagging. My energy was certainly sagging.

Whatever, Aerosmith are probably a lot better at it anyway, I thought, and went home with a numbness about the ears.

Paul Rambali

SATURDAY

WHATEVER THE MOTIVATION is that drives close on thirty thousand people to sit for days through conditions of absolute torture, I have to admire it. Real dedication. And for what? For hour upon hour of wallowing in the mire, up to your ears in sludge and drizzle, watching a whole bunch of bands who are rarely anything above average, who detest the conditions more than the faithful, and in some cases provide the kind of lax entertainment that no comparable audience under cover would ever allow them to offer as standard fare.

There must be a peculiar kind of festival-goer who is thick-skinned enough to encounter the endurance test and emerge unscathed and satisfied. Not your average long-haired rock fan *per se,* but another animal altogether.

My most vivid memory of Reading was walking through the festival site and seeing the mayhem those kids put up with. The fifty-yard queue for a telephone, the degradation of pissing in a dug-out trench while the overflowing Thames seeps around your misty polythene one-man tent and the boys in blue bustle about keeping the books up to scratch with the odd bust.

It's cold and it's wet and it's bloody miserable. . . and these are the people who are supposed to have no moral fibre, blah, blah.

I was there, let's face it, because I'm getting paid for it. They've come from miles around because they *want* to. If you can have fun under a foot of glorious gunge and keep your head, as Rudyard Kipling once said, well you can't knock it.

Nothing unusual, I suppose, for a British festival. Reading was well organised to an extent, but still lacked the true spark of togetherness that you need to make it worthwhile. Mudstock all over again.

But the paying customer is determined to enjoy it. It's only cynical buggers like me who breeze in for the day and observe aghast.

It's too easy to be critical though. Even the bands are aware that they must don the pretence of involvement. Some carry it off with more conviction than others — to the extent that I found myself masochistically enjoying certain acts that I loathe in normal life, just because they tried.

I gave my ticket in at entrance A/B and fought through the growing ranks of "bands and

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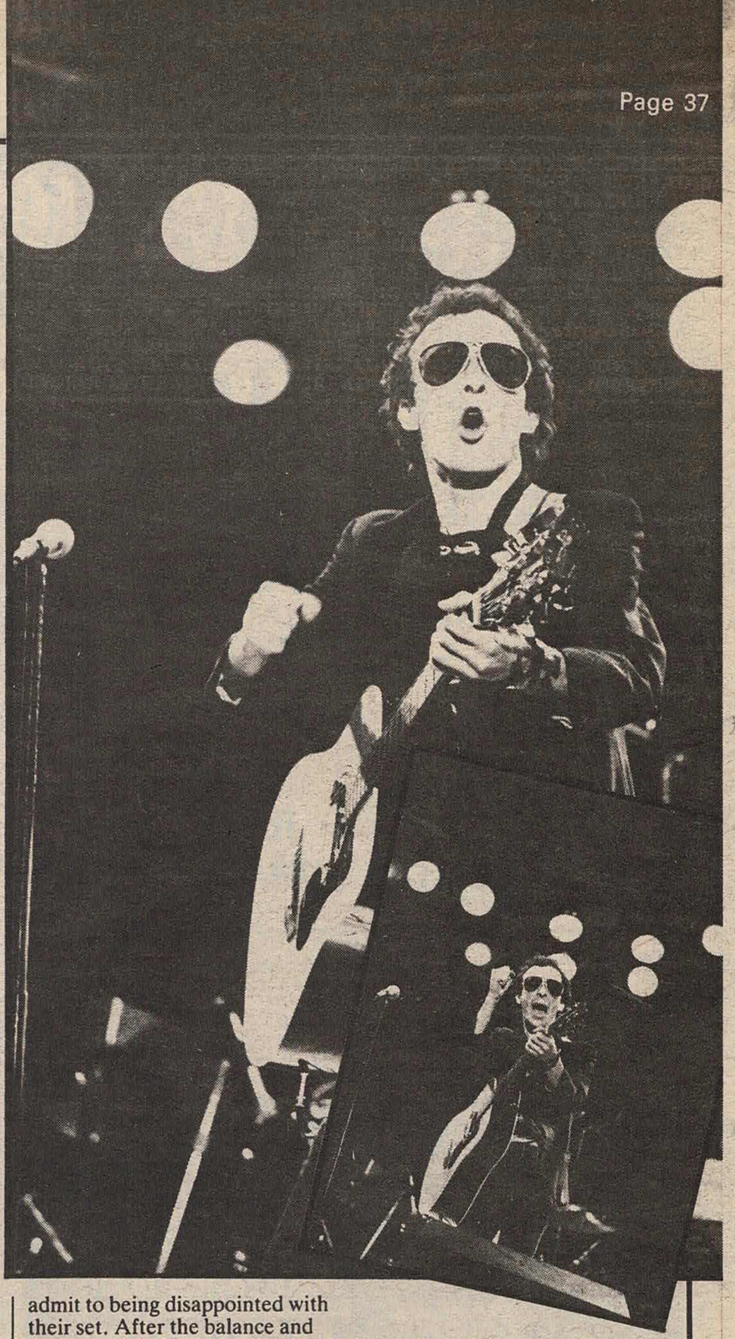

The PENNIE SMITH Reading Collection

L-R: PHIL LYNOTT of Lizzy, STEVE TYLER and JOE PERRY of Aerosmith, GRAHAM PARKER of Graham Parker, and MUD without Les Gray.

GETS WET

posers", as the Hells Angel on the door so cuttingly put it. Anyone who can pose on a day like this is a better man than I, Gunga Din, and some of them manage alright.

A gaggle of youthful punks shine zanily in a corner. **Gloria Mundi** have been on, so they're happy. On stage **Ultravox** cope remarkably well with the additional barrier of appearing new wave and having to come over all menacing in the early afternoon. Musically they are not my cup of spiked verbena water but ten out of ten for effort.

Lead singer John Foxx can rattle off a fair impersonation of Bryan Ferry and Roger Chapman, quite a traditional sort of geezer. They skip into "Young Savage", which draws a predictable roar of empathy, but then bemuse all and sundry with the Freudian off-the-hipness of "My Sex". You can trace the aftermath of Mr. D. Bowie with bands like Ultravox; this one owed something to the past Zigginess of Jacques Brel's "My Death".

Takes a bit of bottle to foist this type of material on a crowd who are primarily resplendent in the trappings of Status Quo and Nugent. Ultravox mixed their own brand of Anglophile ennui with enough basic volume to give them what they wanted. I reckon everyone saw the irony when the band vaulted into "The Frozen Ones".

There are only two things that make a festival work. One is noise (a lot of it), and the other is booze (a helluva lot of it). I did the decent thing and got absolutely blitzed. The **George Hatcher Band** seemed to have similar ideas, and a relatively safe formula with which to put them into operation. When in doubt... lessallBOOGIEEEEE.

There was summat about rocking in the country which Ole George appeared to find apposite, and most folks struck their noses into the Berkshire air long enough to cheer him on.

Playing this type of date is akin to being a Christian getting offered up as a lion's lunch. When everybody is a stick-in-the-mud you sure as hell better look like you're enjoying yourself, and Hatcher has the added advantage of being as subtle as Plutonium deodorant. He did alright.

I was less inclined to feel charitable towards **John Miles.** It's a pity his ridiculous promotional antics have made him look such a berk: he doesn't deserve to go through life as the man who would be James Dean. That rebel rhubarb was incredibly tasteless.

He's not so bad, either. Nothing effete or pretentious in his live show, apart from that "Music" thing. He actually sounded like a male Kiki Dee, and these days he's opted for a sub-Frampton funk which isn't overtly obnoxious. A good four-piece band, including Miles himself on guitar, voice box and smoke bombs, rocked along with well rehearsed finesse. They even did a goodish "Roll Over Beethoven" for an encore — which is a damn sight better than "Johnny B. Goode" done badly.

Apres Miles it gets increasingly difficult to keep a solid footing. Somehow I found myself not a stone's throw from jovial Dick Ogden, PR to the stars, on the same stage as, gasp, **Aerosmith.** The special guests from America were apparently delighted not to have to follow Graham Parker, and it was easy to see why.

What passes as amphitheatre overdrive in the saturated holocast of a million middle-American dust bowls didn't mean a light in Perfidious Albion. God knows it was a heaven sent opportunity for a group of Aerosmith's ilk to seal up another section of captured territory for the nonce, but they fizzled and plodded and couldn't even keep in tune. I don't have much time for this kind of pedestrian attempt to wade through some very stale motions, but I was prepared to give them the benefit.

Lead singer Steven Tyler puts a bit of fight into combating the limitations of their act. He has some flair and an ersatz degree of camp style which passes the grade. But the others — Jesus, they were jaded. Brad Whitford struggled manfully to keep the show on the rails, but lead guitarist Joe Perry slid off them after ten seconds and never managed to get back.

Having recently been through this routine too many times in the festival plains of war-torn Europe, I guess Aerosmith must be suffering from metal fatigue. They played like tame and wasted automatons. Their rhythm section, Tom Hamilton and Joey Kramer, slugged it out to the finish but they were beaten by their own sense of boredom.

"Mama Kin", "Big Ten Inch" and "Dream On" elicit some sort of response, but not even their most loyal fans can have been too worked up by the versions of "Train Keep A-Rollin' " and "Toys".

I felt sorry for them, because it was important and they blew it. Aerosmith have yet to prove that their tremendous American success is justified over here. Personally I've had enough of that same old song and dance trip.

For my money the highlight of the day was a close on fabulous set from **Graham Parker and the Rumour.** Predictable critic's hogwash? Well, I've never been more than mildly moved by their records; but live they have an abundance of class.

By now it's getting dark and the huge screen between the stereo stage is visibly. Someone tells me that Van Morrison is going to appear. Only a rumour. They didn't need guest artists anyhow. From "Back To Schooldays" through "Soul Shoes" and vintage work-outs on "Don't Ask Me Questions" — with a moving amount of commitment from everyone, four-piece horns included — G.P. and the R. were plain fantastic.

The musicianship comes first with this lot. Belmont and Schwarz excelled in laying subtle foundations, and there was the dapper figure of Parker to cream off the award for performance of the day. Not much I can tell you about "Fool's Gold" and "Heat Treatment" except that everyone I could see through the murk was leaping in uncontrollable glee. Angie Errigo only came to see Graham, and she was going quietly mad so he must have been good.

They even turned an on-stage power cut into a chant for electricity. Unfortunately the rain gods heard it too — but it was still superb rhythm and blues whichever way you look at it.

After Parker the press deluge. Bodies scurried for home, leaving the bravest to summon up the enthusiasm for the bill toppers, **Thin Lizzy.** I must admit to being disappointed with their set. After the balance and tension of The Rumour they came across as more muted than normal.

Everything began as planned with "Soldier Of Fortune", Phil Lynott relishing his new-found status as poet laureate of the hard rock generation. Thin Lizzy nearly put on a real show too. They deserve all the success they've built, and there's no question but that they've won over the kids who previously swore by the Quo etc. Trouble was, they were stuck between wanting to present a legitimate amount of original sophistication and the roots need to rock thirty thousand bedraggled punters' socks right off.

They didn't quite manage either.

Flash pods and all, they still have a surfeit of impish charm. Scott Gorham and Brian Roberston are no slouches in the guitar attack stakes and Lynott himself is a great frontman, if not the world's most gifted bassist. However, their material stretched out a shade too much at times. After "Warriors" and "Cowboy Song" the temperature dropped a fraction, and they didn't pick up again properly until "Dancing In The Moonlight", "Don't Believe A Word" and "Bad Reputation" made the fans forget the wallowing and the frustration.

They encored in their accepted fashion, to a storm of genuine audience response for one of the hardest working bands in show biz. Lynott had a good corny line in personal introductions and suddenly everyone went bananas for "The Rocker". If I have to see some band giving the people what the people want I'd rather it was Thin Lizzy than most any other outfit.

I forget who it was who said it, but if you were there, give yourself a hand. Successful festivals are here to stay. Obviously. Outtasite.

Max Bell

SUNDAY

A SHELL-SHOCKED CASUALTY stumbles from the quagmire trying to score a little of what he needs. Tombstone eyes half-hidden, the rats-tailed apparition begs for a deal, so desperate that he omits the regulation peace-sign salute on approaching.

"Do you know where I can score some wellingtons, man?"

This is the grisly end of the holiday weekend. Claustrophobically packed bodies strain their eyesight for a glimpse of the distant stage — where terminal mediocrity, in the form of **Hawkwind, Racing Cars, Blue, The Enid, Tiger** and **The Motors,** seems never ending.

You queue uncomplainingly in the mire, awaiting your turn at the mass urinal, and stare sullenly at the stalls full of tacky rock tsar trinkets which vie for your trade. There is little joy within the corrugated steel wall around what could well be a Butlins internment camp . . .

In the slightly superior mudbath known as the press enclosure, **Wayne County's** usually immaculate complexion bears witness to the 1977 rock fan's vicious mode of appreciation.

After three songs, Wayne's "If You Don't Wanna Fuck Me, Fuck Off" was taken literally by a group of about 30 hard rock fans. Under a hail of mud, Coke cans and hard rocks, County and the Electric Chairs were forced to quit the stage. They returned a few minutes later for another try, but again met a hail of missiles — reminiscent, apparently, of the treatment meted out to the reggae acts at last year's Reading fest — and Wayne retreated for good.

Stoned. Literally.

"This is the last festival I ever play! Lots of them really wanted to hear us — we were something new to them! But those others . . . what they did was just a form of fascism," says Wayne, fondling his Brian Jones Gestapo badge. "I'm going to go right home and write a song about this!"

With his exit, today's forthcoming cavortions — **The Doobie Brothers, Frankie Miller** and the **Alex Harvey Band** — seem about as exhilarating as the mud in which we are slowly submerging.

Some "festival". One person gets rocks chucked at him because a few thugs don't like his music. Thousands of kids get ripped off rotten by exploiters who see only the sodden pound notes they hand over . . .

Prejudices confirmed all round, the parajournalists wallow home.

Julie Burchill
Tony Parsons

LIVE PAGE

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+ THE YACHTS

Sunday September 4th
ELVIS COSTELLO
(Tickets from Stiff Records, 37 Alexander St, W2) 2 per person £1 each

Monday September 5th and Tuesday September 6th £1
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
+ THE JOLT

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)

The JAM

are RECORDING LIVE their next two London shows at the Nashville Rooms on September 10th support Jolt and 100 Club on September 11th support New Hearts

Admission is by ticket ONLY.

Tickets available Nashville Rooms 12 noon 3/9/77
& 100 Club 2pm 4/9/77.

MUSIC MACHINE

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday, Aug. 31st £1.00
LITTLE ACRE
+ A.1
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

Thursday, Sept. 1st £1.50
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
+ The Jolt

Friday, Sept. 2nd £1.50
JIGSAW
+ Tequilla

Saturday, Sept. 3rd £2.00
WOODY WOODMANSEY'S U-BOAT
+ The Speedometers

Monday, Sept. 5th £1.00
EASY STREET
+ Support
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

Tuesday, Sept. 6th £1.00
FLYING ACES
+ Support
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 p.m.

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

FRIARS

MAXWELL (VALE) HALL
AYLESBURY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, at 7.30 pm
SWAMPY BEAT

RACING CARS
RUMBLE STRIPS
AC SOUNDS AND VISION

Tickets: 155p from Earth Records, Aylesbury, Sun Music, High Wycombe, Ellis Jon's, Amersham, Free'n'Easy, Hemel Hempstead, F. L. Moore, Bletchley, Dunstable and Luton, Hi-Vu, Buckingham, or 155p at door on night. Life membership 25p

Take me from the city

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AT CRACKERS 203 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W.1.
Every Mon & Tues 8.30pm till 2am

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
THE OUTSIDERS THE SUSPECTS
THE VERDICTS
plus D.J. Gary Marks

ELECTRIC CHAIRS
Featuring Wayne County
THE KILLJOYS LOCAL OPERATOR
THE IGNERANTSf08
plus D.J. Nick Lee

SPEAKEASY

01-580 7930

SPEAK-EARLY

Wednesday, August 31st
LANDSCAPE

Thursday, September 1st
OTWAY/BARRETT FIASCO

Friday, September 2nd
NEO

Saturday, September 3rd
STATE LINE

Monday, September 5th
TO BE ANNOUNCED

Tuesday, September 6th
LIGHTNING RAIDERS

Wednesday, September 7th
TO BE ANNOUNCED

Speakeasy
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
Reservations 01-580 8810

WOODS

PLYMOUTH
Tel 266118 - late bar

Next Tues 6th Sept. 75p
ADVERTS
+ Spitfire Boys
Next Fri. 9th
TABLE

DUKE OF LANCASTER

Beside British Rail
NEW BARNET
01-449 0465

Thursday, September 1st
TEQUILLA

Friday, September 2nd
BLUNT INSTRUMENT

Saturday, September 3rd
PRIMARY DRIVE

Sunday, September 4th
SHADY LADY

Tuesday, September 6th
SHIFT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

MINK DeVILLE

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ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'
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SUN. 25th SEPTEMBER at - 8·00
TICKETS £2·50, £2·00, £1·50, (INC.VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 263 3148/9, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

HOPE & ANCHOR

BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thurs. Sept 1st 50p
NO DICE

Friday Sept 2nd 75p
THE AMAZORBLADES

Saturday Sept 3rd 75p
THE TYLA GANG

Sun Sept 4th 50p
DIRE STRAIGHTS

Monday Sept 5th £1.00
THE PIRATES

Tuesday Sept 6th 50p
PHILIP RAMBOW

Wednesday September 7th 75p
THE STUKERS + THE JOLT

THE SWAN

HAMMERSMITH BDY, W6
Tel 01-748-1043
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Admission Free

Thursday September 1st
LANDSCAPE

Saturday September 3rd
PLEASERS

Sunday September 4th
KATZEN JAMMER

Wednesday September 7th
BUSTER JAMES

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CHANGES WARP III
FISH CO
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The Fabulous Top Ranking Rockers
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Plus Superior Roots Rock Specialist Sounds
Doors open 7.30pm.
Late Bars Food
Band on stage approx. 10pm
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Sat. Sept. 3rd *(Free)*
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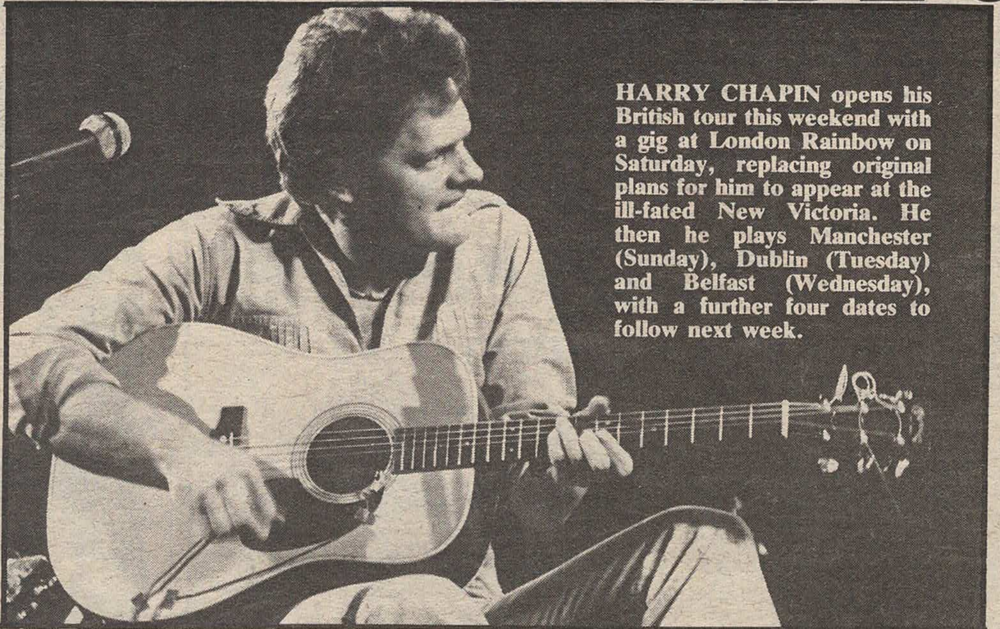
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



HARRY CHAPIN opens his British tour this weekend with a gig at London Rainbow on Saturday, replacing original plans for him to appear at the ill-fated New Victoria. He then he plays Manchester (Sunday), Dublin (Tuesday) and Belfast (Wednesday), with a further four dates to follow next week.

THURSDAY

BARROW Maxim's Disco: WINDOW
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BINGLEY Arts Centre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM La Doce Vita: PAGE THREE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Lodestar: NUTZ
BRADFORD Princeville Club: STRIFE
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: RACER
BRISTOL Chutes: SAM APPLE PIE
BRISTOL Granary: AFTER THE FIRE
BRISTOL The Glen: CADILLAC
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: STRIPEY KITE
COVENTRY Mr. George's: LONDON
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: FIVE HAND REEL / MEDIUM WAVE BAND
EXETER Zhivago's: MERSEYBEATS
FALKIRK Maniqui Ballroom: ELVIS COSTELLO
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: THE PLEASERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: 999 / THE XTRAVERTS
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE ADVERTS
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCREENS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: METROPOLIS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
LONDON FULHAM Bishops Park Theatre: WEST END STOMPERS (free)
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: XTC
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
LONDON HIGHBURY Roundhouse: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: NO DICE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LODNON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MAX COLLIE'S RHYTHM ACES
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS / CRUISERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
LONDON W14 The Kensington: STUKAS
LONDON W.C.2 Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
MANCHESTER Rafters: BUZZCOCKS
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
POYNTON Folk Centre: STAN ARNOLD
SUTTON COLDFIELD Dog Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
SWANSEA Circles Club: FLYING ACES
TAUNTON Odeon: ROGER WHITTAKER
WELLINGTON Town House: BOOMTOWN RATS
WORCESTER Bankhouse: MUSCLES

FRIDAY

AYR Station Hotel: GROPER
BARRY Red Dragon: GRAND HOTEL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BOOMTOWN RATS
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Ballroom: SALENA JONES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: PAGE THREE
BOURNEMOUTH Top Rank: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / THE DRONES
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BILL CADDICK
BRIDGWATER Manor Hotel: SAM APPLE PIE
BRIGHTON New Exhibition Centre: MIKE HARDING
BRISTOL Hippodrome: ROGER WHITTAKER
BROUGH Grand Prix Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BROWNHILLS Top Club: FORCE
BURTON 76 Club: HI-BALLERS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: TRAPEZE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE ONLY ONES
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: NASHVILLE TEENS
FARNWORTH Veterans Club: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
HEREFORD Flamingo: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
HINCKLEY Threeways: JACKIE BAKER'S BREAKING POINT
HULL Piper Club: JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS
KIRBY Suite: BUZZCOCKS / THE FALL
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: SWAN ARCADE
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEIGHTON BUZZARD Bossard Hall: SCRATCH / NEO
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: KOSSAGA / PAYROLL
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JIGSAW
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE MOVIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: STRANGER / TIM HARDIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE DRONES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR
LONDON Marquee Club: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: FREDDY RANDALL BAND
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THE EXITS
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHN SPENCER'S LOUTS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: REALISTICS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: XTC
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: PACIFIC EARDRUM
MATLOCK Baths Pavilion: VALKYRIE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE 'O' BAND
NORWICH Toppers Disco: DESMOND DEKKER
OXFORD Cowley Workers Club: STRIFE
PETERLEE Senate Club: WINDOW
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: DAYLIGHT ROBBERY
PONTYPRIDD The Regent: FLYING ACES
PRESTON Duck Inn Grapevine: FREE RIDE
RETFORD Porterhouse: LONDON
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: ARTIE FISHER
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: BRUCE RUFFIN
TAIN Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
WALSALL Bilston Cock Inn: MIKE BLAIR
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

SATURDAY

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: FLYING ACES
ALDERSHOT Rushmore Arena: THE BROTHERS
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Tameside Theatre: ROGER WHITTAKER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BOOMTOWN RATS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: FLYS
BIRMINGHAM Canon Hill Park: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare and Hounds: CHRIS ROHMANN
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross Club: COLD COMFORT
BLACKBURN Setts Ends Inn: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Folk Club: MIRIAN BACKHOUSE / JOHNNY COLLINS / ANDY CRONSHAW / LIZ DYER / CURATE'S EGG
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
BRIGHTON Resource Centre: AMAZORBLADES
BRISTOL Granary: WINDOW
CONWAY Civic Hall: LITTLE ACRE
CROMER west Runton Pavilion: SOUL DIRECTION
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE YETTIES
EXETER Rougemont Gardens (free): BRUJO / THE BRAKES
FOLKESTONE pier Pavillion: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
GLOUCESTER Brockworth House Club: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
GLOUCESTER Tracey's: THE VICTIMS
GWYNEDD Ogwen Valley Fair: HOT WATER / BRAN / DESPERATE STRAIGHTS / ANY TROUBLE
HORNCHURCH Bull Inn: PEKOE ORANGE
HUDDERSFIELD H.W.I.R. Social Club: ASWAD
HUDDERSFIELD New Theatre: ASWAD
KENDAL Town Hall: MIKE HARDING
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: BUZZCOCKS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MONTANA
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: UNICORN
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: U-BOAT
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Neighbourhood Festival: ROOGALATOR / QUINTESSENCE II / SPITERI
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE MOVIES
LONDON FULHAM Bishops Park Theatre: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: NO DICE
LONDON HARLESDEN Roxy Theatre (morning): THE PLAGUE / THE VERMIN
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ROOGALATOR
LONDON Marquee Club: STUKAS / MEAN STREET
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: HUMPHREY LYTTELTON / JOE TEMPERLEY
LONDON PECKHAM Bouncing Ball: JAH STITCH
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: HARRY CHAPIN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
MANCHESTER Belle Vue Danceland: THE 'O' BAND
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / THE DRONES
MANCHESTER Russells Club: DESMOND DEKKER
MANSFIELD Civic Theatre: BRUCE RUFFIN
MORETON-IN-MARSH Redesdale Arms: JACKIE BAKER'S BREAKING POINT
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: TRAPEZE
PERTH Skye Hotel: THE EXILE
RETFORD Cats Cradle: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
ROCHESTER Nags Head: JERRY THE FERRET
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre: CLARKSON / GLOBE BAND
STOCKPORT Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
SWINDON Oasis: XTC
TAIN Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
WIGAN Casino: NOSEBLEEDS / THE DRONES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: MUSCLES
WORTHING Down View: RACER
YORK Oval Ball: JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS

SUNDAY

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: STRIFE
AYLESBURY Kings Head: BETWEEN THE LINES
BARROW Maxim's Disco: LONDON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BLACKPOOL Opera House: BERNI FLINT
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Cellar: WASPS
CHASE TERRACE The Troopbadour: FORCE
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: S.A.L.T.
CROYDON Greyhound: BUZZCOCKS / THE WORST
DEWSBURY Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EXETER Rougemont Gardens (free): FINAL DRIVE / TRYBE
FARNWORTH Veterans Club: FREDDIE 'FINGERS' LEE
HORNCHURCH Queen's Theatre: DENNIS WATERMAN
INVERNESS Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE 'O' BAND
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: PEABODY & McNULTY
LONDON CHALK FARM Downstairs at the Roundhouse: DAEVID ALLEN
LONDON CHARING X ROAD Sundown: BUZZCOCKS
LONDON CHELSEA Man in the Moon: LOCAL OPERATOR
LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Neighbourhood Festival: FABULOUS POODLES / SHAZAM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: FRUIT EATING BEARS
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ELVIS COSTELLO
LONDON Marquee Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON OXFORD STREET100 Club: SONNY MORRIS / KEN COLYER / MONTY SUNSHINE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: NO DICE
LONDON TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD The Other Cinema: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: HARRY CHAPIN
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: FLYING ACES
POYNTON Folk Centre: HARVEY ANDREWS
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: U-BOAT
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: MIKE HARDING
ST. ALBANS Goat Inn: HEMLOCK
STOCKTON Social Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
YORK Telstar Club: JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS

MONDAY

ABERDEEN Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
ABERTILLERY Rose Heyworth Club: SUNWHEEL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: WARHEAD
BIRMINGHAM Hotel Metropole: SALENA JONES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's: THE 'O' BAND
CHELTENHAM The Plough: THE INDEX
CHESTER Aquarius: JENNY DARREN
CHESTER Quaintways: WINDOW
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: U-BOAT
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: JON DEREK AND FRIENDS
EDINBURGH Royal British Hotel: STEREO GRAFFITI
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: ROCKY RICKETTS AND THE ROCKETTES/CLAYSON AND THE ARGONAUTS
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
KENDAL Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BRAINCHILD
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: EASY STREET
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: FRACTURE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: STAMPS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: THE PIRATES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON OXFORD ST 100 Club: GEORGE CHISHOLM'S JUBILEE CHARITY SHOW
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: FRANCES GILVRAY AND MICK BURKE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BLAST FURNACE AND THE HEATWAVES
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE EXITS
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES/OUTSIDERS/SUSPECTS/VERDICTS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Southside Club: BERNI TORME/THE SWANK
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS/THE DRONES
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: ROGER WHITTAKER
STAFFORD Top Of The World: GENERATION X
TONYPANDY Legion Hall: FLYING ACES
WICK Assemblv Rooms: SYDNEY DEVINE

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BUZZCOCKS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
CAPENHURST E.G.B. Research Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CARDIFF Top Rank: SUNWHEEL
CHELTENHAM The Plough: ANGEL
DUBLIN Stadium: HARRY CHAPIN
DUMFRIES Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
ELGIN Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: IGNATZ
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: SALAMANDA
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE SLITS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: NO DICE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PHILIP RAMBOW
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON Marquee Club: GENERATION X
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: COUNT BISHOPS/THE PLEASURE SEEKERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHNNY DU CANN
LONDON WARDOUR STREET Vortex: ELECTRIC CHAIRS / KILLJOYS / LOCAL OPERATOR
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD / SIDEWINDER
NOTTINGHAM Heart Of The Midlands: FLIRTATIONS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PAISLEY Silver Thread: BOOMTOWN RATS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE ADVERTS
PORTHCAWL Stoneleigh Club: TRAPEZE
SOUTHPORT Midnight Lounge: BODY
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: McCOY

WEDNESDAY

BELFAST Ulster Hall: HARRY CHAPIN
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: EXRA POUND
BIRMINGHAM Bulls Head: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / VIC VOMIT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CHESTER: Albion Hotel: BERT JANSCH
CROMER West Runton Village Inn: STRIFE
CROYDON: Fairfield Hall: PAM AYRES
DERBY Cleopatra's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS / THE DRONES
DUNDEE Barracuda: CHRIS BARBER BAND
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: BOOMTOWN RATS / THE EXILE
EXETER Catharsis: THE BRAKES
IPAWICH Tracey's: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LEEDS Tramps: MUSCLES
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ELECTRIC CHAIRS featuring WAYNE COUNTY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JOHNNY DU CANN / MOTHER SUPERIOR
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: NO DICE
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE LURKERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: BUSTER JAMES BAND
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: THE STUKAS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: JOHN MARTYN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE BLIMPS
OXFORD New Theatre: ROGER WHITTAKER
PITLOCHRY Town Hall: SYDNEY DEVINE
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: BETHNAL
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
SWANSEA Top Rank: BILLY OCEAN
WARRINGTON Wilderspool Leisure Centre: MIKE HARDING

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: IVY LEAGUE
Thursday for three days
BLACKBURN Cavendish Club: FAIRFIELD WELLES
Thursdav for three davs
BRIGHTON Folk Festival at the Conference Centre: BURL IVES / MIKE HARDING / ALBION DANCE BAND / HARVEY ANDREWS / JOANNA CARLIN / IAN CAMPBELL GROUP / NA FILI
Friday for three days.
DERBY Bailey's: TERRY WEBSTER & DICTIONARY
Thursday for three days
EDINBURGH Dominion Cinema: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
Friday for three days
FYLDE Folk Festival: TAVERNERS / HIGH LEVEL RANTERS / ROY HARRIS / WATERSONS / ROARING JELLY / BRIAN DEWHURST / DAVE WALTERS etc.
Friday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: ALVIN STARDUST
Week from Monday
LIVERPOOL Wookey Hollow: THE DOOLEYS
Week from Sunday
LUTON Cesar's: HELEN SHAPIRO
Week from Sunday
OLDHAM Bailey's: JIMMY JAMES
Thursday for three days
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: BARRON KNIGHTS
Week from Monday
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: MARMALADE
Wednesday (7) for four days
SOUTHSEA King's Theatre: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
Week from Monday
STAINSBY Folk Festival: BATTLEFIELD BAND / WATERSONS / PETE & CHRIS COE / ALASTAIR ANDERSON / SEAN CANNON / JACK HUDSON / PEPPERCORN etc.
Friday for three days
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
Week from Monday
STOKE Bailey's: SWEET SENSATION
Thursday for three days
WATFORD Bailey's: NEW EDITION
Week from Sunday
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: MICHAEL JAMES
Week from Sunday

TV HIGHLIGHTS

BBC-2: Ralph McTell and **Sarah Vaughan** with **Cleo Laine** and **John Dankworth** in "And Now" (Thursday); the music of Trinidad and Tobago in "Rhythm On 2" (Friday); **National Youth Jazz Orchestra** (Sunday); **Ian Campbell** in "The Camera and The Song" (Monday); **Tammy Wynette (Wednesday).**

BBC-1: Tony Blackburn with a 45-minute "Top Of The Tops" (Thursday); return of **"Parkinson"** (Saturday); first of new **David Essex** series, with **Small Faces** guesting (Tuesday).

ITV: "The World Of **Pam Ayres** (Friday); **Marti Caine** show with **Tony Monopoly** (Saturday); **Pearly Gates** and **Carl Wayne** in "Hi Summer" (Sunday) **T. Rex, Hawkwind, Boomtown Rats** and **Jamie Wilde** in "Marc" (Wednesday).

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UNITE AND FIGHT

Cimarons Generation X

HACKNEY TOWN HALL

THE TRADITIONALLY left-wing corridors of Hackney Town Hall echoed to the music of hard rock and reggae on the occasion of this Rock Against Racism gig.

The Mare Street institution was generously filled with a cross-section of youth and youth, though mainly of the punk persuasion.

They were there to see heroic Generation X, Danishly led by charismatic, blond Heinz-lookalike Billy Idol. They opened the proceedings with "From The Heart", "Your Generation", and similar paeans to the last days, and quickly had the more energetic members of the audience pogoing before the stage with as much precipitation as to injure the gravity of their collective deportments.

The Cimarons were received extremely vociferously by the same element of the audience, intent on portraying their attachment to the Isle of Springs' muse. Strictly Selassie I chic, to paraphrase.

Opening with "Ship Ahoy", the band moved into "Harder Than The Rock", plus various other of the group's stage favourites, before controlling interpretations of The In Crowd's "Born In Ethiopia" and Ras Ibuna's "Diverse Doctrine", and climaxing on "How You Jammin' So".

For a rousing finale, Gen X joined the Cims onstage to invigorate a giant jam with intoxication — when the two cultures clash — sliding noisily into "Natty Chase The Barber".

"Dreadlocks went to Zion to trim natty dread, natty chase the barber away; natty dreadlocks dread in the house of dread you know you have to drea-drea-drea- drea . . ."

Then . . . the collusion presented what can only be described as a tribute to Tapper Zukie, with Levy und Idol declaring the Man From Bosrah's "MPLA", Peace And Love", "Rockers" and "Chalice To Chalice" toasts. Also visited, various catchphrases from the inspiration of Big Youth, Trinity and Dillinger.

To climax, the two groups encouraged the audience to join them in an extended, uplifted cry against the filthy forces of neo-fascism.

"Black and white — unite and fight."

The crowd roared its approval, and echoed the sentiment.

"Black and white — unite and fight! Black and white — unite and fight!"

Crashing riffs, double drumming, ital bass, chanting Nyahbinghi on the battlefield.

"Black and white — unite and fight!"

It was a perfect note on which to end.

Penny Reel

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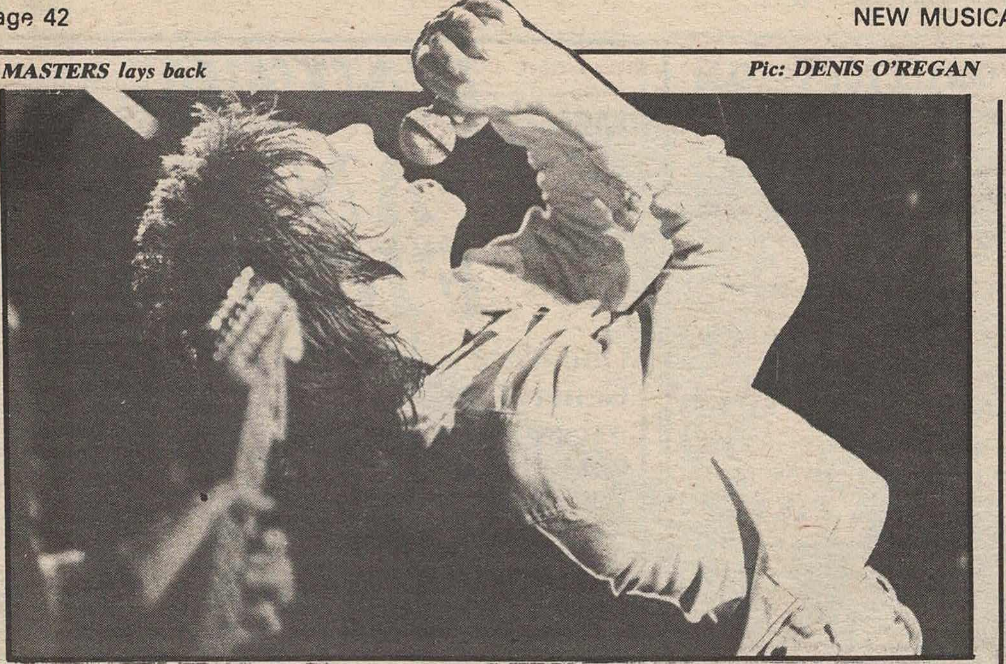


MASTERS lays back *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

RODS: NOT HOT BUT SIZZLING

The Rods

MARQUEE

WELL, YOU CAN all put your hankies away. All that sympathetic "poor old Hot Rods drowning in the New Wave after such a fast start" stuff seems not only unnecessary now but even a trifle patronising in view of the mayhem going down at their five night Marquee stint.

The Rods played HOT, the joint was rockin', and it was packed so tightly with wriggling bods that I burnt three holes in my sweater trying to smoke a fag. Wow, ah'm a punk.

After oozing into the scrum and trying to weasle my way in front of a clique who looked like American basketball players of Scandinavian descent, I had just managed to get my hand into my bag in an attempt to pull out a notebook when The Rods raced onstage.

Forget it. My drink flew one way and an unknown arm caught through my shoulder strap dragged me into the Trampling Zone. It was a choice of fainting, getting out of it or getting into it. I figured as long as I could peep at Paul Gray through a chink in the masses I'd stay put.

Occasionally there was even a glimpse of Barry Masters flinging himself from one end of the stage to the other.

So. Um, they played "Teenage Depression", "Schoolgirl Love", "I Might Be Lying" and "Do Anything You Wanna Do". Furiously.

Don't ask me how who played what on which instrument, though. All I can remember is jumping up and down being loud and silly and careering into elbows with my eye sockets while The Rods played faster and louder and dirtier.

You wanna tell these fans that the critics haven't had The Rods much in mind for awhile. I doubt that they've noticed. The point about The Rods is that while a lot of other bands are sounding off about being "street level" and essaying political garble, The Rods are just playing rock and roll for anybody who can bop — and that really is street level.

What struck me was sometimes, as in a good new number called "Quit This Town", The Rods could be passed off commercially as much as The Bay City Rollers — cute boys playing catchy pop for teenies — but they also sweat enough for a slightly older, more brutal audience.

If the record company has *any* suss, I don't see how The Rods can slip *now*.

Angie Errigo

Ash Ra

REGENTS PARK

IT WAS a warm, moist evening — ideal for sitting on damp grass and peering at laser beams through your wineglass. A perfect bring-along-the-doggie-and-the-kids hippie event.

And on stage, what else but some long haired German musicians dressed in white and playing synthesizers . . . *(What else? — Ed)*

Manual Gottsching twiddled a few knobs and it sounded like a jet flying over in a perfect stereo pan. Whoops! It *was* a jet flying over. There was a ripple of laughter from the audience at their mistake.

If there had been crickets chirping it could easily have been a Southern Californian evening, moths flying through the spotlights, children running about, sophisticated electronic equipment heaped casually on stage and quiet, rather beautiful melodies being played by someone with a background of acid rock — more acid than rock.

Manuel is Mister Ash Ra. He does all the really neat stuff with the synthesizer and also gets to play guitar. Lutz Ulbrich stuck mostly to swelling church organ background sounds and Harold Groskopf's drums were restricted to a little percussion to accentuate the rhythm computer which played the main drum line.

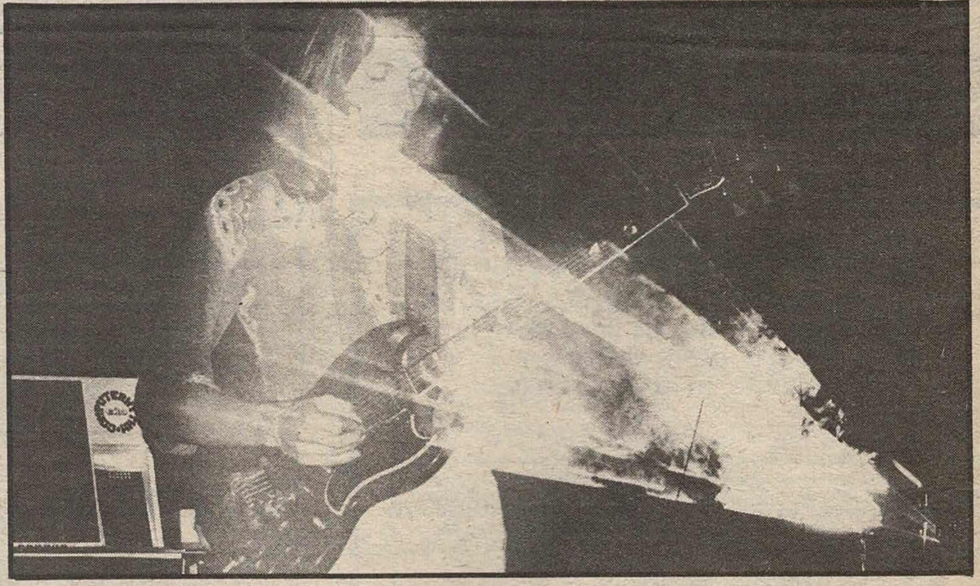
The synthi music was very pleasant really. It began with the Tweetie-bird school of electronics but became funkier (if you can really use that word about synthi-music) with the addition of a fairly strong attack on the electronic rhythm.

'Jesus' was there, dancing in front of the left hand stage PA and Laser Graphics, who we've all seen many times before, sliced clouds of smoke to create flat planes of light like the skies in early Japanese and Chinese paintings.

It was more of a pleasant event than a great concert. The range of music was quite limited and the long guitar riffs, though quite melodic, didn't really sustain — certainly not as well as they do on the record.

But it was fun. And they didn't close the bar during the concert either.

Miles



ASHRA and Casers in the park *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

Spiteri Trickster

DINGWALLS

"SALSA" MEANS sauce — usually a hot sauce. It's also the word used to describe the Latin American music listened to mainly by the Puerto Rican and Latin American population of the U.S., and especially in New York.

Salsa probably exists on much the same level as reggae did over here about eight years ago. It has its stars (Willie Colon, Tipica '73, Fania All Stars), its own record companies (Fania, J&M), and it thrives as the staple music of a displaced culture while going ignored by the mass market.

Latin rhythms have crossed over into rock just a few times, the most notable example being Santana; before that there were the Leiber and Stoller Drifters records (and from them Phil Spector's), otherwise little else.

Since Salsa is very much a music indigenous to Latin Americans, and since there aren't many of them in England, it's surprising to find a band like Spiteri treading the boards. Spiteri play Salsa.

The best way to describe what Spiteri play, and thereby give an idea of what Salsa is about, is to run down the line-up. You start with the bass, which pins down the rhythm and holds it steady and unswerving. Syncopation comes courtesy of the drummer and two percussionists, who embellish and colour the rhythm.

On top of that comes the horn section (in this case sax, trumpet and trombone), who collectively punch the proceedings and individually add solos when called for. Finally there's a keyboard player, who fleshes out the gap between the ryhthm and the top line.

Basically it's dance music that relies on the discipline of the players (like reggae, it sounds simple, but it's not easy to make it work) and the individual and collective fire of the band.

Unfortunately, if you remove the latter quality then what results is less like hot, sensuous dance music and more like Edmundo Ross, and Spiteri had an annoying habit of slipping back and forth across the dividing line.

On a good night, when the atmosphere and feeling is right, I wouldn't be surprised to hear that they have it in them to make you cast off your troubles and move to the groove, and on a bad night they are probably stupefyingly boring.

Trickster, however, *were* stupefyingly boring. One of those bands whose sole purpose of existence is to justify the new wave — and I would rather listen to any inept bunch of spirited youngsters than the lame, derivative mire they trot out.

They sounded like the Doobie Brothers with overt disco and consumer pop leanings; a cleaner version of the sort of band that goes out to play for the tourists on the Costa Brava.

Somehow it isn't surprising that they went down well at Dingwalls — they nicely complement the up-market Majorca disco ambience.

Paul Rambali

JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY'S boozers feature the **Michael Garrick Trio** at the Star & Garter, Putney, on 27th August, expanded to a sextet for the Phoenix, Cavendish Square, on 31st. The 7 Dials has the **Barry Cole Sextet** and **Paul Bura** on 1st September, and **Turning Point** on 8th.

The great **Dick Morrissey** is back in town, frequently sitting in with guitarist **Terry Smith** at his second home, the Bulls Head, Barnes, and booked for a gig at the Phoenix on 14th September.

The **Chris Barber Jazz & Blues Band** caravan continues its tour at The Barracuda, Dundee, on 7th September; The McRobert Centre, Stirling on 8th; the Dominion Cinema, Edinburgh on 9th; Capitol Theatre, Horsham on 11th; and The Tramshed, Woolwich on 12th before embarking for Germany.

Woody Herman & His Orchestra are booked into Ronnie Scott's for three nights only, 22nd-24th September, and it would be a good move to book in advance. On the unsubstatiated rumour front, beret sewn with tongues, Arista may be plotting to bring **Art Pepper** over in the autumn, and JCS may feature Art in the next Camden Festival.

A new work by saxophonist **Lol Coxhill,** "Mix" is to be premiered at Campus West Theatre, Welwyn Garden City, on 9th September. A multi-media event, it will feature Lol, films, paintings and dance.

Pablo De Luxe has issued a collaboration between **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Lalo Schifrin,** "Free Ride" with **Wah Wah Watson** and **Wilton Felder:** "I'm tired of making records that are classics — I want to make records that make money," says Dizzy. Also out, a double album sampler of Pablo artists from **Peterson** to **Paulinho Da Costa.**

United Artists have released the debut album by **Tim Weisberg, who studied with Chico Hamilton's** old cellist **Fred Katz.**

Julius Hemphill's latest "Blue Boye" is a double album featuring the multi-instrumentalist dueting with tapes of himself, and is on his own Mbari label. Obtainable from Box 205 Canal Street, Station, NY, NY 10013.

Brian Case

AROUND THE CIRCUITS

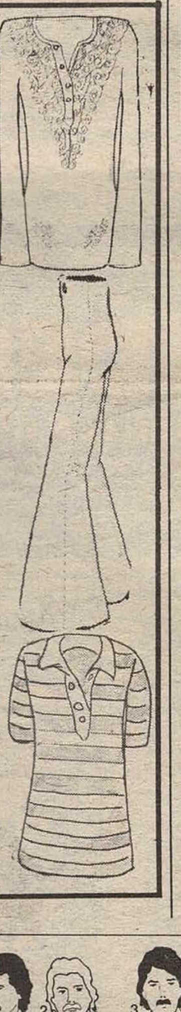
PRESLEYMANIA: Far be it from me to say the Rank circuit is cashing in on the King's untimely demise, but there are an awful lot of Presley films suddenly being shown. The four double-headers are *Follow That Dream / Kid Galahad, G.I. Blues / Blue Hawaii, Clambake / Frankie & Johnny* and *Paradise Hawaiian Style / Girls, Girls, Girls.*

They are all U-certificate, natch. None of them are his best.

DOUBLE-HEADERS: Now that Disney plague is over for a few months a number of doubleheaders are re-appearing. Best are OUTLAW JOSEY WALES (AA) / MAGNUM FORCE (X), almost a best of Eastwood; EASY RIDER (X) / THE LAST DETAIL (X), almost the best of Nicholson. Fair to middling is ROLLERBALL (AA) / JUGGERNAUT (A) and THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (A) / SKY RIDERS (A). The latter feature Gene Hackman and James Coburn.

MAIN RELEASES: THE SPY WHO LOVED ME (A) and A BRIDGE TOO FAR (A) are still steamrollering their way through the box office.

Dick Tracy



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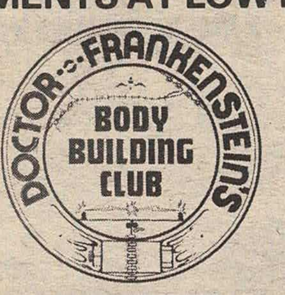
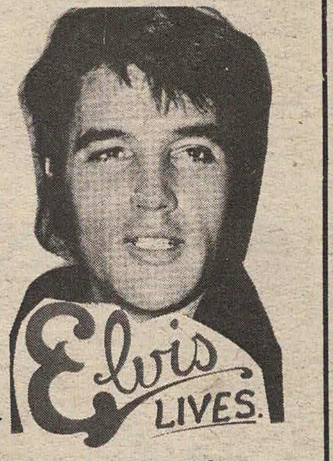
TAKE CARE TO CONNECT CORRECTLY
259. EVER RANDY



260. FRANKENSTIENS CLUB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262. ELVIS LIVES

200. NAZARETH

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126. LIPSMAKIN

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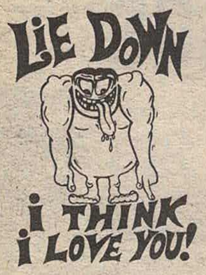
LIE DOWN
I THINK I LOVE YOU!
124. LIE DOWN

707. ENGISH CHEDDAR

700. NEW STATUS QUO

699. FLEETWOOD MAC

528. APOLLO

Serene i stumble,
amid the flowers.
And try to count,
life's drinking hours.
For me dull days,
do not exist.
I'm a boozy faced,
old piss artist.

229. SERENE BOOZER

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

CONTENTS
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human hands
CERTIFIED
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129. CONTENTS

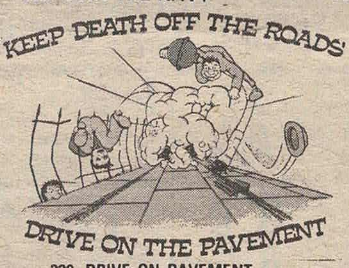
224. WINGS

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY

And all because
the Lady loves
Milch Tray

227. MILCH TRAY


KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROADS
DRIVE ON THE PAVEMENT
220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON
THIS PLANET ?
WHY IS SPACE
INFINITE ?
WHY ARE WE
DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU
READING MY
BLOODY SLOGAN ?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

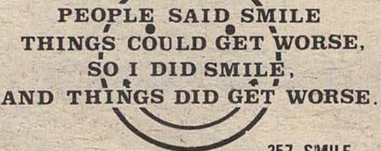
706. REJECT

Led Zeppelin

148. LED ZEP

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION,
CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

232. REALITY


PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

257. SMILE

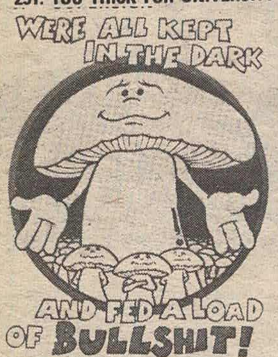
TOOTHICKFOR

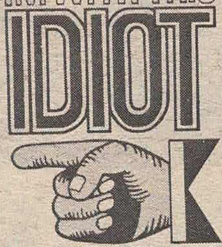
UNIVERSITY

251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

169. EAGLE


WERE ALL KEPT IN THE DARK
AND FED A LOAD OF BULLSHIT!
683. IN THE DARK



679. IDIOT

CHARLIES

ANGELS

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

250. PUNK PANTHER

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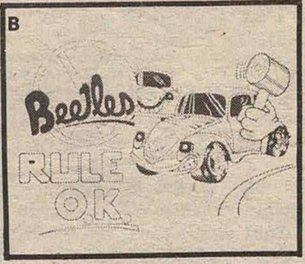
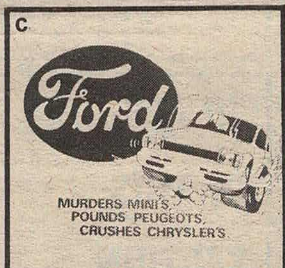
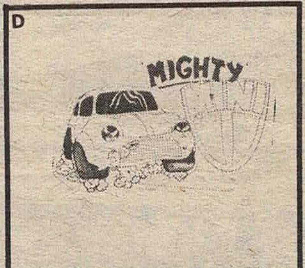

Beetles RULE O.K.

C


D


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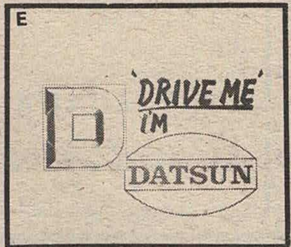

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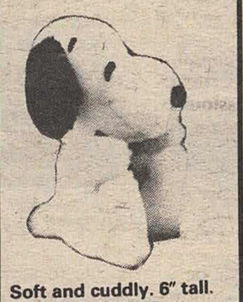

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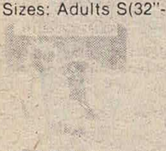
F122 Grind You Down

F25. Play Safe

X-LAX FOR THAT GET UP & GO FEELING

F121 X-Lax



A75 J. S. Spitfire

A3 Santana

R27 Doobie Bros

A4 Grateful Dead

A74 Jimi Hendrix

A72 Beatles

R3 Eagles on the Border

R801 Ted Nugent

R2 Eagles-one of these Nights

R5 New Eagles

R416 Led Zeppelin

R1001 Paul McCartney

P133 Robert Plant

P148 Poco

P74 Wings B.O.T. Run

F9 Happy Here

P87 Joe Cool

A82 Eagle

I'M A VIRGIN

(This is a very old T-shirt)

A81 Virgin

IGNORE → THIS PERSON

F12. Ignore

F5 I want your body

F4 Beer Drinkers

F2 Pussy Hunt

F6 The Real Me

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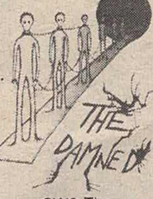
F496 Belly Buttons Need Love Too

If you can't Dazzle 'em with Brilliance Baffle 'em with Bullshit

F7 Dazzle Em

NY5 Streisand

A901 Sit On It!



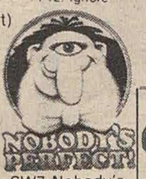
SW6 The Damned

SW2 Life Is a Garden, Dig It!

NY6 Rocky

F23267 Popeye

A5. Pink Floyd



SW7 Nobody's Perfect

G13 Yes

G14 Queen

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G4 Frampton

G5 Fleetwood Mac

G1 Wings

G7 Led Zeppelin

G8 Boston

G9 Bad Company

G12 Who

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					1 2 3	

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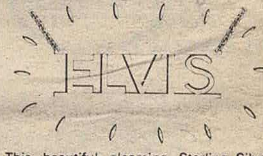

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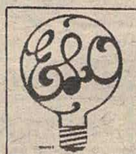
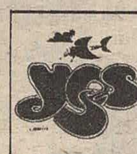
LG195 Eagles



Q2217 E.L.O.

T2077TG Status Quo



Q2207 Yes

Q2017 Chicago

Q2861 Stones

T2073TG Genesis

T2074TG Beatles

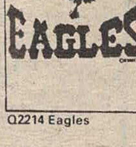
T240TG E.L.O.

T2056TG Pink Floyd

Q2248 Rod Stewart

Q2202 Led Zeppelin

Q2215 Bad Company



Q2214 Eagles

T2049TG Wings

Q2220 Frampton

Q2211 Kiss

Q2219 Beatles

T20106TG Stevie Miller

T20109TG Super Chick

LG136 Hot Stuff

LG134 Hot Chocolate

LG171 Queen

LG199 Rush

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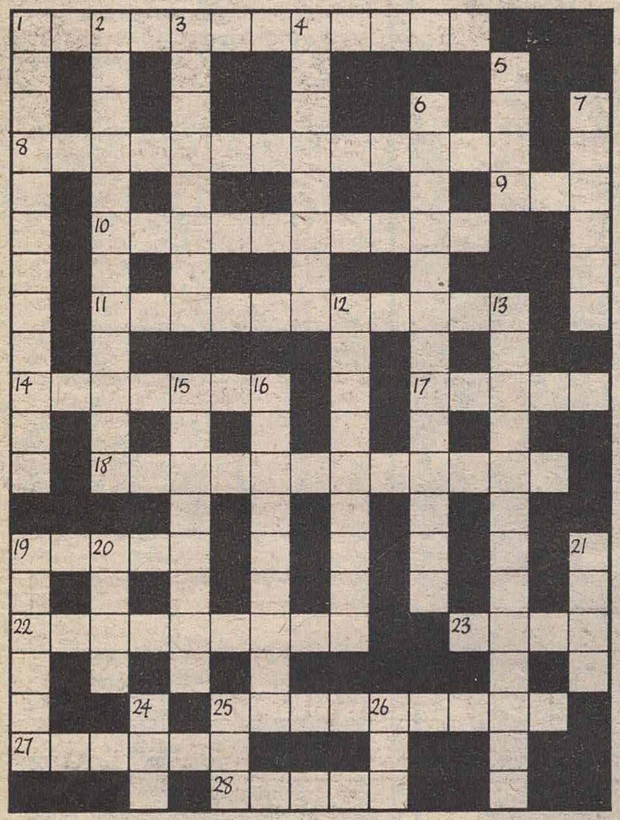


ACROSS

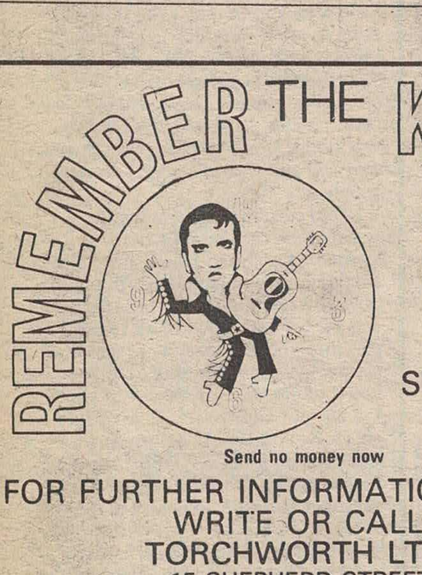
1 The Heatwaves mainman, a god among superstars, a veritable colossus among guitarists. "Makes Robert Johnson sound like Uncle Tom" — Charles Shaar Murray (5,7)
8 The former D.DeLuxe now with The Rumour (6,7)
9 TV boss and we don't mean Lew Grade
10 Featuring Sitting Bull on Willeann pipes, Geronimo on bodhran and flute . . .!!
11 & 7 A hit and a minor classic from 1973 and I & T Turner (7,4,6)
14 "I'm Crying" and "Bring It On Home To Me" were two of their first time round hits
17 Former Spider currently submerged in U-Boat
18 & 28 From 1965, very probably the greatest single ever made *(No, it's not "Puppet On A String"!)* (4,1,7,5)
19 & 26 Ten years old this month equals ten years too many
22 1977 Arista label art school aggregation/1972 Family hit
23 Grand old lady of jazz
25 & 21 Only just a hit for Baron Ferrari (3,2,2,2,4)
27 Funky Gibbons! *(This clue courtesy Melody Maker)*
28 See 18

DOWN

1 Ireland's latest rock export, lookin' after No. 1 (8,4)
2 By Tom Petty after the style of Roger McGuinn (8,4)
3 A Stooge's Confessions? (3,5)
4 Gave Phil Spector a string of classic singles and a wife
5 All that remained when Hunter and Ronson went a-walking
6 Absent D̄J — neat neat neat, or with a splash of soda! (7,6)
7 See 11
12 Not, *emphatically not,* George Harrison's favourite tune (3,2,4)
13 Formerly of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and the E. Clapton Band (6,7)
15 His first break was when he gatecrashed the sessions for 18 across (2,6)
16 Darlings of the Denim Set, and Wally's favourite band — as in, *"Waaaaaalllllly!!!!"* (6,3)
19 Calvert or Palmer
20 See 24
21 See 25 across
24 & 20 The daddy of safety pin chic, and the former Kilburn
25 Original line-up included Tony Kaye and Peter Banks
26 See 19 across

Last week's answers

ACROSS: 1 "Swallow My Pride"; 7 "Albatross"; 9 "Cathy's (Clown)"; 10 "Layla"; 12 "Hejira"; 13 Floaters; 15 "Country Life"; 16 Shangri-Las; 19 Kid (Strange); 20 Joe Walsh; 22 (Paul) Cook; 23 (Mike) Stoller; 25 Duo; 26 (King) Crimson; 27 "(Anarchy In) The UK". **DOWN:** 1 "Spanish Stroll"; 2 (Southside Johnny & The) Asbury Jukes; 3 Little Richard; 4 Woody (Guthrie); 5 Rasta; 6 Dory Previn; 8 Scarlet Rivera; 11 Gospel; 14 Mungo Jerry; 17 "Anarchy In (The UK)"; 18 Osmonds; 19 Kokomo; 21 Clash; 23 Sid (Vicious); 24 King (Crimson).



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BADGE COLLECTORS read on; Floyd, Sabbath, Bowie, ELP, Zeppelin, Alex Harvey, Wings, Quo, Queen, Roxy, Stones, Deep Purple, Cockney Rebel, Rod Stewart, Bad Co., Wishbone Ash, Genesis, Santana, Feelgood, 10CC, Yes, Bebop, Strawbs, Dr. Hook. 20p each plus s.a.e. Love and Peace, Julie Williams, 7 Candy Street, London, E3 2LH.

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Letters Edited by NEIL SPENCER

THE ARTICLE "Dedicated Followers of Fascism", *NME 20.8.1977,* by Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill got me so worked up I wanted to let off steam. Said article was, to me, childish and hysterical, lacking in depth and thought.

"We ain't in no group, but we'll march with anyone who hates Nazis".

Nazis? The bloke along the road from me agrees with a lot the NF have got to say. He's confused. He's scared of a bunch of black kids coming towards him late at night on streets where violence jumps out of shop doorways with alarming regularity, and these black kids talk in a manner he can't understand. They're proud, they laugh good and long, and they dress real funny.

So this guy can't understand them, so he's frightened. He's got a daughter, and every day he's reading sensationalist shit in the *Daily Gore* about rape; and he's frightened. He sees Pakistanis buying every shop that's for sale in Tooting, and he don't understand them; he's frightened. He don't understand why English people ain't buying.

And he's confused. The government, the local councils, the police, and all the politicians don't seem to give a damn as unemployment soars, the pound in his pocket becomes worth less each day it seems, the country appears to be collapsing around him. And he, in common with an awful lot of working men, and a lot of middle upper class blokes in Britain, apart from being lazy and not giving a toss about anybody else apart from his immediate family and himself, doesn't like to feel the responsibility for this.

So the NF blame the blacks and say they're dangerous, people he himself is frightened of and he's only too willing to swallow it. Plus, he is pissed of with the major parties and their endless prattle that gets us all nowhere fast. No, he ain't a Nazi, he's just bloody scared. O.K. so the guys — the 1,000 or so on the march — were a lot more committed, and open to the charge of being fascists. So what we gonna do?

"And they were so full of perverse hatred that nothing in the world mattered other than their total destruction. . .

". . . the real riot troops take the throwing missiles to its logical progression as the blacks and SWP form a commando elite, throwing themselves with total disregard for personal safety at the NF. . ."

You've been seeing too many Hollywood movies, son. Maybe for the NF march next month we could give you a machine gun Tony, then you could kill all those nasty NF men. Even better, why not get a few molotov cocktails together?

You know something, I think you'd do really well in the National Front, man.

You disagree with a political party's views so you physically smash them off the face of the earth? And what if they won't be intimidated by mere bricks, bottles and clubs? Do you then kill them? Or maybe we could burn down their houses, or do their kids in?

I despise the NF as much as you. I've got plenty of black friends who have suffered abuse and prejudice from narrow minded bigots, but we are all (well, *mostly* all) agreed that the riots on Saturday just ain't the way.

"When you realise the countless riot-cops on show are on the other side."

Oh yeah, Tony. According to Metropolitan Police blurb, the force is 25,000 strong, so 4,000 is not "a quarter".

Probably a lot of those 4,000 guys were called in from days off, *ordered* to go with the NF to make sure they could march (as is their legal right) through the streets of Lewisham. Sure I know it was an insult to the black people of Lewisham, but you can't have one law for the NF and one for the SWP. Okay, I know it's often one law for the blacks and one for the whites, but kicking the shit out of 4,000 coppers ain't gonna change that.

Anyway back to the NF's "escorts". A lot of them may have right wing views, may not look upon black youths or white youths with funny hairstyles with too much favour, and I've had some pretty unpleasant run-ins with them. But recently, when at 3 a.m. in the morning the hospital I work at received a warning that three bombs were planted in specific places, it was cops who went looking for them. When my girlfriend was taken ill and rushed to hospital, it was cops who informed me and drove me up there to see her. When the going gets rough and somebody's kicking hell out of someone else, no one wants to get involved. The police are phoned, they have to get involved, they ain't got no choice.

And while you're sitting in your nice office, or running around some party, or tucked up in bed dreaming of killing some nasty NF men, they're working, treading amongst a lot of the shit of the human race, trying to make sure (some of them at least) that you make it through the night, peacefully. Then, during cancelled rest time or whatever, they get stoned, kicked, punched, abused and ammonia sprayed in their eyes. And for what? £40-£45 basic wage. Would you do it, Tony Parsons? What about you, Julie? Are you heroic as well?

Racism stinks. The NF stinks. Don't get infected with the same smell. You're right in one way Tony and Julie — it is everybody's battle, but I ain't gonna fight it your way.

"Later you find out that others were thinking like you were at that point — I hope that one day I'll be able to do that".

Tell it to the cops hospitalized with injuries. Tell it to their children wondering where Daddy was. Tell it to the people whose property was damaged. Tell it to the nurses and doctors who were rushed off their feet caring for casualties, to those, genuinely ill who had to wait extra long to be seen. Tell it to Charles Shaar Murray, I'll be interested to hear what he says. Tell it to all those who're gonna get hurt next time.

Over to you.

L. DAVIDSON, Tooting.

IN THE 1930's liberals went on about Hitler's right to free speech — and eventually it took a 6 year world war to stop him. Yet Hitler himself wrote "only one thing could have stopped our movement — if our adversaries had understood its principles and, from the first day had smashed with the utmost brutality the nucleus of our new movement."

The fascist movement grew not by the ballot box but by many demonstrations and attacks on Jews, trade unionists and socialists, during which "the little man, although he is only a worm, feels as if he is part of a mighty dragon." (Hitler)

The Front model themselves on the Nazis. Is a party which is "building a well oiled Nazi machine" to "kick our way into the headlines" (Webster). Just another party? Their plans for a dictatorship through race war means RIGHT NOW. They — or their ilk — attack immigrants, burn left wing bookshops, trash Labour Party offices, wreck Asian shops, and "intend to use the boot and the knuckle to win the battle of the streets."

The march through black areas of Lewisham was deliberately to intimidate and harass black people. Freedom of speech for fascists means freedom of action for them.

Will we learn nothing from history? Do we have to go through another world war?

The establishment won't stop them. Don't forget how the respectable businessmen etc backed Hitler once he proved he could take on the left.

Only the people can stop the Front. Like the East Enders did at Cable St., (they were 'hooligans' at the time, heroes now). Like the SWP did at Lewisham with the help of thousands of local people, blacks, trade unionists, Rastas and punks.

And it's working. In 1974 2,000 marched with the Front. At Wood Green in 1977 there were 1,000. At Lewisham 800. At Ladywood they polled less than they did at Stetchford. By stopping them controlling the streets we're frustrating their attempts to build a main movement.

But at the same time we've got to realise that racism and fascism are a cancer, a cancer that's growing in the misery and poverty our great 'socialist' government is presiding over.

GARY BUSHELL, White City Estate, W12.

We've had an enormous amount of mail about Tony and Julie's Lewisham piece — and without exception it's been anti-National Front, so let's all draw strength and encouragement from that. Tactics are the problem. Throwing rocks at coppers seems to me morally reprehensible and counter productive in terms of publicity and support, as many of our readers have pointed out. Allowing the NF to march provocatively and unopposed through immigrant areas is also morally reprehensible and counter productive. If the establishment had a responsible attitude to the NF these problems wouldn't come about — freedom of speach surely shouldn't be extended to those who actively seek to take away that right from others and who are clearly in contravention of the Race Relations Act (how about a bit of order to back up *that* law?). The older generation and the powers that be always told my generation they fought World war Two to create a society free from fascism; so why the facade of respectability for the NF?

Thanks to L. Davidson for his political pschology and humanitarianism. Thanks to G. Taylor for his righteous exposition of Front tactics. — N.S.

JULIE BURCHILL and Tony Parson's piece last week about Lewisham was a blast, the best thing the music press have done yet about racialism. It *is* time to stand and be counted and the punks and dreads and SWPers and gay and womens groups, and the old greek lady over the kebab shop knew it.

It's too late for love and peace; we need some heavy unity and the courage to fight back. The black youth know it already, it's time we caught up with them.

ROCK AGAINST RACISM, co 6 Cottons Gardens. E2.

P.S. And for musical unity what about Generation X and the Cimarons jamming live on "Gloria" and "MPLA" at Hackney Town Hall last week?

Yeah, it was a great gig, and thanks to RAR and Hackney council for staging it. But you couldn't have been listening to the Cimarons' lyrics; it's NEVER too late for Peace and Love; only for mindless peace signs and hippy cliches; or mindless *anything* ... — N.S.

AFTER reading the (once more) unsatisfactory replies given by Neil Spencer to the old wave supporters in *Gasbag (20th August)*, I would just like to say a couple of things.

Personally, I think the Doors are IT, I enjoy listening to some current West Coast bands, and quite a number of punk rock bands. So don't call me a 'blast-from-the-past nutter'. Now, I'm going to have one hell of a long wait for Jim Morrison's next album — so I didn't find it very clever of you to make remarks like "most of the old wave don't seem to be releasing records, playing gigs" etc. Some of them, dear Mr. Spencer, would have a very hard job to.

What most of the old wave supporters are getting at, I think, is that they have found musical perfection — be it Black Sabbath, Santana or the Eagles — and just because something's dated or someone's dead doesn't make it any less relevant. And when papers like the *NME* follow every little adventure that befalls each of the talentless, bandwagon jumping, inferior new wave bands who know less than nothing about playing, singing or writing, it makes us all rather angry.

JAN, Newcastle Upon Tyne.

P.S. So you want to see "flaming youth" do you? Well you might be interested in some of my sonnets — complete with frustrations of today's youth. After all Shakespeare's great, but HE'S DEAD!

Art that has a hotline on the human condition is never irrelevant, sure, but Rock & Roll (if not most great art) has always been a living culture before it's been 'timeless art' — hence our concentration on what's (literally or metaphorically) alive today. And even the old wave (silly phrase) acts couldn't play their instruments too well once. Fair do's for all, but The doors don't exist any more, Jim. Morrison's dead and we've reviewed deja vued, looked back on and re-appraised their importance many times over (even Birchill likes 'em) — what more do you want?

IF JIMMY Pursey of Sham '69 is the same Jimmy I 'knew' a few years back, well he may have been a skinhead, but he was also just a little bit less middle-class than myself, and he was in the same Scout troop too (1st Hersham).

He should have had the sense to change his name, like I will.

LEYLAND CARR.

P.S. No offence meant. Good luck, Jimmy, even if you're not Jimmy, if you see what I mean.

Yes, we see. I guess that belonging to the 1st Hersham Scout Troop might make Jimmy "howl with hurt" but it does make picking on some student "stinking of middle class blandness" seem a trifle hypocritical. So much for 'street credentials'. Just gimme some truth. — N.S.

I DON'T know who your informant was about Elvis Costello's old band Flip City, but just for the record:

(a) We never played anything that could be called 'bluegrass'. It was mostly R 'n' B plus Elvis' early stuff(You're quite welcome to hear a cassette of the final gig anytime).

(b) We only played the Marquee once (supporting Dr. Feelgood). We played the Hope and The Kensington a few times, but as El says, you lot couldn't be bothered to lend an ear.

It's a pity that it's taken Elvis' blatant gimmickry to get the attention he deserves (*needs* by golly!), but good luck to the lad anyway. (note the use of the word 'lad'. Please tell your *Ed.* that Elvis does not lie about his age, & that's the TRUTH).

JERRY LEE ABBOTT, Kingston, Surrey.

OK, OK, El's 22 for real, he's just had a hard life and likes old mod jackets. So don't get us with yer nail El, we was only havin' a laugh honest. And I'm sorry I was eating at Dingwall's when you came on but I'd just clocked off a thirteen hour shift at the printers and I really wanted to see you, just don't put me in a song that's all, or (grovel grovel) take us off the guest list. — N.S.

DEAR CSM, the Generation X bootleg single is a demo from February rather than an out-take, but it's so nice to see you reacting like a parent to its sentiments. And you only 24/5 too.

By the way, could you point out to me the Yardbirds ripoffs? I've been trying to get our guitarist to listen to them for 6 months now, but all he ever says is "Who?"

JON H.

P.S. Our 17 year old merry minion always had the impression you were 38 or 39. But that's just from looking at photos.

Don't be petulant, John (you uptight manager, you). The sentiments of the song are petulant, and so was my review and that's quite enough to be going on with. As to "generations", the book after which Gen X are named was principally about people five to ten years older than me, and — basically — this age-gap crap is boring and stupid, especially from someone only five years younger than me — as per Idol. Finally, get Derwood a copy of "Evil Hearted You" or something. Incidentally, I'm 26. How old are *you* these days? — CSM.

YOUR CENTRE-SPREAD would have my tears over it if I didn't wear reading-glasses. Grief should never seek another's articulation but thanks Mick Farren (especially) for probably the most honest and moving "obituary" Elvis will ever have.

You said it in the sentence, "None of us can really imagine how it feels to walk around being Elvis Presley every day of your life." This is all the more telling and poignant when one recalls Elvis' "I'm just an entertainer" reply to any journalist's question which probed into anything deeper than his swimming pool. How wrong he was! How ignorant, too: did he every really know the effect he had on millions of us restless, confused '50's kids, '60s teenagers? Like CSM, I never considered his genius until he'd gone to Vegas on a one-way ticket.

Now he's dead (the word doesn't seem to mean anything in relation to someone like Elvis or Hendrix or Piaf, does it?) I can see just how inevitably *necessary* songs like "Hound Dog", "All Shook Up", "Jailhouse Rock" etc., were and what they will and *should* always mean to people like me.

I hold certain people in higher esteem than the common herd — Kerouac, Leonard Cohen, Piaf, Tim Buckley, Dylan, Brando — but only now do I see that the Elvis of the 50's was *the* crystallisation of all I hold precious and all I *need* to revere till my dying day: the energy, impulse, individuality and raw power of youth. I'm 26, sometimes feel 76, probably am really still 16. I'm a drama student, but give me "One Night" in preference to "Twelfth Night" any old night. There's no pretence there. .

Thanks for giving the man who made the most important music of this century the send-off he deserved (or at least his former self deserved).

CHAZ MORROW, Hackney, London.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

The TEAZERS Logo goes on holiday to Florence

THE DESIRE for vinyl mementoes continues unabated. In a week in which it's been suggested that the US-only sales for **Elvis Presley** back catalogue material for the seven days following his death will approach 25 million dollars, nearly one hundred people find themselves with jobs because of The King's demise.

The phenomenal demand for Elvis records in this country (there are now more of his discs in the charts than at any time since 1957) means that 93 redundancy notices at RCA's pressing factory in Washington, Tyne and Wear, have been withdrawn. "It's sad that it had to be a death to bring back work to this factory," said a General and Municipal Workers' Union spokesman, "But that's life. . ."

Meanwhile, back at the vault. Over 250,000 mourning fans have made the pilgrimage to Memphis' Forest Hill cemetery since Presley's funeral but some of them, it seems, are less reverential than others. A midnight raid on Elvis' tomb by four men intending to "put up for ransom the remains of the rock and roll king" was foiled by a police stake-out. Only in Amerika. . .

Back in London, one newspaper's 'Identikit Guide To A '77 Ted' says that Teds like beer, garish American cars, dancehalls, girls in stiletto heels, mini-skirts and the National Front. Only in England . . .

Wot, No **Spots? The Pistols** attempted to play Bristol's Granary as **The Hamsters** but word got out too quick. They did manage Doncaster's Outlook Club, however, as **The Tax Exiles** (nice one) and threw in a new number — "Holiday In The Sun" — for good measure. But why isn't **Malcolm McLaren** taking an active interest in the tour. . .?

Maybe because he's tied up with the Pistols movie, which isn't going too smoothly. Director **Russ** 'Supervixens' **Meyer** was talking about chucking in the flick, because he can't find any English girls with big tits. And word has it that the finished film will be more angled around the Sex Shop than the Sex Pistols. . .

Meanwhile, the self-styled 'Mother of Punk', blue-lipped, green-haired **Zandra Rhodes** (36-year-old fashion designer to the likes of **Liza Minnelli** and **Mrs. Jagger)** is currently marketing a dress discreetly ripped full of holes and held together by 10p safety pins for £200 *TeZers* warned you of this sort of thing last year. . .

And those loveable comic-book heroes **Kiss** appear to be taking the Pistols, too. Not content with calling their new elpee "Love Gun", Kiss' **Gene Simmons** is doing a solo called "Rotten To The Core". . .

Cortinas can sign for CBS — if they leave school. . .

After several North-East newspapers had denounced their use of expletives not-deleted, *ZigZag* magazine has been reported to (wait for it) the Sunderland Borough Council Health Committee . . .

When playing a "truth" game with friends last week, ex-PR-to-the-Stars **Chris Hutchins** (who ratted on **Tom Jones, Engelbert** and **Elvis)** was required to state how much he had 'earned' this year. £250,000, he reckons. . .

New York hacks allege that **David** "Son Of Sam" **Berkowitz** was obsessed with **Sabbaff's** "Master Of Reality", as well as the usual — **Fab Four, Hendrix** and **Barry** "Eve Of Destruction" **McGuire. . .**

CBGB club-owner **Hilly Kristal** purchasing 1,700-seater Anderson Theatre in hopes of establishing it as Big Apple's premier punk palace. . .

Ten years late, **Diana Ross** has discovered Indian gurus. "It was a very exciting experience," she says. "Later I felt a tremendous calm (cont. on page 94). . ."

Suzi Quatro will appear in two forthcoming *Happy Days* episodes, playing **Pinky Toscadero's** sister (who else?). . .

Captain Kirk — under real name **William Shatner** — rush-releasing "William Shatner Live" on his own Lemli Music label. It contains highlights of the Captain's recent US lecture tour. Also, he has called Paramount's decision to shelve a projected *Star Trek* feature film "One of the greatest monuments to stupidity." Pithy, Captain. . .

And all you sci-fi freaks will have to wait until '79 for *Star Wars* Part 2. What about Part 1? That'll be a Christmas present. Don't hold your breath. . .

Clare Russell, one of the trio of *Sun* girls who comprise **Page Three,** lists music among her interests but the other two — **Stefani Marrian** and **Felicity Buirski** (who, like Clare, have no previous singing experience) — 'hate' rock music, particularly the punk stuff. "We want to break people's hearts," says Stefani, "not their legs . . ."

Ex-Mama and would-be actress **Michelle Phillips** found a novel way of dealing with *Valentino* co-star **Rudolf Nureyev** whenever the Russian prima donna threw one of his petulant tantrums on the set of **Ken Russell's** latest film — she slapped him on the bottom. Nureyev, she says, is "arrogant, rude and self-centred". Hasn't she ever heard of method acting. . .?

Unsurprising facts revealed by recent chart survey: 950 different artists had at least one single in the UK Top 20 between 1955 and 1973. Of those, 49% were one-hit wonders and 42% did manage another hit, but their average lifetime in the charts was less than three years. . .

Even less surprising: those hot-shot Radio 1 DJs score damn near zilch when it comes to forecasting chart singles. Another recent survey gives the top nine places to local station DJs when it comes to Hit Picks (Sheffield's Radio Hallam gaining first and second spots), **Noel Edmunds** just scraping in at No. 10. . .

Soon to appear on the cover of *Vogue:* **Dolly Parton.** All of her. . .?

"I don't mind people drinking," says the new, reformed **Frankie Miller,** "But I've changed my outlook on everything, especially on my career. I want to work, not get drunk." A detective agency is now attempting to find out whether or not Miller is, in fact, a Scotsman. . .

Flute virtuoso **James Galway** (an Irishman) had both legs and one arm broken when knocked down by a motorbike near his Swiss home. It's the way he tells 'em. . .

Wreckless **Ringo** has turned down a £500,000 offer by Arabs to buy his Berkshire mansion. Isn't that enough or is Ringo 'doing' a **Robert Relf. . .?**

Yes' Jon Anderson, meantimes, is moving into his new £400,000 hovel in Hampstead. . .

During a recent hysterical phone call, **Adverts'** manager **Michael Dempsey** screeched that his band was "going to be bigger than Beatlemania" in the States. . .

Remember **"Beck's** Bolero", **Jeff's** well-loved chestnut? So does **Jimmy Page.** "I wrote it, played on it, produced it," says Page in US Brit-rock fanzine *Trouser Press.* "And I don't give a damn what he says. That's the truth. . ."

By and large, rock impresario **Harvey Goldsmith** thinks the GLC Pop Code is a good idea (according to an interview in *Music Week),* but he is also "quite interested in the whole new wave trip. Providing they divest themselves of the hype they have got themselves into, some of them are going to cut loose and do very well indeed." Been looking at the charts, Harve?

Bowie to produce next **Kevin Ayers** album. . .?

LA's Troubador club 20 years old last week. During that time **Doug Weston** has presented one helluva cross-section of musicians, from **Beefheart** to **Witherspoon** and all points every which way. . .

Good news for you **Lena Zavaroni** fans. The 13-year old songbird has overcome a nervous complaint — anorexia nervosa — which often strikes young girls who think they're overwieght. "At one time I was surviving on just one egg a day," chirps Lena. "But I think I have beaten it. I realise now how stupid I was." She's tucking into big omelettes now. . .

Pink Floyd's ivory-tickler **Rick Wright** rudely interrupted by the Greek police. Or so he says. Wright reckons that the cops threatened to shoot him and his missus when he enquired after a family friend, Canadian professor **Michael Smith.** From Lindos, on the island of Rhodes (all leading to jail by the sound of it), the Grecian fuzz have a different story (natch). They maintain that Smith had asked for police protection from Wright and when the Floydie turned up at the nick there was 'an argument'. . .

Actor **Albert Finney's** debut album is out on Motown next month (because he demanded to be on the same label as **Stevie Wonder)** and he's already threatening a follow-up. He wants to record a live concert from the Royal Albert Hall. That's right, "Albert At The Albert". . .

Rich **Rod** has been ordered to pay Writ **Brit** £1,436 a month until the court hearing deciding the who/what and wherefore of their S-P-L-I-T. . .

And over at the **Jaggers'** sunshine island, all continues to be not well. Least of all young **Mick,** who got himself into such a tired and emotional state one night he was quite unable to negotiate the 120 steps leading up to the local disco. "I have carried him too many times," said **Bianca,** adding ominously, "I won't carry him any longer." Not up 120 steps, anyway.

This after Rock's healthiest man had ploughed through three plates of spaghetti, four slices of water melon and seven beers. "I'll be dead if I carry on like this," said the rubber lipped one . . .

Gregg 'n' Cher, that other lovin' couple, have an up-coming elpee called **"Allman** And Woman". Geddit, geddit. . .!

Airstrip One (London) has now taken over from Kingston capital Jamdown as the reggae world centre supreme. Currently resident in town: **Big Youth, Doctor Alimantado, Tapper Zukie, Jah Stitch, Dillinger, Jah Son, Johnny Clarke, Dennis Brown, Ken Boothe, John Holt, Alton Ellis, Owen Grey, Roy Shirley, Leroy Smart, Bionic Tony Steel, Jah Woosh, Bob Marley, Sly Dunbar, Lloyd Parks,** as well as producers **Bunny Lee, Phil Pratt, Niney the Observer, Rupie Edwards, Lloyd Charmers, Paul Yip** and **Neville Lee** (bandleader **Byron's** brother). . .

There are currently 20 different versions of the "I'm Still In Love With You" rhythm, described by **Neil Spencer** last week as the summer's rampant single. . .

The Nashville debate drags on. **Phil McNeill** replies to last week's *T-Zers* contribution from Albion Agency boss **Dai Davies** with the information that he *did* get his facts right in the 21 August Roxy epic, and he *was* aware of Albion's booking policy last year. That was not the point. "So sucks to you," comments Phil succinctly . . .

Finally, CBS have a **Zim** album pending. When? 'Pends when it's ready, dunnit. . .?

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